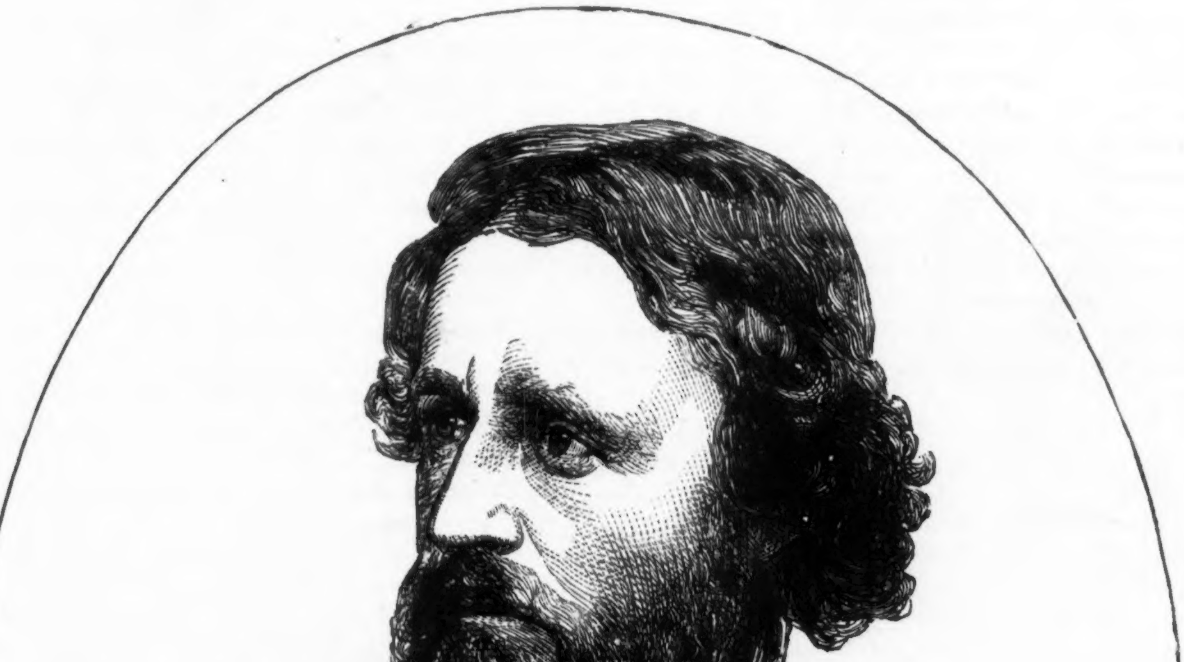
FRANK LESLIE'S
POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. XIX.—No. 1. JANUARY, 1885. $2.50 PER ANNUM.

THE RISE AND FALL OF A GREAT PARTY.

By W. A. Croffut.



JOHN C. FREMONT, THE FIRST PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

THE RISE AND FALL OF A GREAT PARTY.

Parties are born, not made, or, rather, they grow, and are not manufactured. The growth of a political party is something like the growth of a tree—it is nurtured from beneath by some strong tap-root of moral purpose or sentiment, and from around by a hundred favorite causes which cannot be understood or computed, much less predicted. Once in a great while, in some hothouse of temporary passion, an obscure shoot springs into a sturdy tree in an hour—thus the Republican party was formed.

The Federal party, which elected Washington and the elder Adams, served an excellent purpose in unifying and solidifying a country made up of loose-jointed colonies, and ready at any time to burst into anarchy. It was just the cement needed by the new political fabric.

The triumph of Jefferson, in 1800, prevented this solidifying from going too far; the President's wife was no longer addressed as "My Lady," or the President as "His Excellency"; and Adams and Hamilton and Jay gave up their dreams of an American order of nobility. This Democratic-Republican party lasted for more than a generation; for John Quincy Adams, who had neither a majority of the popular vote nor a majority of the Electoral vote, can scarcely be said to count. The Democratic party began with Jackson; the Whig party, with Clay—both growing out of the relations of men, rather than out of the spread of great principles of action.

In 1850 the Missouri Compromise, which had been "settled" more than thirty years before, under Monroe's administration, rose again to public notice, and demanded a new definition and new settlement. Southerners crowded into the Territories with their slaves. The Nebraska Bill, with its "popular sovereignty," enraged the North. The Whig party collapsed, and after reorganizing, and having a transient existence, in some States, as the American or "Know-nothing" party, gradually began to centre more and more around the policy of hedging slavery within the States that had already legalized it, and of prohibiting its existence in Territories and future States. The growth of this party, to which the name "Republican" was given early in 1854, was phenomenal—rapid beyond any precedent. It was like the growth of the resistance party in 1775. Attempts to recover fugitive slaves in Northern States caused intense bitterness, and roused violent opposition. The sections were separating in hatred. Anti-slavery men were mobbed in the South, and many Northerners who gave no utterance to their views were called to account there in a way that compelled them to fly. Mrs. Stowe's novel and Whittier's verses were a mighty moral force effective in the upheaval of the country—the woman and the Quaker were among the most conspicuous of the leaders of the army that was marshaling for the fight.

The party that in 1854 and 1855 was weak, furtive, apologetic, showed courage and even audacity the next year by nominating John C. Fremont for the Presidency on the platform of further resistance to the aggressions of what it called "the Slave Power." Fremont was a young, bold and successful army officer and explorer, of Democratic antecedents, and husband of the handsome and intellectual Jessie Benton, daughter of Senator Thomas H. Benton, the veteran Senator from Missouri. No stronger nomination could have been made. There was in it nothing to exasperate the South, and everything to unite and consolidate the North. The Republican party in its youth was a party of sentiment, and the dashing *preux chevalier*, with a spotless record and a romantic career, was just the man to marshal it. He was cordially supported by leaders of the yet inchoate party who would never have supported each other, and excited a degree of enthusiasm such as is seldom shown save by the devotees of a prophet in a religious crusade. However men may differ about the right and wrong of slavery and the policy of maintaining it, all must agree that the Republican campaign of 1856 was a strange and highly-wrought poem on a grand theme—a sort of spiritual anthem sung by a constantly-increasing army of choristers.

As the campaign culminated, Fremont's supporters were rapidly augmented. Republicans probably doubled in number between January and November. During that time the South became more pugnacious; the North, more defiant. Wilson and Wade, being challenged, repudiated dueling, but declared that they would repel personal attacks. Charles Sumner was assaulted and beaten to unconsciousness on the Senate floor by Preston S. Brooks, a young member of the House. Burlingame, of Massachusetts, and Potter, of Wisconsin, declared that they would fight if called out, and both succeeded in humiliating their opponents. The caldron was boiling, and if the campaign could have lasted two months longer, the "Pathfinder" might have been elected. The more violent partisans of slavery extension had already announced that his election would be a signal for the dissolution of the Union; for, they declared, repression meant abolition, and was as revolutionary and illegal as war itself. Just what the success of Fremont and Dayton would have involved it is difficult to say, but it probably would have led to an immature outbreak in South Carolina, to be followed either by its suppression or the concurrent revolt of the Gulf States. Buchanan was elected President, receiving a minority of the popular vote, but getting 174 Electoral votes from nineteen States, to 114 for John C. Fremont from eleven States, and eight for Millard Fillmore, who had succeeded Taylor as President in 1849.

During the four years of Buchanan's term, the Republican party grew fast, captured the House of Representatives, and became a dominant power. The President, elected on a platform intended to placate the extremists of both North and South, continued to temporize. He declared his purpose to be to restore fraternal feeling. Kansas became the centre of agitation. Tens of thousands of free men emigrated thither—mostly from the Eastern States. Partisan chiefs arose—Atchison, Stringfellow, Lane, and John Brown—who kept that frontier community in a constant foment. Buchanan approved the Lecompton Constitution, a pro-slavery instrument, and used his influence to impose it on the people of Kansas against their will. Exciting meetings were held all over the country. The result of the next election was foreshadowed when the Republicans obtained control of the House of Representatives.

In 1860, Abraham Lincoln was nominated by the Republicans for the Presidency. A dozen members of the party were more prominent, Mr. Lincoln being chiefly known as Stephen A. Douglas's unsuccessful rival for the Senate, and the author of a speech delivered in New York with some *éclat*. But, if he had not many friends, it also happened, and for the same reason, that he had few enemies. He was not a radical; he was of conservative principles, and of timid and conciliatory temper, and was nominated for the Presidency for that very merit.

The canvass was a bitter and exciting one, eliciting much invective, recrimination and menace. Northern Democrats supported Douglas; Southern Democrats, Breckinridge; and the latter filed explicit notice that, if Lincoln was elected, their States would secede from the Union. He was elected, nevertheless, receiving the votes of all the Northern States except New Jersey.

South Carolina at once withdrew from the Union, and both her Senators resigned when the success of Lincoln was announced. Other States prepared to follow—four months before the inauguration. Buchanan's Cabinet was rent with quarrels. He took the ground that the abolitionists had brought on the war, but the South had no right to rebel; that secession was unconstitutional, but he had "no power to coerce into submission any State which is attempting to withdraw, or has actually withdrawn, from *the Confederacy.*" The Cabinet broke in pieces under the strain. Cobb threw down the Treasury portfolio, and went home to inflame the passions of Georgia; Thompson ran away from the Interior Department, without even the grace of resigning; Cass abandoned the State Department because the President would not send reinforcements to Charleston Harbor; and Floyd left the War Department because he would not withdraw the troops already there.

Lincoln came to the Presidency at a time that would have tried the strongest soul; and it is now well known that he was not exactly that kind. He was essentially a man of peace. There never was a ruler who disliked contention more. He was behind his party instead of being ahead of it—a follower and not a leader. Instead of being inspired by hate, as his enemies declared, and probably supposed, he was moved by an uncommon forbearance that seemed to many of his friends to be born of fear; instead of being the rampant abolitionist he was called, he was not an abolitionist in any sense, and was in favor of the Crittenden Compromise, which secured the permanency of slavery wherever it existed, and its extension through half the national territories. He had shrewdness enough to call around him stronger men than himself, like William H. Seward, Salmon P. Chase, and Edwin M. Stanton; and when Sumter was fired on and captured, during the second month of the dominance of the new party, he began to see that the spirit of the strange revolt was not one that could be trifled with or cajoled.

During these first months the Republican party, now become the defender of the Union against aggression, was reinforced by a million Democrats, who now looked upon their own party as the wicked leader of a rebellion to destroy the Republic which they had been taught to love and revere. The dogma of State supremacy, established in the South, had no charm for men who had learned to regard the State of their birth, not as a sovereign nation claiming their allegiance, but as a mere geographic division of the Federal Republic, and who habitually spoke of themselves, not as Pennsylvanians or as Ohioans, but as Americans.

And during these early years of the triumph of the Republican party, the public service was tolerably pure. The war called into being an army of greedy cormorants, who profited by the opportunity to steal while general attention was engrossed in a common danger; but the civil service was measurably free from this, and no nation has ever known a more honest set of politicians on the whole than those who managed and disbursed the funds required during a tremendously expensive war. These were the best days of the Republican party.

Whether Mr. Lincoln was the best man to be at the head of a great people at such a time will always be a matter of controversy. He was possessed of a lively sense of mirth and that great tenderness which generally accompanies it, but he lacked almost all of the qualities of a leader. He was in no sense a hero. While not deficient in personal courage, he was painfully deficient in self-confidence and self-assertion. His mood was passive, not active. He seldom imposed his will on others. If he had been in the position of Napoleon in Paris in 1795, he would have distributed coffee and gingerbread to the mutinous National Guard, instead of sweeping their ranks with his artillery. If he had been Frederick, he would have acknowledged allegiance to Maria Theresa. It is now well known that his comical complaint that he had "no influence with his administration" was something much more than a joke; that all his Cabinet were more or less insubordinate; that Chase managed to circumvent him and have his way; that he was swayed by Seward's masterful spirit; and that the imperious Stanton even went so far as boldly to countermand his orders, given to oblige some tearful suppliant, when they interfered with the good of the service.

More than once during the war, when the Democrats of the North held peace-meetings and resisted enlistments, Mr. Lincoln fell into despair, acknowledged to his best friends a fear that the rebellion could never be crushed, and expressed the fear that posterity would hold him responsible for the heaps of slain and the misery caused by the fratricidal struggle. He was a man of ideas rather than of affairs; of contemplation rather than of action. He had the temperament of a poet and the heart of a woman. He liked to tell a humorous story, even if it were a little broad; he could repeat pages of Shakespeare and half of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," and he was fond of crooning over Holmes's "The Last Leaf"—

"I saw him once before
As he paused beside the door,
  And again
The pavement stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
  With his cane.

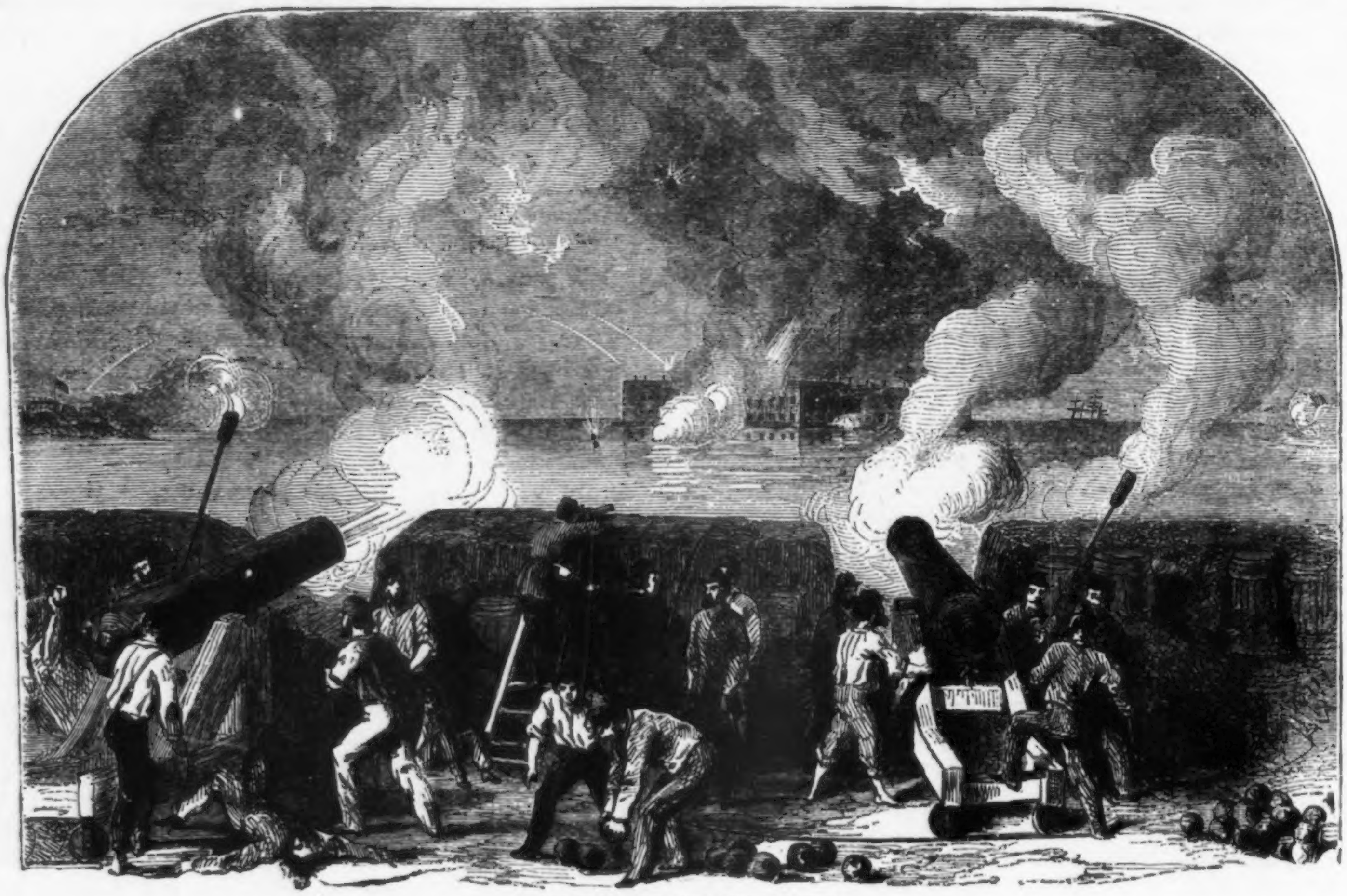
"I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
  At him here,
But his old three-cornered hat,
And his breeches, and all that,
  Are so queer!"

On more than one occasion he called his Cabinet together and read to them Artemus Ward's or Orpheus C. Kerr's funny books; but he acknowledged with a laugh that he was "afraid of a gun."

With all Mr. Lincoln's faults and weaknesses (and they were of an amiable sort, that "leaned to virtue's side"), he excited a vast amount of sympathy and grateful enthusiasm, that recruited the Union armies from the ranks of those who hated battle, and were moved to enlist only by a high purpose.

In the sad Winter of 1862-3, when the prospects of the Union army were wrapped in gloom, and a series of Confederate successes had given to the revolted States some hope of recognition by France and England, Mr. Lincoln sent for Thurlow Weed—the Warwick of the party, who had appointed 10,000 men to office, but had never held office himself—and authorized him to go to Horatio

XUM



BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMTER.

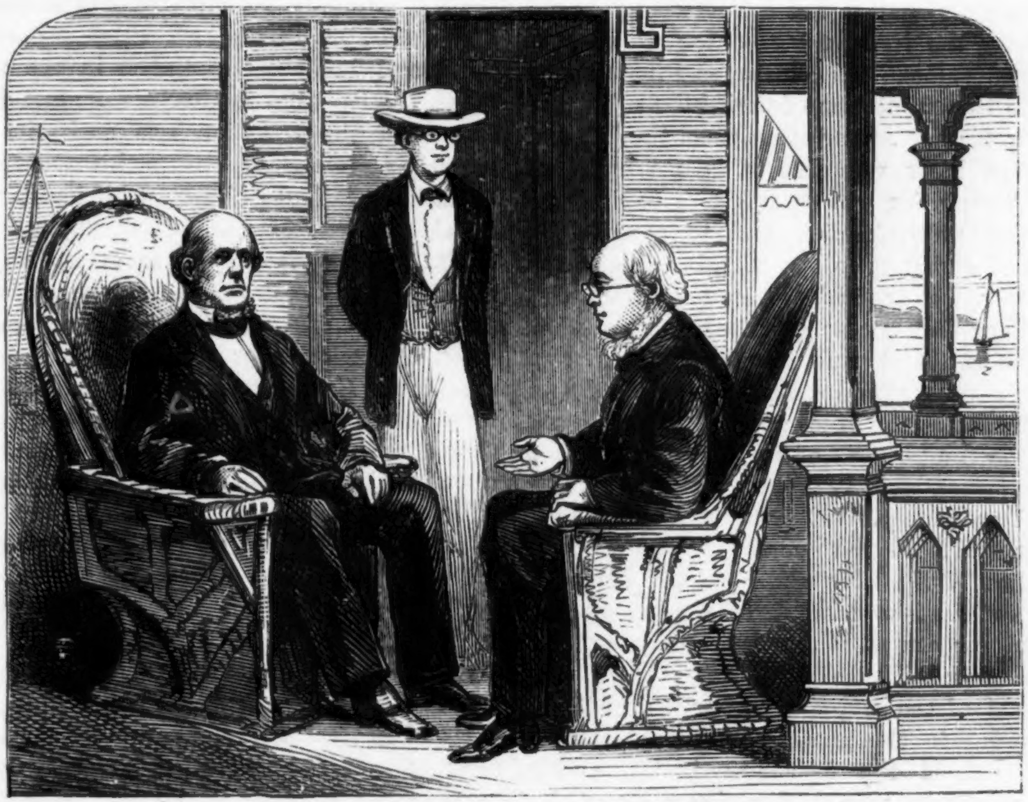
Seymour and offer him all the influence of the Administration to make him President in 1864 if he would adopt a vigorous tone and policy in urging on enlistments for the war. The overture was accepted, but the promise was broken without hesitation by Governor Seymour, who shortly delivered his annual message denouncing the severe measures which had been adopted for the suppression of rebel speech in the North.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD
GOVERNOR
U.S.SENATOR
SECRETARY of STATE
OF U.S.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

Mr. Lincoln was no doubt afterward pleased with the result of his experiment. For the depression of the North was shortly turned into exultation. Early in 1863 great victories were won by the Union armies. Gettysburg was saved and Vicksburg captured on the same day, and the news was given to the country on the Fourth of July. Shortly Port Hudson fell, and the Mississippi, in the language of the delighted President, "ran unvexed to the sea." With a stroke of his pen Mr. Lincoln had abolished slavery on the continent for ever, and with the other hand he now offered amnesty to all who had aided the rebellion and would now aid the Union.

Early in 1864 it became obvious that the people would not "change horses in the middle of the stream," and Mr. Lincoln was renominated almost unanimously for President a second time. At Cleveland,



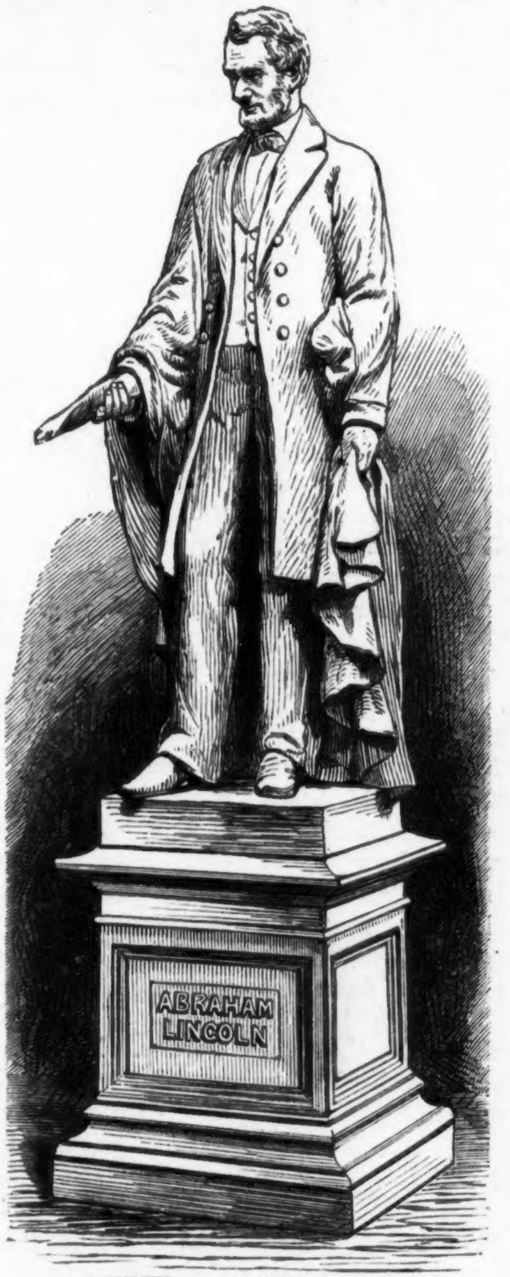
CHASE AND GREELEY IN CONSULTATION.

Ohio, met a handful of malcontents who did not like Mr. Lincoln—radicals and old abolitionists most of them, like Ben. Wade, Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner and George W. Julian, who thought that thePresident moved too slowly, and that the war might have been over if a man of nerve had been at the helm. These denounced his temporizing methods as "pusillanimous," and called upon General John C. Fremont to stand as their candidate. As early as November, 1861, Fremont had been removed from his command in Missouri, after much gallant fighting, mainly because McClellan and Halleck did not like him, and because he had freed the slaves where his armies marched; and he had been kept in retirement after the President himself had adopted that identical policy. He naturally felt that he had been for two years and a half of active war a victim of cruel injustice; but it was with reluctance that he accepted the candidacy of the radical convention, and resigned his commission in the regular army in obedience to a sense of delicacy.

Lincoln's other and chief opponent, George B. McClellan, was an unsuccessful general who believed, or, at any rate, asserted, that he would have led the army to victory if he had had time enough. He claimed that he was sacrificed to jealousy, partly because he was a Democrat.

It was a campaign in the midst of war, and its issue was never doubtful. Lincoln was elected by an almost unanimous vote in the Electoral Colleges. McClellan went into retirement at Trenton. Fremont was deserted by many of the very men who had offered him as a sacrifice to their own spleen.

One month after Lincoln's re-inauguration for a second term the war was brought to a successful termination by the surrender of Lee at Richmond. Two days later Lincoln made a speech at Washington, urging a lenient policy toward the conquered States, and three days afterward he was assassinated by WilkesBooth while witnessing a play. Andrew Johnson, Vice-president, was inaugurated President on the morning of Mr. Lincoln's death. For the remainder of his term he did his utmost to overthrow the policy now established as the logical result of the war. But the clock of history cannot be turned back. The Republican party was now at the climax of its power. It claimed, with some plausibility, that the Democratic party was wholly responsible for the rebellion, and for the half-million of lives and thousands of millions of dollars which it had cost, and young men on attaining their majority generally allied themselves with the party which had "saved the Union."



STATUE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Something else the dominant party had done during these fierce years. It had constructed a vast financial machine which supplied to the people a better currency than had ever before existed. During the first year of the war the debts of the Government were paid mostly in gold and silver. As disbursements increased, the amount of coin on hand proved inadequate for this, and accordingly rose in purchasing value; and this caused its efflux to other countries. Government bonds were issued and sold in Europe, and the Treasury Department issued vast quantities of promises-to-pay in the form of circulating notes, which soon took the place of all other currency throughout the country.

The national banking system was a later thought, and was substituted for the issue of "greenbacks" because the banks were convenient local centres, so situated, that they could add to the circulation of their bills by advantageously lending them. At the same time, the interest which the national bank was able to realize upon its capital through circulation was so small, as to discourage their needless multiplication, and so confine the issue of this sort of currency to the actual needs of the community. Never before had the country seen any substitute for money that was so excellent and popular. Before the war the banks of issue, created by the diverse laws of the various States, flooded the land with bills of all degrees of value, from the notes of the Chemical Bank of New York to the shinplasters of the Bank of Takoma in the indefinite West, and the quoted value of this paper fluctuated so widely, that every man who took much of it was compelled to have constant recourse to a Bank-note Detector. Only those who lived and did business amid the constant worriment of the rag-money period before the war can at all appreciate the security enjoyed under the prevailing system.

The best thought of the Republican party, from 1865 to 1868, was devoted to the great question of Reconstruction. How should the Southern States, which demagogues or mistaken men had stricken down, be enabled to resume their rights? The dominant party was divided on the question, two views being held as to the prevailing status. One section held that those States had only been interrupted in their political careers—had only suspended their functions for a time under the presence of war—and that they could resume without any special enabling act beyond taking the oath of allegiance. Others held that they had made outlaws of themselves, and must be recreated, *ab initio*. Thaddeus Stevens, a bold, strong man, and the fearless leader of the House, took the ground that the revolted States had committed suicide; that they no longer existed as political entities; that they represented merely so much territory owned by the United States, and that Congress could and should erect them into Territories, and govern them from Washington by the strong hand of the Central Government, readmitting them as States arbitrarily, after the lapse of years, whenever such action seemed to be safe and wise. This view rendered it unnecessary to discuss the question of admitting the ignorant freedmen to citizenship, for the South would remain for a time entirely disfranchised.

In the discussions which followed, those who held the above position were outnumbered. It was held by Charles Sumner and others that it would be unsafe to try to govern a great body of millions of disfranchised and unenfranchised people; that discontent would breed revolt, and that the safer way would be to give the ballot to all the blacks at once, and to as many of the whites as would take the unconditional ("ironclad") oath of allegiance. This policy finally prevailed, and measures were introduced looking to the restoration of State after State to all of its rights. Looking backward from this point of time, there are many men in both parties and in all sections—Republicans in the North and ex-Confederates in the South—who think it might have been wiser and better for the country if the "suicide" theory had been adopted and acted on.

After the surrender of Lee to Grant at Appomattox, it was never a matter of much doubt who would be the next President. General Grant was feasted and toasted everywhere; he was the paramount hero of those years, and though he had been a Democrat before the war, the logic of events had compelled him to act with the party which had given him his chief support in camp and field, and his chief applause in the triumph at last. When the Republican Convention met in 1868, the conqueror of the rebellion was made its candidate with scarcely a dissentient, and for his associate on the ticket, he had an eminent civilian who had won distinction as Speaker of the House during trying times—Schuyler Colfax. Their victory was made easier by the fact that the Democrats selected as their candidate Horatio Seymour, whose name had become associated with opposition to the war for the Union and sympathy for the rebellion. It was he whose flaccid hand failed to preserve the peace during the draft riots, who addressed the rioters as his "friends," and did, it was generally believed, as little as possible to aid in the defense of the nation. The contest was a one-sided one, and Grant and Colfax were elected by a tremendous majority.

During the war Congress had adopted a high tariff, not primarily for the protection of American manufacturers, but chiefly for the raising the tremendous revenue called for by the extraordinary disbursements; yet the import was so levied that it did furnish incidental protection. After the war this and the internal revenue tax—purely a war measure—resulted in a revenue far beyond expectations—so great as to pay $200,000,000 worth of annual interest and all other expenses. This outcome was viewed with satisfaction, and it was not till ten years later that the accumulations of the surplus reached such an amount as to cause it to be viewed with alarm, and raise the question: What shall we do with it?

General Grant did not show himself as great in civil as in military life. His Cabinet was rather commonplace, and he did not surround himself with the best statesmen of the country. In fact, some of the gentlemen who were his intimates excited much suspicion as to the integrity of his administration, and it was during this period that the distrust was set on foot which finally resulted in the downfall of the Republican party.

Many of his most violent critics were Republicans, and when his time expired, and he was renominated in 1872, there was a widespread revolt which included such important papers as the New York *Tribune*, Chicago *Tribune*, Cincinnati *Commercial*, and Springfield *Republican*; and, as the attempt to elect Seymour had failed so dismally four years before, it began to be felt that only a Republican insurgent could now be elected. The names of several such were canvassed, and the result was the choice of Horace Greeley to lead the party which he had spent forty active years in denouncing. His own revolt against the Republican party had been more on account of measures than men—more because he differed from the policy of reconstruction adopted than because the President had chosen associates who did not command confidence. Mr. Greeley had driven from him much Republican support by endeavoring to make premature peace in 1864, and later by giving bail for Jefferson Davis when the latter was a prisoner in Fortress Monroe. He insisted that all who had been in the rebellion should be unconditionally pardoned before they expressed or felt repentance, and now took his stand on the demand frequently reiterated in the *Tribune* for "Universal Amnesty and Impartial Suffrage."

For a month or two after his nomination it looked as if he might be elected; but it soon became obvious that his strength was overestimated, and that Grant was still the nation's hero. The wounds of the North were too fresh to allow the man who had led its yeomen to successful battle and conquest to be beaten now, or to allow the party to come into power which was charged with fomenting and encouraging the rebellion. General Grant was elected by a tremendous majority, and Greeley, who had a few years before been the idol of millions, suffered so keenly from the mortification and disappointment, that brain-fever set in, and he died long before his successful rival was inaugurated.

For twenty-five years, from 1845 to 1870, Horace Greeley was perhaps the most conspicuous figure in this country. By his striking talent and his honesty of purpose he won the general confidence of people of all parties, while his odd dress, and his quaint and peculiar manners, made him an object of universal attention. He probably did more than any other man for the upbuilding of the Republican party; and as he held no office and claimed none, he was believed to be simple-hearted and single-minded. He was deeply interested in all movements calculated to promote the welfare of man and the progress of civilization, and the hours snatched from editorial work and political speeches were given to lecturing on some of the so-called "reforms." He had not a judicial mind, and would perhaps have made a headstrong and erratic President; but his death was widely mourned. He is looked upon as one of the frankest and most sincere of human beings, and he was certainly the most *bizarre* and eccentric of the conspicuous men of his generation.

General Grant's second term as President was even less satisfactory than his first. His associates—personal and political—seemed even less wisely chosen. He excited more scandals and made more enemies than ever. Cormorants were found to be bleeding the Treasury; but the work of reconstruction went on, and the revolted States resumed their old places in the galaxy.

As these four years drew to a close there was much talk about renominating Grant for a third term, and an alarm was raised against the unprecedented innovation which threatened a serious breach in the Republican party. Next to him the most conspicuous candidates were Roscoe Conkling and James G. Blaine, of Maine. The difference proved irreconcilable, and Rutherford B. Hayes, Governor of Ohio, was placed in nomination, for no reason except that he had carried his own State. It was an up-hill campaign. The passions generated during the war had cooled, and the candidate did not succeed in exciting any enthusiasm. The Democrats nominated their most popular man, Governor Samuel J. Tilden, of New York.

A month before election-day it looked as if the end of the Republican party had come. But old hostilities revived opportunity; there were specific reports of riots and violence in the South, in which negroes were always the chief sufferers; and a cry was raised against surrendering the government to the men who had attempted to destroy the Union. Governor Tilden carried all the States considered necessary to his success; but in some Southern States the full vote of the blacks had been prevented or impeded, and there were cries of fraud on both sides which lasted for weeks. At last, both parties claiming to have succeeded, and the laws already enacted being inadequate to guide them, the leaders agreed to the organization of an Electoral Commission of fifteen eminent men who were to canvass the returns and decide the quarrel. Their decision was in favor of Hayes—8 to 7—and he was duly installed, greeted with cries of indignation by Mr. Tilden's supporters. His administration was not a happy one. He showed no ability as a leader, and no measure of his time bears any important impress of his hand.

During his term the Tariff question, hitherto settled by the exigencies of war and the needs of an impoverished country, came prominently to the surface again. The free-traders made themselves active. They demanded an immediate reduction of the tariff, and insisted that a low tariff was better for the laborers themselves. Warm discussions followed. Meantime the race quarrels had continued in the South in a spirit which indicated to Republicans that the negroes were not permitted to exercise their rights.

For the second time since the rebellion broke out the Democrats nominated a military man for President, overlooking and putting aside Governor Tilden, who had brought them so near to victory, and whose popularity was now strengthened by the claim that he had been wickedly sacrificed four years before. It was soon seen to be a mistake.

The Republicans, still baffled by the claims of rival leaders, who were strong enough to defeat each other in convention, nominated as a compromise General James A. Garfield, a man of fair reputation and considerable ability; and after a sharp canvass he was elected. The elements favoring him were sectionalism and the cry of "Protection to American labor." Hancock, being asked his opinion on the latter question, said he remembered hearing something about it when he was a boy; and the ill-timed remark raised a guffaw of derision, which echoed till his defeat was announced.

But it was evident that the long reign of the Republican party was drawing to a close. The quarrel between Blaine and Conkling had become intense, and the selection of Arthur, a warm friend of the latter, to be Vice-president on the ticket with Garfield, was shortly followed by the angry resignation of Conkling from the Senate, because he could not have his way in filling important offices. The death of Garfield by the hand of a man who claimed to be acting in the interest of the "Stalwarts" added to the confusion, and weakened still further a party which had grown so powerful as to raise up a host of enemies within its own ranks, and which had held office so long as to create a widespread suspicion that it had become corrupt. Arthur's administration, which followed, sedulously avoided scandals, and presented a tolerably clean record; but disintegration had begun, and the impression that the Republican party was losing the honest purpose that had given it strength and value deepened and widened.

The campaign of 1884 has been a strange one. The Democrats nominated a man of little ability, but a clean public record, and the Republicans, who had refused to elevate Conkling to the old place which he abandoned in a pet, nominated Blaine, a man of great ability, but of clandestine methods—honest, probably, but representing the men and the period at which the indignation of the so-called Independents was aimed. The battle was warmly and scandalously contested, and Cleveland was successful, by virtue of a small plurality in New York—not by Democrats, but by the defection of 25,000 Republicans to St. John and himself, and the non-voting indifference of 10,000 more. If President Cleveland shall make the mistake of supposing that he has been elected by Democrats only, and if he shall give us the spectacle of a partisan administration eager for the spoils, Republican deserters will abandon their experiment and return to their allegiance, and the great party—the Grand Old Party, as it is called by its friends—will regain the supremacy and begin a new lease of life.

XUM

MY BIG FISH.

By Angelo J. Lewis.

Three months ago I was a happy man. I had a charming wife, two handsome children, a comfortable income, a considerable practice, and (for a solicitor) a clear conscience. All but the last I still possess; but the loss of that one item has destroyed my peace of mind, and embittered my whole existence. And yet I cannot but think that there was great excuse for me. When a man basely yields to temptation he is said to "fall"; but that expression scarcely applies to my case. I was regularly pushed over by other people. But I will tell my painful story, and the reader shall judge for himself.

THE RISE AND FALL OF A GREAT PARTY.—CHARLES SUMNER IN HIS STUDY.

My name is Marmaduke Howard Jones. Dropping the Howard, as a trifle too ornate for everyday use, I am known socially and professionally as Marmaduke H. Jones; and I have felt some little pride in the name, as being uncommon, not to say *distingué*. I do not mean to suggest that I am by any means the only Jones, and there are doubtless other Marmadukes; but the *tout ensemble*, the combination, Marmaduke H. Jones, *totus, teres, atque rotundus*, has always struck me as possessing considerable artistic merit, and as doing great credit to my godfathers and godmothers. I flattered myself that the combination was at any rate unique, and certainly never supposed, until a few weeks since, that there could possibly be another individual, still less another member of my own profession, rejoicing in the very same name. The reader will therefore understand that the supposition of mistaken identity was the last that was likely to occur to me, when, on opening my letters one morning, a couple of months ago, I found the following from an old friend resident in Yorkshire:

"Tipcat, Yorks.

"Dear old Boy—Just seen a notice of your splendid success, and hasten to congratulate you. You must come and try your luck with us very shortly. I know of a whopper, not far from here, that I should like you to have a shy at. Kind regards to the wife. Ever yours, sincerely, Sam Thorogood."

I stared at the letter in amazement. I had recently got a verdict in a rather uphill case of Grumley *v.* Pipkin, but it was not a matter of much public interest, and was scarcely likely to have made any marked sensation in a

XUM

small town in Yorkshire. Still, this being the only available explanation, I adopted it. The allusion to the "whopper" whom I was invited to have a shy at was mysterious; but I concluded that it referred to some wrongdoer of high degree (possibly the parson or the squire), who had been riding roughshod over his humbler neighbors, and whom Thorogood desired, in country phrase, to "have the law of." I put the letter aside and went on with my other correspondence. Presently I came to a still more mysterious epistle:

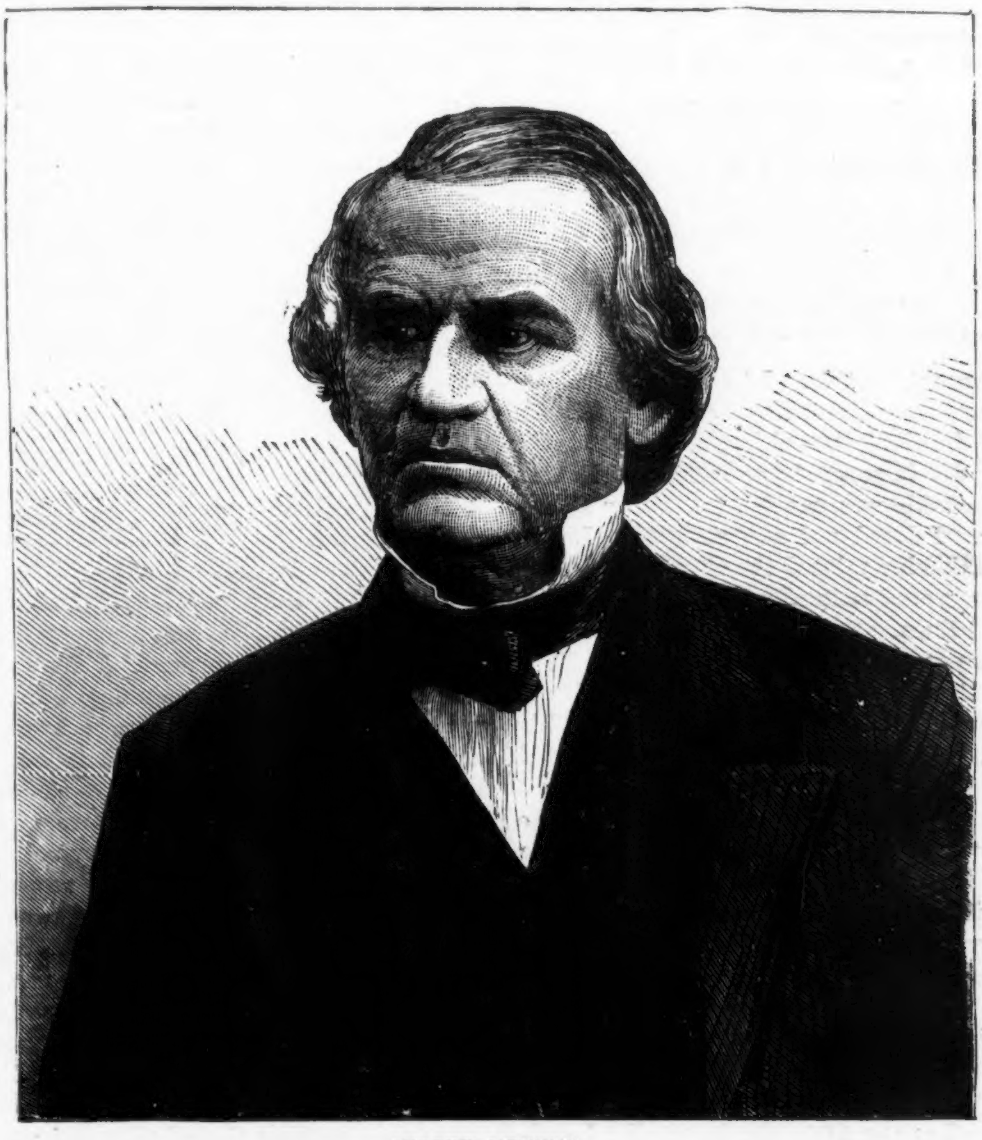
"Bounderby, near Tiverton.

"SIR—Having seen the report of your recent achievement, I trust you will pardon my inquiring what flight you are in the habit of using. I feel that I am taking a liberty in addressing a total stranger on such a subject, but our mutual interest in the same pursuit must be my excuse. I inclose stamped envelope for reply.

"I remain your obedient servant,
"WM. PODMORE."

"Grumley *v.* Pipkin must have made more noise than I imagined," I soliloquized. "But what on earth does the man mean by his 'flight,' and our mutual interest in the same pursuit? Does he think I'm a member of the Aërial Navigation Society? As he has sent a stamped envelope for reply, I suppose he must have one; so here goes"; and, heading my note, "39 Furnival's Inn," I wrote:

"DEAR SIR—I am in receipt of your letter, but haven't a notion what it means. Please explain. Yours, truly,
"MARMADUKE H. JONES."



ANDREW JOHNSON.

The next letter I came to was from a brother solicitor on professional business, but in a P.S. the writer said, "Accept my congratulations on your big fish. I had no idea you were such a sportsman."

"Big fish! Here's another lunatic!" I ejaculated; but at this moment I was interrupted by the entrance of a client. After we had disposed of his business he remarked, as he stood up to take his leave:

"Everybody is talking about that big pike of yours. I'm not a fisherman myself, but I infer that it was a very swell achievement. Allow me to congratulate you."

"What on earth are you referring to?" I exclaimed.

"Why, that big pike that you caught at—where was it?—Newbury, or some such place. I saw it mentioned in one of the papers. You didn't know you were so famous, perhaps?"

"I certainly did not. The thing must be a hoax. I never caught a pike in my life, and don't intend to. But now I begin to understand some extraordinary letters which I have received this morning. Some rascally practical joker has started the report, I suppose, to put me to the trouble of contradicting it; but I won't give him that satisfaction."

"Then you haven't caught a big fish at all?" said my visitor. "Well, I thought such a feat was scarcely in your line." And he took his leave with a slightly injured air, as though I had swindled him out of a congratulation under false pretenses.

I went on with the perusal of my letters, and dismissed the matter from my mind. But it was not to be so easily got rid of. When I went into the street every other person I met alluded in some shape or other to my "big pike." Of course I hastened to explain that the report was groundless, and that I had not caught any pike at all. But my protestations were received in a manner (to use a familiar phrase) to make a saint swear. I do not suppose for a moment that a saint could or would swear, but if he ever did, I cannot conceive any provocation which would more fully justify him in doing so. Where my assurances were credited, my interlocutors made it quite clear that I had gone down fifty per cent. or so in their estimation; some even indicating by their manner that they regarded me as a downright impostor, and believed me to have spread the report myself in order to gain an unfounded reputation for sportsmanship. Others disregarded my denial, and evidently believed that I *had* captured a big fish, but from a mean reluctance to explain how I did it, or some other nefarious reason, thought proper to disown my achievement. Both parties evidently regarded me as a contemptible sort of fellow; the one set for not having caught the fish, the other for having caught it, and not sticking to it like a man. At last, so sick was I of being disbelieved and looked down

XUM

upon, or believed and looked down upon notwithstanding, that when I met my friend Brown in the city one afternoon, and he began as usual, "I say old fellow, what about the big fish? I saw all about it in the papers," I did not take the trouble to contradict him, but wearily said, "Oh, yes; rather a big thing, wasn't it?" and forthwith changed the subject to more congenial matters. We parted, and the same afternoon I ran against Robinson. "Ah, Jones," he said; "I met our friend Brown, this morning, and he was telling me all about your big fish. You always were a lucky dog. Such things don't come in *my* way." Having allowed Brown to believe in the legend, I could not very well give him the lie, so to speak, to Robinson, so again acquiesced in a vague kind of way, and changed the subject as soon as possible, hoping to hear no more of the matter. But I was disappointed. Within the next two or three days I met at least half a dozen friends who claimed to have had particulars from either Brown or Robinson, and, having let the thing go so far, I had not the courage to undeceive them. But Nemesis was beginning to pursue me. As the poet justly remarks (I forget for the moment what poet, or his exact words, but he must have been a man in the first rank of the profession)—

"Ah! what a tangled web we weave
When once we venture to deceive!"

Remorse had begun to set in. I began positively to go round back streets in order to avoid meeting friends. I lived in a morbid dread of the subject of fish cropping up, as it invariably did in some shape or other. Even a pair of soles on the table was enough to destroy all my appetite for dinner. I dared not now undeceive Brown and Robinson, who, having related the story (on my own authority) to others, would naturally think that I had intentionally befooled them.

Again I met Brown, this time in company with a stranger, a tall, gentlemanly man, to whom he introduced me as "Mr. Marmaduke H. Jones, the hero of the big fish." His friend, whom I found to be Sir Lionel Damer, a noted fisherman, paid me the usual compliments on my great catch, and then proceeded to ask one or two questions, which would have been plain sailing enough if I had really caught the fish, but which, as it was, I answered in such an incoherent manner that Brown charitably cut short the interview, saying that we must talk over details another time. I have since heard that he apologized to Sir Lionel for my being "a little tight," kindly adding that he had never known me in that condition before.

Never in all my previous experience had I been in so horrible a position. For the first time in my life I realized what a "cold sweat" meant. If anybody suffers from a colder sweat, or more of it, than I did on that occasion, I pity him. And the worst of it was that I might find myself in the same position again at any moment. I had hitherto attached so little importance to the matter, that I had never even seen the paragraph which started the mischief, nor had I taken the trouble to note the name of the papers in which it had appeared, though they had been more than once referred to by my congratulators. I was pretty sure that the original statement was in the *Fishing* something or other, but what the precise name was, or where it was obtainable, I had not the smallest idea. With a feeling as if I was concocting a bank fraud, and might be "run in" at any moment, I began to make inquiries at news-agents' and fishing-tackle dealers' for any papers that answered the description. I discovered that there was a paper called the *Fishing Gazette*, and I bought the back numbers for a month past, and began to study them. At last I came on a paragraph as follows:

> "A MONSTER PIKE.—We learn from a correspondent that on the 24th ult. Mr. Marmaduke H. Jones, solicitor, while spinning for pike at the Upper Weir, Tenbury, was fortunate enough to hook a 24-pounder, which, after a three-quarters of an hour struggle he succeeded in landing."

This was so far satisfactory, though I had an uneasy consciousness that somebody in my presence had mentioned Sunbury, and somebody else Newbury, as the scene of my exploit; and that I had not contradicted them. However, my moral sense was by this time so far perverted that (now I knew Tenbury was the spot) I was fully prepared to maintain that I had always said Tenbury.

One expression puzzled me. What on earth was "spinning" in connection with pike? It unfortunately happens that if there is one subject about which I know less than any other, it is angling. My experiences as a fisherman are limited to the fact that when I was a boy of eleven or thereabouts, I spent all my available pocket-money (three-and-sixpence, I think it was) in a brand-new rod and line. I used it perseveringly for about a week, but not having caught anything (except colds), I felt that it was locking up capital to no purpose, and I accordingly swapped it away to another boy for eighteen-pence and a dead squirrel. What use I intended to make of the squirrel I don't remember, but I know that was the price.

The above having been my first and only experience in the fishing line (no joke is intended; the subject is far too painful to be treated with levity), it will be readily understood that my knowledge of the art was, to say the least, elementary. However, one point was now clear. I had caught my monster fish by spinning (whatever that might mean), and spinning I must stick to. The mystery as to how the paragraph appeared in the paper was still unsolved. I referred to the "Law List," but could not find any Marmaduke H. Jones, solicitor. It was just barely possible that there might be a country practitioner of that name, country solicitors only appearing under the heading of their respective towns; but after looking through all the big towns I could find no one of my own name except myself. My first impression was doubtless right—that the paragraph had been inserted as a hoax, and I smiled to myself as I thought how the engineer had been hoist with his own petard, his intended "joke" having been received as a substantial verity.

But then another thought crossed my mind, and made me extremely uncomfortable. Perhaps this anonymous joker was only biding his time. Perhaps he was only lulling me into a false security, and when he thought his "joke" had gone far enough, would write to the paper again and say that Marmaduke H. Jones did not catch the big pike after all—and a nice sort of position I should be in then! No, he had chosen to declare that I had caught a big pike, and I was by this time more than half convinced of it myself. If the story was not true, why, it *ought* to be true, and I was determined that for all practical purposes it *should* be true. I made up my mind that, come what might, I would stick to my fish. (The reader will perceive that I was now becoming hardened in crime.) I felt that I was now master of details. The pike was twenty-four pounds in weight; he was caught at Tenbury; and he was caught by spinning. Secure in this knowledge, I sallied forth with head erect, feeling that I could not now very well be caught tripping. But pride comes before a fall. Almost the first person I met was an old acquaintance, Jack Broderip.

"Hullo, Jones!" he said; "I haven't seen you since you caught that big jack."

"It wasn't a jack," I replied; "it was a pike."

"Well, a pike is a jack," he rejoined, "isn't it?" I began to stammer out something in reply, when he continued: "I forgot; by-the-way, you swell sportsmen only speak of four-pounders and such small fry as jack. I apologize for alluding to your big fish so disrespectfully, but I assure you it was quite unintentional. By-the-way, how did you catch him? Live bait, I suppose?"

"Live bait of course," I said. I hadn't a notion on the subject, but as he seemed so cock-sure, I thought it better not to contradict him. "Spinning, you know."

"Spinning," he exclaimed, "with live bait! That's a novelty, isn't it?"

"Well, I believe it isn't exactly general," I said, modestly.

"If *you* say it, of course it must be the thing to do. I shall note that as a wrinkle. But I should think it was rather awkward to work. If it isn't a secret, how many hooks do you have on your flight?"

The question obviously implied more than one.

"Oh, about two!" I said, timidly.

"Two hooks only! Ah, two triangles you mean! Whose flight do you use, then? 'Pennel's,' or the 'Thames,' or the 'Francis,' or something of your own?"

"Well, to tell you the truth" (which it certainly wasn't), "a little arrangement of my own."

"Something special, eh? Well, I suppose these are professional secrets, so I mustn't pump you too much. By-the-way, it was at Tenbury, I think, the event came off? Now, whereabouts *is* Tenbury?"

This was a poser. Tenbury might have been in Owyhee, for anything I knew. I was obliged to make a leap in the dark.

"Oh, Tenbury, *you* know! Down Berkshire way."

"Berkshire, is it? I thought it must have been Tenbury in Worcestershire. There *is* a Tenbury in Worcestershire, I am pretty sure. Tenbury in Berkshire, eh? Good fishing there, I suppose?"

"Pretty fair," I said, with the air of a man who didn't think anything under a twenty-pounder worth mentioning, and at the same time making a mental mem. to look up the geography of Tenbury without delay. "I must ask you to excuse me now, for I'm in a desperate hurry. I have an appointment at the Taking Office. Good-morning!"

He wished me "Good-morning," looking, however, rather huffy at my abrupt dismissal, and I went into a stationer's to buy the A B C Guide. I found that Tenbury was in Worcestershire, and determined to stick to that county in answering future questions. I met three or four more acquaintances that afternoon. All of them were full of my big fish, and showed a disgusting appetite for details. I answered their queries as well as I could, but I felt that I was getting deeper and deeper in the mire at every step, and that I *must* manage to acquire a little more knowledge on the subject.

On my way back to the office I bought two or three treatises on fishing; but I had barely had time to open them when a valued country client, Mr. Culpepper, came in. He had important business to discuss, and was compelled to leave town again the next morning; so, to economize time, as it was nearly my hour for going home, I invited him to dine with me *en famille*. We walked home together, and dinner was half over when he suddenly said:

"By-the-way, Jones, that was a tremendous catch of yours down Tenbury way—that big pike, eh?"

My wife looked up surprised, for she had heard nothing of my apocryphal achievement.

"Oh, nothing particular," I said, trying to turn the conversation; "the thing has been much exaggerated. Nothing in it, I assure you."

"All very well for you, my dear fellow. I suppose you are such a sportsman that you make nothing of a five-and-twenty pounder; but we outsiders, who don't get such luck, think a good deal of it, I can tell you. But where was it? The papers said Tenbury, and Brown told me the same thing, but Philpotts assured me that he had it from your own lips that you caught it at Sunbury, and Tomkins was just as certain that it was at Newbury."

"Oh, Philpotts is mistaken; I never told him anything of the sort; and as for Tomkins, he's—he's lost his mother-in-law lately, and forgets things—he doesn't know what he's talking about."

At this point my wife struck in. Mrs. Jones is a very charming woman, but the least bit inclined (her only fault) to be jealous, and she has an exaggerated, not to say morbid, idea of the perfect confidence, or, rather, confidentialness, which should exist between husband and wife. I don't perceive that she tells me much, but she expects me to tell her everything. For the last moment or two she had been looking from me to Culpepper, and from Culpepper to me, in a manner which denoted, on the matrimonial barometer, "stormy."

"Mr. Jones! Marmaduke! This is something I am not to know, I suppose. What is it all about?"

Mr. Culpepper put on his blandest smile.

"Oh, you know all about it, my dear madam. I was only referring to your husband's great catch—the big fish that he hooked at Tenbury."

"Mr. Jones! Tenbury! And a big fish! Mr. Jones hasn't hooked a big fish, or any other fish."

Culpepper felt that he had somehow put his foot in it. It was obvious to him that for some reason or other Mrs. J. had been kept in ignorance of the big fish, and he did his best to retrieve his error.

"Didn't he, really? Then I must have been mistaken. Some other Jones, perhaps. It's not an uncommon name."

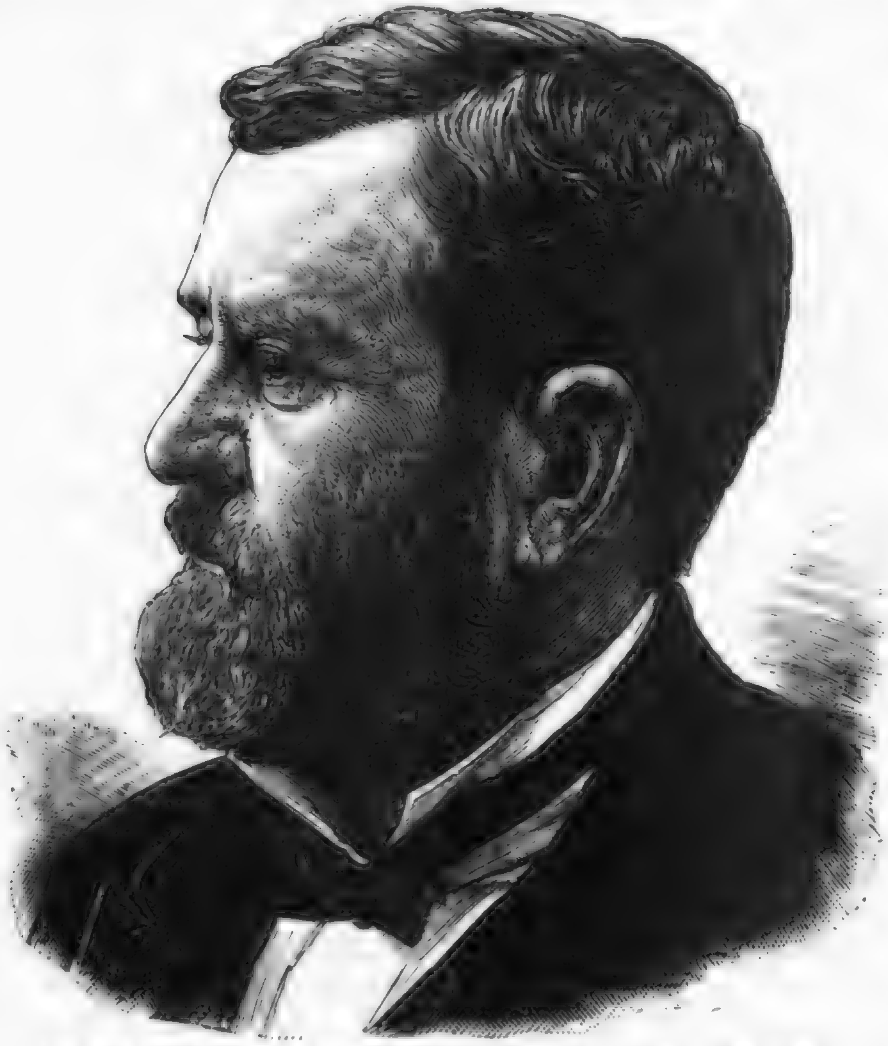
"No, Mr. Culpepper! It is very good of you to endeavor to screen him. It is a point of honor among you men, I believe, to shield each other; but I am not to be so easily put off, I can tell you. Mr. Philipotts had the particulars from Mr. Jones's own lips, you said—consequently it is clear that Mr. Jones *has* caught a fish (though I shouldn't have believed it of him), and that that fish has been concealed from me."

Poor Culpepper looked extremely uncomfortable. As for myself—well, Mr. Kinglake has recorded that the late Emperor Napoleon used to turn a pale green when in the presence of the enemy; I never believed the story till that evening, but I do now."

"But, Maria," I said, "it is really nothing to make a fuss about. I assure you I didn't—no, I mean I did—catch a fish, but it was quite an accident, and it sha'n't occur again."

"No, Mr. Jones; there is a mystery here which I am determined to fathom. You have caught a fish—a large fish, it seems. Where is that fish? Why did you not send it to your once happy home?"

XUM



THE RISE AND FALL OF A GREAT PARTY.—ULYSSES S. GRANT.—SEE PAGE 1.

Mr. Jones glared at me as if she thought the fish was at that moment concealed about my person. I believe I was about to answer (forgetful of its dimensions) that it wasn't worth bringing home, or that I had eaten it all myself, when Culpepper came unexpectedly to the rescue.

"I can relieve your mind on that score, Mrs. Jones. Mr. Jones sent it to his collection at the Fisheries Exhibition." ("Good gracious," I thought, "what a liar the man is, though he means it in kindness, no doubt.") "I saw it there myself yesterday."

This was the "lie with a circumstance" with a vengeance, and yet there the man sat, as cool and collected as if he were repeating the multiplication-table. How I envied his calm composure. But the fiend went on:

"Make him take you to see it, Mrs. Jones, if he hasn't already done so," he continued; "it is really worth seeing. You'll find it in the second or third case on the left, just as you enter the gallery."

"He *shall* take me to the Fisheries Exhibition before he is twenty-four hours older," replied Mrs. Jones. "I will get to the bottom of this somehow. I wish you good-evening, gentlemen;" and she sailed out of the room.

"What on earth possessed you to suggest that?" I remarked ruefully to Culpepper as the door closed.

"Very sorry if I've done any mischief," he said; "I really thought it was the best thing I could say. I am extremely sorry I ever introduced the subject; but, of course, I couldn't guess that your wife didn't approve of your angling excursions, and that you had made a secret of this little matter. She is afraid your hobby might interfere with business, I suppose."

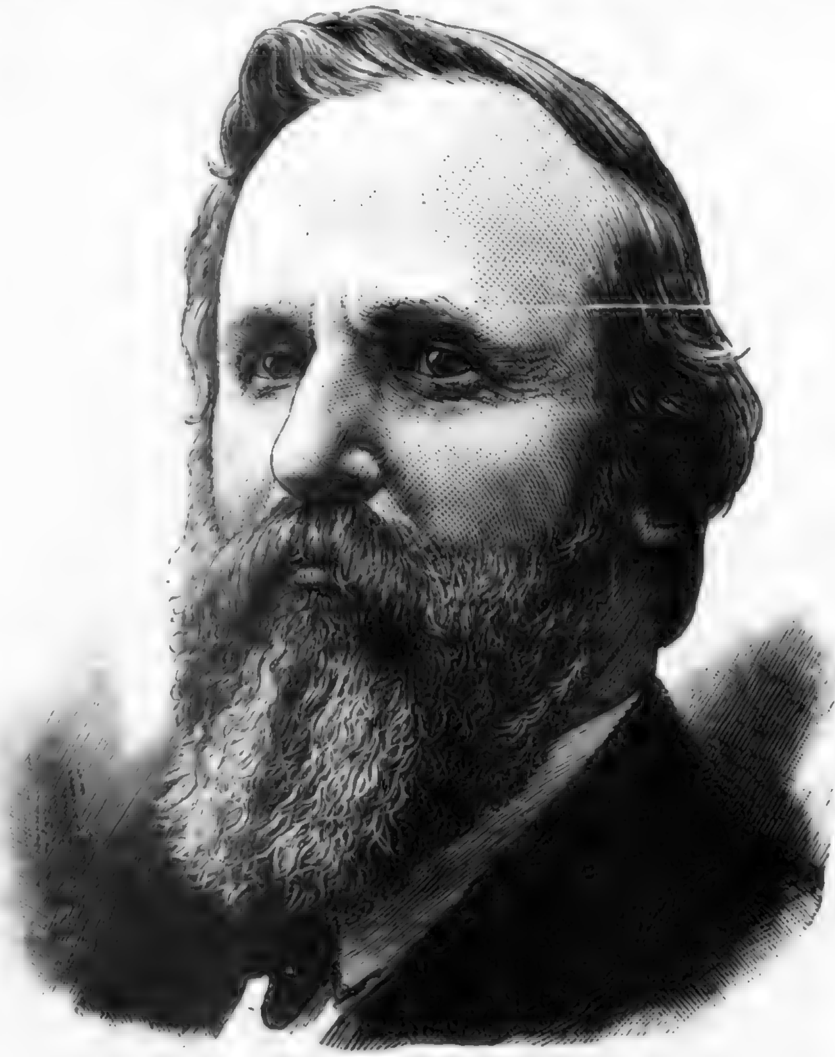
"Yes, that's it," I said, only too glad to jump at this straw in the way of explanation, and Culpepper shortly after took his leave. With terror I anticipated the inevitable explanation with Mrs. Jones; but it was postponed, for I found she had taken up her quarters in the spare room for the night.

My hair is not gray with years or otherwise, "nor grew it white in a single night, as men have grown through sudden fears." But I am quite surprised that it didn't.

The next morning Mrs. Jones came down to breakfast with her bonnet on.

"Where are you going, my dear?" I ventured mildly to inquire.

"I am going with *you*, Mr. Jones, to the Fisheries Exhibition."



RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

I felt that I was going to still further shame and exposure, but there was no help for it. What Mrs. Jones would say or do when she found that there was no fish of mine at the Exhibition, I shuddered to think.

We reached South Kensington in solemn silence. Like a condemned criminal just screwing up his courage for the final attentions of the late Mr. Marwood, I followed Mrs. Jones to the Museum department. We entered the gallery; I glanced, involuntarily, to the spot where, according to Culpepper's account, my great catch ought to have been. Great heavens! what did I behold! A handsome showcase, surmounted by the name of Marmaduke H. Jones, in large gold letters, and containing stuffed fish of various sizes and descriptions, the centre object being a monster pike. I felt that reason was tottering on her throne. Had I really caught all that fish, and didn't know it? Was I a somnambulist with a double existence, catching fish (and sending them to the Fisheries Exhibition) in my sleep, and forgetting all about it in my waking hours? The revulsion of feeling was too much for me—I fell on the floor in a dead faint. How long I so continued I cannot say, but I presently came to myself and found a small crowd round me, and Mrs. Jones holding a large and powerful smelling-bottle to my nose. I heard an excited whisper, "That's the gent as ketched all them fish; he don't look it, do he?" Mrs. Jones perceived that I was reviving; she said, "We will defer explanations, Mr. Jones. We had better go home." And we went home accordingly, in solemn silence as we came.

On my arrival I found two letters sent up from the office, also a copy of the *Fishing Gazette*. The first letter was from my friend Brown, and ran as follows:

Dear Jones—That pike of yours has created a regular controversy in the *Gazette*. I send a copy for your perusal; the most contrary opinions prevail as to the way you caught him. Some maintain you throw in Thames style, some in Nottingham. You are reported to have used no less than seven different kinds of flight, including two that nobody ever heard of. Some say your catch was made at Tenbury, some at Tutbury, some at Newbury, and some at Sunbury. You are reported to have used a gorge bait, a live bait, and a spinning bait, and one idiot declares that you spin with a live bait. The funny thing is that all these statements are said to be made on your own personal authority. Do, for goodness' sake, drop the editor a line and set them right.

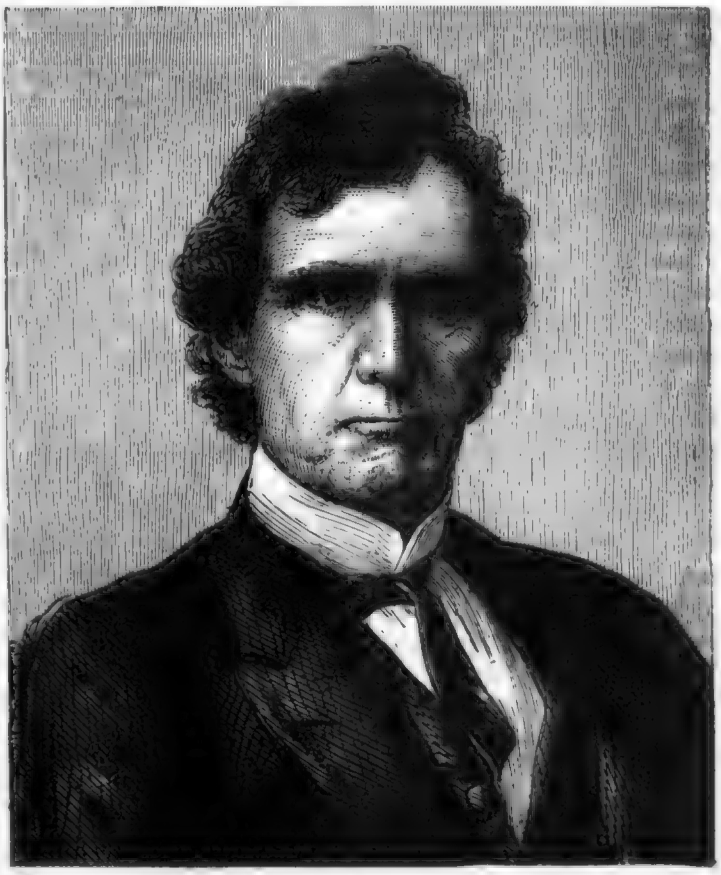
"Yours ever, Humphrey Brown."

I groaned, and opened the other letter. It was as follows:

"Pwmbwlygwllwth, North Wales.

"Sir—I think of all scoundrels, the man who, at a safe distance, deliberately appropriates another man's distinctions is the meanest. I find that you have taken advantage of the accident of possessing the same name as myself (a name of which I shall henceforth be ashamed, since *you* share it) to take the credit of my recent fishing success as mentioned in the *Gazette*. I write by this post to the same paper to expose your contemptible conduct, and trust I may have an early opportunity of pulling your nose. "Marmaduke H. Jones."

Here, then, was the solution of the big-fish mystery. There *was* another



THADDEUS STEVENS.

Marmaduke H. Jones, solicitor, and *he* was the real Simon Pure, the hero of the big fish. But to live at such an unearthly place as Pwm-thingumy—no wonder I could not find him in the "Law List." I took up the book once more and looked out the disgusting little place. There he was, sure enough. So simple, and yet so terrible, was the explanation of my mystery.

I have confessed all to Mrs. Jones, and she has graciously agreed, as I did not really catch any fish after all, to look over it this once. I have written an abject apology to my infuriated namesake, who has taken no notice whatever of it; and now, by Mrs. Jones's advice, I draw up this plain and unvarnished statement, to place the matter fairly before the public, and to rehabilitate, as far as possible, my damaged reputation.

One word I would say in conclusion. I notice that a popular writer in a current novel has made his hero wrongfully take the credit of another man's book. I do not mean to suggest that this is as bad as taking the credit of another man's fish; in fact, from recent observation, I should say that it would be regarded, at least in sporting circles, as a very mild offense in comparison. But I am quite sure that that popular writer, if he is a kind-hearted man (as I have no doubt he is), will be positively appalled, as he goes on, at the amount of misery he will bring on his unfortunate hero. I do implore him to pause while there is yet time, and let the offender make a clean breast of it at once, before he begins to feel the mental agony I myself have experienced.

THE TULIP MANIA.

Perhaps the most remarkable event that ever transpired in the history of floriculture was the tulip mania of a few centuries ago. Certain it is that no other flower of the thousands now in cultivation ever created anything near like the stir this common but beautiful flower did on its first introduction.

A writer in the *Journal of Horticulture* gives the following pointed history of the flower, embracing the period to which we refer: He says the tulip is a native of the Levant and the warmer parts of Asia, and is very common in Syria and Palestine. In the year 1559 the tulip was rapidly distributed through all parts of Europe, being brought from Persia by Conrad Gesner, an eminent German physician and naturalist. The scientific name of the tulip, *Tulipa Gesneriana*, commemorates the labors of its introducer. Early in the seventeenth century the special cultivation of particular varieties was first prosecuted to a considerable extent in the Netherlands, and the price of the roots was higher in value than that of the most precious metals. In the years 1634 to 1637 the passion for the possession of choice tulips became so strong among the Dutch that dealing in them became one of the most important money speculations, and the bulbs were sold and resold at enormous prices. For one root of the Viceroy variety £250 was paid, while for Semper Augustus a person agreed to give 4,600 florins (equal to £400), with the addition of a new carriage and a pair of horses. Another agreed to give twelve acres of land for a single root of this sort. As late as the year 1854 Mr. Groom, of Clapham, catalogued shop tulips at enormous prices. Duchess of Cambridge, Princess Mary of Cambridge, and Miss Eliza Seymour, were sold at 1,000 guineas each, others at fifty, twenty-one and ten guineas per root. In the following year, 1855, the whole of Mr. Groom's collection, which consisted of over 200,000 roots, was sold by auction, as they stood in the rows, at very low prices, and from this time the tulip as a show flower declined in the public favor at a rapid rate. The commercial value for a flower at the present day of a new variety of early tulip, if of unusual fine quality, would be about one pound, being only about one-tenth the value of a new hyacinth. The reason for this difference is that it would take fifty years to get up a stock large enough to send out; while with a hyacinth, which multiplies rapidly, the same results could be produced in ten years.

GREEK BRIGAND AND VILLAGE SUPERSTITIONS.

The brigands of the Balkan Peninsula, both Moslem and Christian, have, besides all the common superstitions, a great many peculiar to themselves, and more directly concerning their profession. These vary somewhat according to locality, but in the main are very similar all over the country. Before engaging in any important enterprise, a sheep is sacrificed by the assembled band, and a careful examination made of its entrails. Certain appearances these may present are construed as denoting the success of their plans, while others denote an attack by soldiers. If the marks or signs are interpreted as decidedly adverse, the hardiest band will abandon their project. Another favorite form of divination is by means of the shoulderblade of a sheep or lamb. The thin bone is scraped clean and held up to the light, and the lights and shades exhibited on its surface are interpreted according to certain rules known to those who consult this augury.

On the occasion of a marriage which lately took place in Macedonia between the son of one brigand chief and the daughter of another, notice was sent to a village that the brigands intended to honor it by having the ceremony performed there. Promises of protection were made if the villagers maintained silence with regard to the intended visit, and dire threats of vengeance if they betrayed them to the Turkish authorities.

On the appointed day the wedding party arrived, accompanied by a Greek priest, and the ceremony was performed according to the rites of the Orthodox Church. This concluded, the bands formed a circle round their chiefs. The latter then bared their left arms: an incision was made in each; the blood that flowed from them was allowed to mingle, and a solemn vow of brotherhood administered by the priest. Festivities of various kinds followed; sheep and goats were roasted, and the villagers invited to join the feast. Then, amid many mystic ceremonies, a sheep was sacrificed, and libations of wine were poured out. The customary auguries were drawn from the appearance of the intestines, and the villagers were then informed that pursuit would be made after them; but if the soldiers came to the village to molest them the brigands would come to their rescue. Three days afterward a detachment of soldiers, commanded by an officer, arrived, and began to ill-treat and arrest the peasants, as is customary in such cases, besides demanding money from them. Signals were made to the brigands, who were not far off, and they shortly returned and attacked the soldiers, several of whom were killed.

On the formation of a new band, the attendance of a Moslem imaum or Greek priest, or both, according to the creed and nationality of its members, is procured by fear or favor. Under his auspices a few drops of blood from the arm of each outlaw are mixed with flour, and made into pills. As each man swallows this emblem of unity, he pronounces a solemn oath, confirmed by cross or sword, according to the faith he professes.

In some districts, when the death of a hostage has been decided upon, every member of the band deals a blow at the victim. If one fails to conform to this rule, he is expected to be killed in the first encounter with troops. But in other localities, one man is chosen to fill the office of executioner, and it is considered of the highest importance that one stroke of the curved sword used for the purpose should sever the head from the body of the captive.

When the brigands are desirous of possessing themselves of money or treasure they suspect to have been hidden out of their reach, they kill or mutilate the person supposed to have concealed it. A portion of his body is taken to some crafty old hag, whose ostensible profession is the manufacture of tapers for religious ceremonies. The fat is extracted, and, mixed with wax or tallow, is made into a candle. Armed with this, the brigand commences his search, in the belief that the light of his taper will be extinguished when he approaches the spot where the treasure is secreted. This superstition accounts for the fingers of captives having been cut off even when they were not required to send to their friends to stimulate their zeal in procuring the ransom. One of the murderers of a family of seven persons was detected by his applying to have one of these candles made. The crime had been committed for the sake of plunder; and, as the sum found in the house was smaller than the murderers had expected, recourse was had to supernatural aid to discover the remainder.

Almost every brigand wears an amulet. If a Greek, it is frequently an old copy, or a few pages, of the Gospels. "Cham," once a notorious but now a pardoned brigand, always attributed a serious misfortune which befell him to his having laid his aside for a few minutes—a very old copy, which he carried in an elaborately-chased silver case, suspended round his neck by a chain.

One of the most ghastly Greek superstitions is that of the *Vrykolokas*, or Vampire. It is customary to visit the grave of a deceased relation at the expiration of three years after burial, and ascertain if the body is decomposed. If this process has been performed to their satisfaction, the bones are collected, and, after a further religious service, placed in a mortuary. But should this not be the case, the dead man is supposed to be possessed, and in punishment of his known or unknown crime, walks the earth at night as a Vrykoloka. The Klephtic legends are full of this terrible spectre, and many of their songs tell of the midnight visits of murdered men to their oppressors and tyrants, heralded by the ghostly *kukuvaghia*, or owl of ill-omen. For though it is popularly supposed that this unrest after death is a consequence of an evil life, men also who have been the victims of a terrible wrong cannot lie quietly in their graves, but revisit the scenes of their woes.

An interesting custom is observed on St. John's Eve in the villages of Thessaly, called "Klithona." It is, however, as a rule, performed only in the family circle, and many people long resident in the country are ignorant of it. At sunset a large jar or bowl is filled with water and placed in the garden. Round it the family assemble, each with a leaf or flower, which he or she throws in. A wild dance and chant is kept up all the time. The jar is then covered with a linen cloth, and the youngest of the party goes through the fictitious ceremony of "locking" it with the house-key. It is then carefully set aside until the following day at noon, when the party assemble for the "unlocking." The cloth is carefully removed, and each looks anxiously to see if his or her leaf or flower is floating on the water, as that foretells a long life, and an immersed leaf or flower an early death. A general sprinkling then ensues; the young people chase each other with glasses of water from the bowl, and consider a thorough drenching good luck. Singing is kept up all the time, and an occasional improvised couplet or two containing sly personal allusions add to the merriment.

In Macedonia the ceremony differs a little. Each person places a ring or some other small object in the jar, and they are withdrawn, one by one, by a girl who, before she dips her hand in, repeats some prophetic, complimentary, or depreciatory rhyme. Supper over, the bonfire is lighted before the gate; and, after taking down and casting into it the now faded garlands hung over the doors on May Day, the young people leap through the flames, fully persuaded that "the fire of St. John will not burn them."

Many of the local superstitions take the form of offerings to the spirits of the earth, air or water. A bride invariably drops her *obole* into the well before entering upon her household duties; and the village women, when going for water to the wells or springs in the woods, always carry with them some offering, if only a leaf or a flower. Pins are favorite gifts, and also bits of bright-colored cotton. In many of the stone fountains are nooks, apparently destined for the reception of these gifts, and containing the accumulation of years.

When a vine is planted a glass of wine is thrown in "for good luck." Wine spilt on the ground or the table is also considered a good omen. Oil, on the contrary, denotes the approach of evil.

A child, stunned by a fall, was picked up by an English lady, who brought him to consciousness by sprinkling water on his face. His mother came to claim him shortly afterward, and after assuring herself that no bones were broken, poured a pail of water on the spot where he had fallen, and added a handful of sugar, "to satisfy the demon."

Thunder is believed to be produced by the demons of the upper regions, and bells are rung during a storm to drive them away.

Saturday is considered an unlucky day on which to begin work of any kind, and equally unlucky to finish work upon.

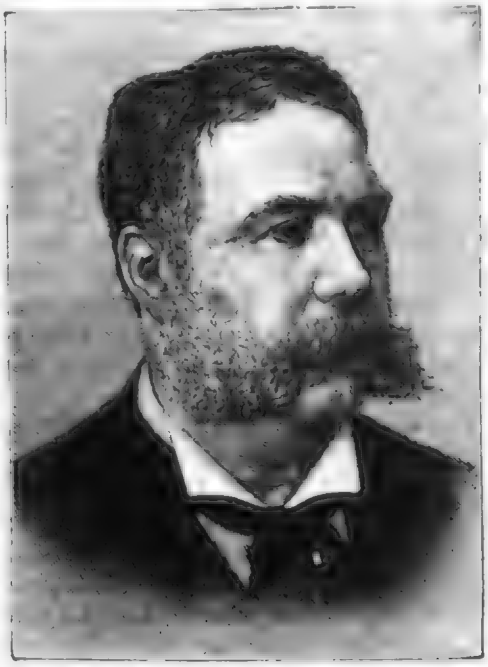
No money must be paid on Monday, "or Saturday will find your purse empty."

On certain feast days a large cake, called a *péta*, is prepared; one is also made for beggars, and to refuse a piece to any one who asks for it would bring down all manner of misfortune. A beggar is never sent away from the poorest door empty-handed. Even the poorest will give a few olives or an onion; and during the scarcity of food that was felt in Thessaly a few years ago it was no uncommon sight to see a beggar exchanging his surplus of bread for an apple or vegetable. At Smyrna, however, it is considered unlucky so give directly from one's table to the poor, as "yours may also be bare as theirs."

The almost universal superstition of the "evil eye" flourishes supreme in the East. Blue or gray eyes are supposed to possess the power of causing misfortune in a much greater degree than brown or black eyes, and it is not safe for any one with orbs of those colors to look intently at, or admire, anything. Sickness, death, loss of beauty, affection, and wealth, are all ascribed to the evil eye having been cast by some envious or malicious rival. To admire a child causes the greatest consternation to its mother, and the caps of infants are often decorated with

XUM

coins or other bright objects to distract the attention of any evil eye they may chance to meet from the child. An expression of approval or admiration, even of the most trivial thing, is constantly met with the entreaty: "Don't give it the evil eye!" and two fingers are immediately pointed at the object or person in question, accompanied by the exclamation "Garlic!" Indeed, garlic is considered a sovereign antidote against this malign power. It may be seen hung on any favorite object of furniture or ornament, or fastened to a horse's harness; over the door of a house, in company with the horseshoe; and tied to a broomstick in the corner of a room containing a new-born child, to counteract any laudatory remarks that may be made by ill-natured visitors.



THE RISE AND FALL OF A GREAT PARTY.
CHESTER A. ARTHUR.—SEE PAGE 1.

The infant of an English lady living at Smyrna was one day noticed to have lost its usual liveliness, and to have become fretful and uneasy, without any ostensible cause. The nurse, a Greek woman from Nicaria, attributed this to the evil eye, and begged her mistress to allow her to send for a *compatriote* known for her skill in such cases. The wise woman came. She spread a square of red cloth on a bed, undressed the baby, and laid it on this. A little pile of hemp was placed at each corner of the cloth, accompanied by sundry signs of the cross and other symbolic performances. The hemp was then lighted, and a series of gymnastic contortions performed with the child's limbs, in the midst of the fumes, interspersed with breathings and more crossings. It was then pronounced cured. It had undoubtedly recovered its wonted loveliness, and during the whole performance had crowed and laughed at the old *mayissa*.

A lady, watching the flight of a stork to his nest in a cypress-tree in the little town of Bournabat, near Smyrna, was suddenly assailed with a torrent of abuse from two Greeks who were passing on donkey-back, and who imagined themselves to be the objects of her attention. They anathematized "her gray eyes, that would cause them evil," with a fluency of vituperation of which a low-class Greek alone is capable.

The old proverb, "A hair of the dog that bit you," is daily illustrated in Thessaly. Savage dogs, noted for their biting propensities, may be seen deprived of patches of hair cut from their shaggy coats, to cure the incisions made by their teeth—no other remedy being considered so efficacious.

LUCY M. T. GARNETT.

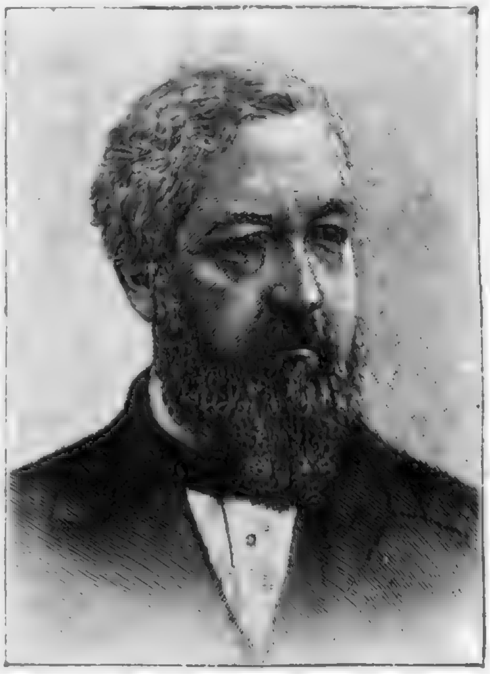
A GOOD deal of the pleasures of life, so far as trifles go, may be found in having a hobby.

LIFETIME OF VARIOUS ANIMALS.

CAMELS live from forty to fifty years; horses average from twenty-five to thirty; oxen, about twenty; sheep, eight or nine; and dogs, twelve to fourteen. Concerning the ages attained by non-domesticated animals, only a few isolated facts are known. The East Indians believe that the life period of the elephant is about three hundred years, instances being recorded of these animals having lived one hundred and thirty years in confinement after capture at an unknown age. Whales are estimated to reach the age of four hundred years. Some reptiles are very long-lived, an instance being furnished by a tortoise which was confined in 1633 and existed until 1753, when it perished by accident. Birds sometimes reach a great age, the eagle and the swan having been known to live one hundred years. The longevity of fishes is often remarkable. The carp has been known to live two hundred years, common river-trout fifty years, and a pike ninety years; while Gesner relates that a pike caught in 1497 bore a ring recording the capture of the same fish two hundred and sixty-seven years before.

THE PRESERVATION OF WINE.

M. PASTEUR is believed to have solved the question of the preservation of wine, which has long been a matter of great difficulty in France, and for which salicylic acid was used till it was prohibited as a penal offense. Now, however, the discoveries of M. Pasteur have shown how wine may be safely preserved without the addition of any chemical whatsoever. After minutely studying the microbes which cause the fermentation in wine or the deterioration of its quality, notably the microbe that imparts a bitter taste to Burgundy, M. Pasteur discovered that all mischief could be prevented by simply warming the wine for a few moments. Boiling is not necessary—a heat of 132 degrees to 142 degrees Fahrenheit is sufficient; but of course the wine must be kept in closed vessels, and no air allowed to approach. For private persons who are doubtful about a few bottles of wine nothing is easier than to carry out this method. If the bottles are very well corked, it suffices to immerse them in a saucepanful of cold water, which must be gradually warmed up to about 140 degrees Fahrenheit. This will completely destroy the germs within the wine without in any way injuring its flavor and quality.



THE RISE AND FALL OF A GREAT PARTY.
JAMES G. BLAINE.

TWO CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

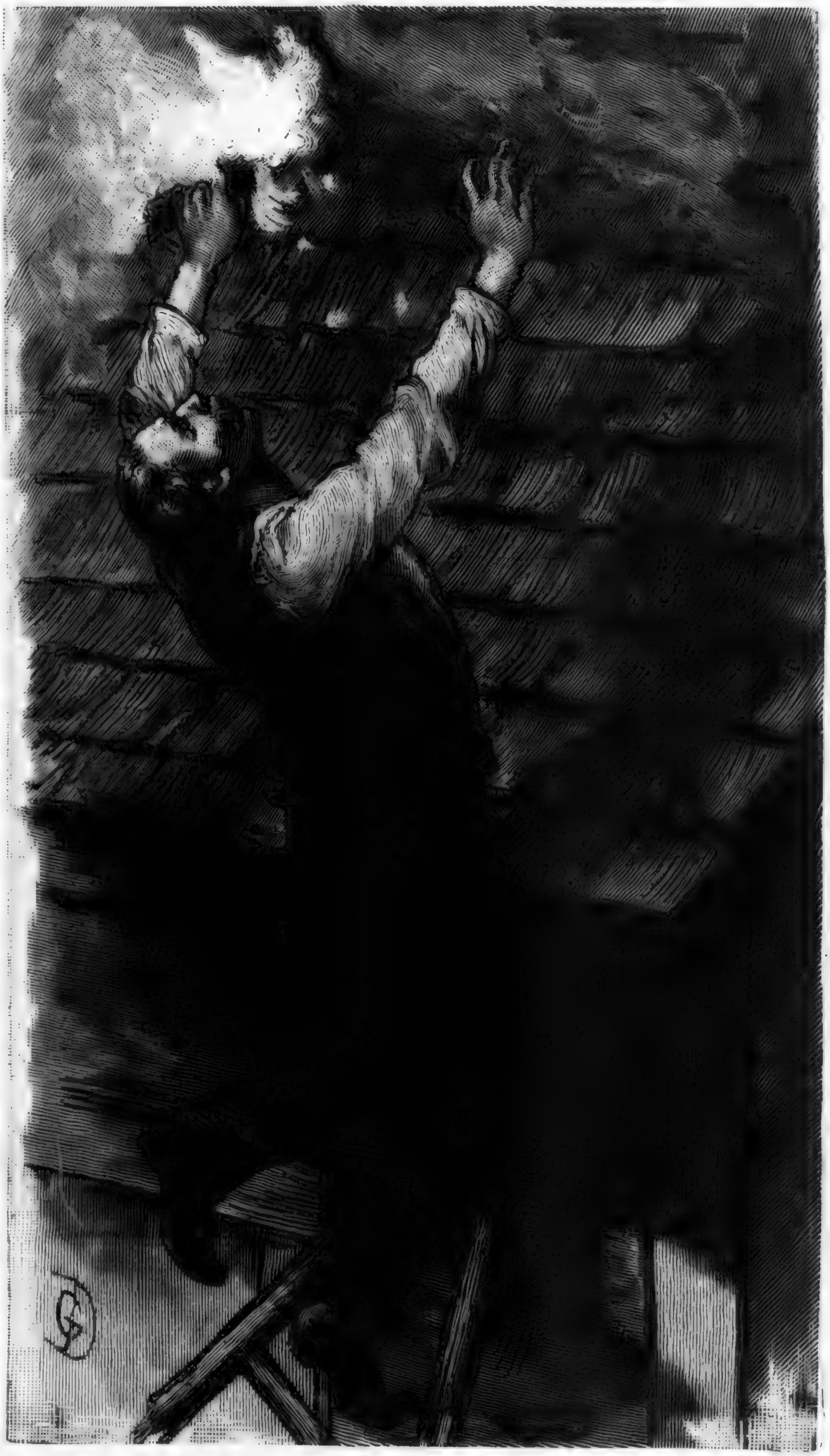
I was editing a literary monthly at that time, and just beginning to discover the vast number of writers our country can produce.

The *Monthly Recorder* was then a new publication, and as the impression had gone forth that we paid fancy prices for articles suiting our needs, poems and stories, essays and reviews flowed down upon us in one vast unbroken stream.

Every mail brought its offering to swell the tide, every hour its addition to our mountain of manuscript. I remember it was Christmas Day—never mind the year—bright and cold, and still outside, with the little lances of bright sunlight sparkling along the snow, and the frost painting our window-panes with strange, fantastic figures. Now and then the cheering music of the Christmas chimes came stealing into the room, and I could hear the voices of children calling in the street below. It was Christmas Day to them, with all its rest and joy—Christmas Day, with its "peace on earth, good-will to men"; but to me it was the same as ever, only longer, as I sat there working, hour after hour, reading, reading, reading love-stories till the very sight made me sick, and poems until the lines ran into each other in one confused blot of color. They were piled high up on the table in the morning, but they are thinning out a little now, and it is high time, for the sun is pouring in at the western window, and stretching out like a great golden hand half-way across the dark floor, where the waste of papers lie strewn in such confusion.

I am growing tired, and longing for a breath of the crisp, pure air outside ; but just as I push back my heavy chair I chance to notice a smaller envelope among the others, and a glimpse of writing with which I have grown familiar. I draw it out from the pile, and hold it up to the light.

"It's not MS.," I muttered. "Must be they forgot to



"THE LADDER GAVE WAY, AND I WAS FLUNG HEADLONG UPON THE HARD WALK BELOW."

send her a check. No, it's something heavy and hard." The next moment it was opened. "By Jove! it's a picture!" burst from my lips.

And so it was, the photograph of a woman—not a beautiful one, but a young, strong, vigorous face, lit up with such full, earnest gray eyes, and a little bunch of pansies caught up in the heavy coils of dark hair, held back from the low, broad forehead by a single strip of narrow ribbon. Not a common face in any degree, but one to trust for ever, and, charmed by its expression, I sat looking at it until the sunbeam, working upward, fell across my knee and bathed the hair in a flood of glory. Then I noticed the accompanying note which had fluttered to the floor. Stooping, I picked it up and read these simple words:

"CITY, December 24th, 18—.

"*Mr. Philip Randall, Editor 'Monthly Record':*

"DEAR SIR—You have shown me much kindness in the past, and to-day it occurred to me that even if I still continue to use my *nom de plume*, yet it might please you to see the features of one who has contributed so much to the pages of your magazine.

"Trusting that it *will* please you, and be accepted as a slight—very slight—Christmas gift, I remain as ever, most gratefully yours,

LILIAN JUNE."

Would be accepted? Yes, she could rely on that, and treasured, too.

For one year had the work of her pen found space in our columns. The first one sent to us I remember well—a simple little story of patience and reward—not a strong effort, but it contained something in it to interest me, and, as others followed, that interest increased, but all to no avail so far as personal knowledge went, it was always the same "Lilian June" that told me nothing, and only in some way suggested a tall, fair woman, and as such I had pictured her. As such, I had commenced to feel my interest in her grow; to watch for the regular coming of her manuscript, and to study in the gradual growth and expansion of her peculiar powers. I had even forwarded her several times words of encouragement, and now and then, perhaps, a brief line of advice and aid.

Thus had we grown to be friends in a certain restricted business way—to feel a sympathy with each other, and our lines of life were drawn closer together by our similarity of thought.

Yet all communication from the office was simply with "Lilian June, City Post-office," and beyond the line of stone pillars which guard that edifice I found it impossible to go. Even now, with the picture she had sent in my hands, I was scarcely any nearer than before. It was still the old assumed name, and her identity as much a mystery as ever. And I sat there in the short twilight of the Christmas evening looking on the face of my gift until the western sky grew dark, and nothing lit up the features but the fitful bursts of flame in the grate. Then I put it most carefully in an inner pocket, and felt my way slowly down the narrow, dark stairs out into the street, with the stars shining clear and cold overhead.

I wrote the next day and thanked her, but if I dreamed of anything more it was useless, for nothing came back in return to the office excepting the regular roll of neat manuscript, which I could only send down to the printer and have put in type.

And so the weeks of work rolled around into months, and it was Summer time, and the corn grew yellow, and then came the cold Autumn winds and swept aside the faded leaves, to bring us again upon the threshold of Winter, with its snowy walks and icy air.

One morning I sat there again at the old table, with the blue tobacco-smoke curling up in fantastic rings to fade against the low, dingy ceiling; sat there facing the *old* pile of *new* MSS., with a fair face floating before me in a mist of shadow; sat there dreaming a daydream and building castles of smoke until Joe, the office-boy, suddenly interrupted my reverie by entering with a message.

I glanced hastily over the paper he held. My partner was seriously ill at his home in Somerset, and desired to see me without delay. A hasty glance at the time-card, and the next train bore me southward, over the fair farms of Jersey. It was only the ride of an hour, and as a very few moments sufficed for all our business, it was but little after dark when I again stood upon the cold, bleak station platform of that little country village, anxiously waiting for the night train to carry me to my more comfortable city quarters.

Five minutes, ten, fifteen passed slowly away, and swinging my hands about to keep warm, I walked up and down the narrow platform, and even practiced some athletic feats upon a ladder which stood leaning against the freight-house.

I took one last look down the track for the expected headlight, and then, as I turned back, had my attention attracted by a line of sparks flying out of a tall chimney belonging to a house just opposite me. They came forth in a perfect stream, would flare up separately for a moment, and then one by one melt away in the darkness. The wind seemed strong enough to bear them beyond harm, and I merely watched their falling from idle curiosity. But suddenly, as I looked, one larger than the others, unable to be carried by the light air, falls on the dry shingle of the roof, rolls along until near the edge toward me, then stops, smolders a moment and bursts out into a tiny flame. I hear a quick, startled exclamation beside me. It is the switchman.

"My God! Mrs. Chase's house is afire!"

Then, like a flash, I came to myself, and as I did so thought of the ladder against the freight-house.

"Here, men!" I shouted, "come with me!"

Together we grasped the heavy burden, and on a run staggered across the lines of track toward the house.

"Faster, boys; don't lose any time," I cried out as we rushed in among the group that had now collected.

"End her up!" and as they did so, I flung aside my heavy coat, and prepared for the ascent.

"Better let me go, sir," whispered the old switchman. "I don't believe that ladder is very safe."

"It's my place," I answered hurriedly; "I weigh less than any of you. Hold the ends tight!" and I ran swiftly up the lower rounds. Then, slower and slower I felt my way, for the old frame bent and cracked beneath my feet like a rotten stick. It just reached the edge of the sloping roof, and just beyond my reach clung that blazing bit of wood, charring the shingles. A little further—a little further! Oh, for something that I might cling to. Finally, I succeeded in working a shingle partially loose, caught a slight hold of it, and straightened my body out over the roof, made one desperate reach forward, grasped the blazing fragment, and forgetting the pain, flung it with a backward movement over my head into the air. One half-cheer broke from the throats below, and then a support of the lead gutter suddenly way. I lost my balance, my fingers slipped from their narrow hold, and I came back with full force upon the ladder! Crash! it gave way, and I was flung headlong out into the air, and down upon the hard, graveled walk below.

* * * * * *

It was long, weary nights and days of pain that followed—of hideous dreams, of wild, childish vaporings, of delirium, and almost death! What dreams—terribly real dreams, I had! What fearful pictures ever passing the scope of my disordered imagination, with their dark and light shadows! Now some scene, weird and wild enough for the regions of eternal punishment, only to fade into another of sunshine and beauty—while through them all floated, like a charm, the face of Lilian June. It could not be banished, but ever looked down upon me from a cloud of vapor that half hid, yet never wholly concealed, the features of the photograph. That womanly face, with the gray eyes lighting it up, always smiling down to me out of the mist.

Finally, I slowly and painfully forced back the heavy eyelids, and looked about me. It was a low, wide room, with that indescribable look of comfort about everything. The white, soft coverlet of the bed on which I lay, the blazing wood-fire, and the cushioned armchair standing before it. The great, old-fashioned clock, with long-swinging pendulum, ticking away in a distant corner; and the white curtains, drawn aside to let the morning sun pour in at the window, and beyond which I could see some great trees bending under their glittering load of ice and snow.

With the faces of my dreams still clinging to my wandering brain, I clasped one hand over my burning temples, and rubbed my heavy eyes in perplexity.

"Where am I?" unconsciously I spoke aloud.

I heard the brushing aside of some curtains, a soft, firm step upon the carpet, and turned my head over upon the pillow.

A young woman stood beside me, with the same gray eyes smiling into mine, the same heavy coils of hair bound back by the narrow ribbon—it was the face of the photograph, the face of my disordered imagination, the face of Lilian June.

"Then I *am* dead!"

I could not keep back the words, and my nurse laughed, and laid her soft, moist hand upon my forehead.

"Oh, no, Mr. Randall. I trust far from that," she answered, pleasantly. "Instead, you are much better, and your fever is gone."

A current of air swayed back the heavy white curtains just then, and let the sunlight pour in over my bed, and she turned away to fasten it into place. I lay still, watching her with all my wonder in my eyes.

"Then, where am I? Have I been here long?" I said, at last, with an effort, for it hurt me yet to speak.

"You are here with mother and me—in our house," she said, coming back beside the bed. "Where you were hurt—don't you remember?"

"I nodded, 'Yes,'" looking straight upward into her face.

"You have been here a long, long time," she continued. "But you must not try to talk any more now; see if you can go to sleep. You must mind me, for I am the doctor. Will you try to sleep?"

Not waiting for my answer, she turned as if to go away.

"Don't go, please!" I cried, weakly, touching her sleeve.

"Well, then, I will stay here, only you must try and sleep;" and she seated herself in the low rocking-chair, and commenced to do some sewing before the fire.

Presently she looked up, to see my eyes following her every motion.

"Come, come, this will never do," she said, pleasantly; "I will go, and then I know you will sleep; and when you wake up again, I will come and talk with you," and she turned away toward the door.

"Please stop!" I cried out. "What is your name?"

"Oh, is that all?" with a sunny smile. "It is Margaret Chase," and she closed the heavy door behind her very quietly, and all the house was still.

I know I must have slept for a long time, for it was evening when I awoke, and a shaded lamp stood upon a little stand near the bed, and an old gray-haired woman sat before the fire.

My mind was clearer now, and I greeted another figure, advancing toward me out of the shadows with a smile of welcome. I ate with relish the few things they allowed me, and then listened to her telling the story of my sickness, and of how I had been nursed back unto life.

I learned that the two women lived there alone, and that she, the younger, was a teacher in the schools. Listened patiently until, worn out and tired, I again fell asleep, only to awaken when another day's sun brightened the room through the frosted window-glass. And so the days passed away, and I grew gradually better and stronger, until I fell at last into the habit of resting in the low easy-chair before the window, and looking down the street for Margaret to come home from school, and in the long evenings of sitting with them—mother and daughter—by the bright wood fire, and watching the blaze of flame light up her clear-cut face and play hide-and-seek in the waving masses of her hair.

One night she came in with her cheeks red from the crisp air, and after supper said, as the chairs were being drawn up near the fire:

"Not for me to-night. I must help trim the church, for to-morrow, you know, is Christmas."

"Then, may I not go with you?" I asked quickly.

"No; it would not be safe—would it, mother?"

"I cannot leave it to any one, Miss Chase," I hastened to say. "Won't you help me into this overcoat?"

She did so without a word, and soon, bundled up from the cold air and leaning on her arm, I passed down the long street to the church only to find it full of young ladies, all busy, all talking, and soon all coming to me for suggestions and advice.

It was a hard position to be placed in, but the excitement flushed my cheeks and gave me strength, until I was soon putting up evergreens as fast as the rest.

It was in truth a busy party, prattling here and there as they worked. Finally, running out of other subjects, some one commenced telling what she expected sent her on the morrow, and of what she intended to give, and then they all took it up in turn.

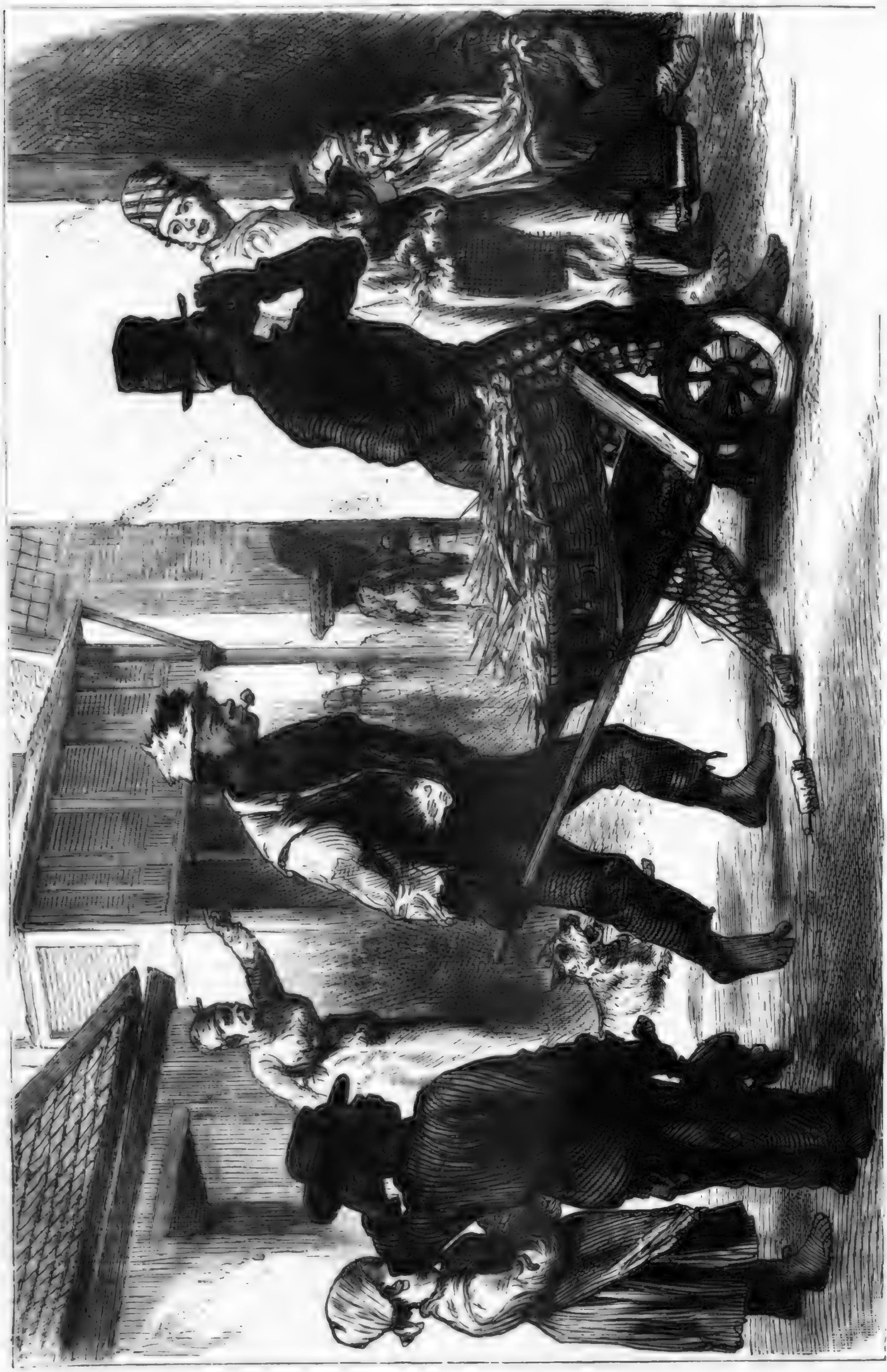
"Now it's your turn, Mr. Randall!" cried out a merry blonde, from the chancel-rail, as she held up to me a large wreath of evergreens. "Confess, sir; what do you expect?"

"You expect something hard to answer," I replied, from my elevated position on the step-ladder. "Last year I expected nothing, and yet received a most valuable present."

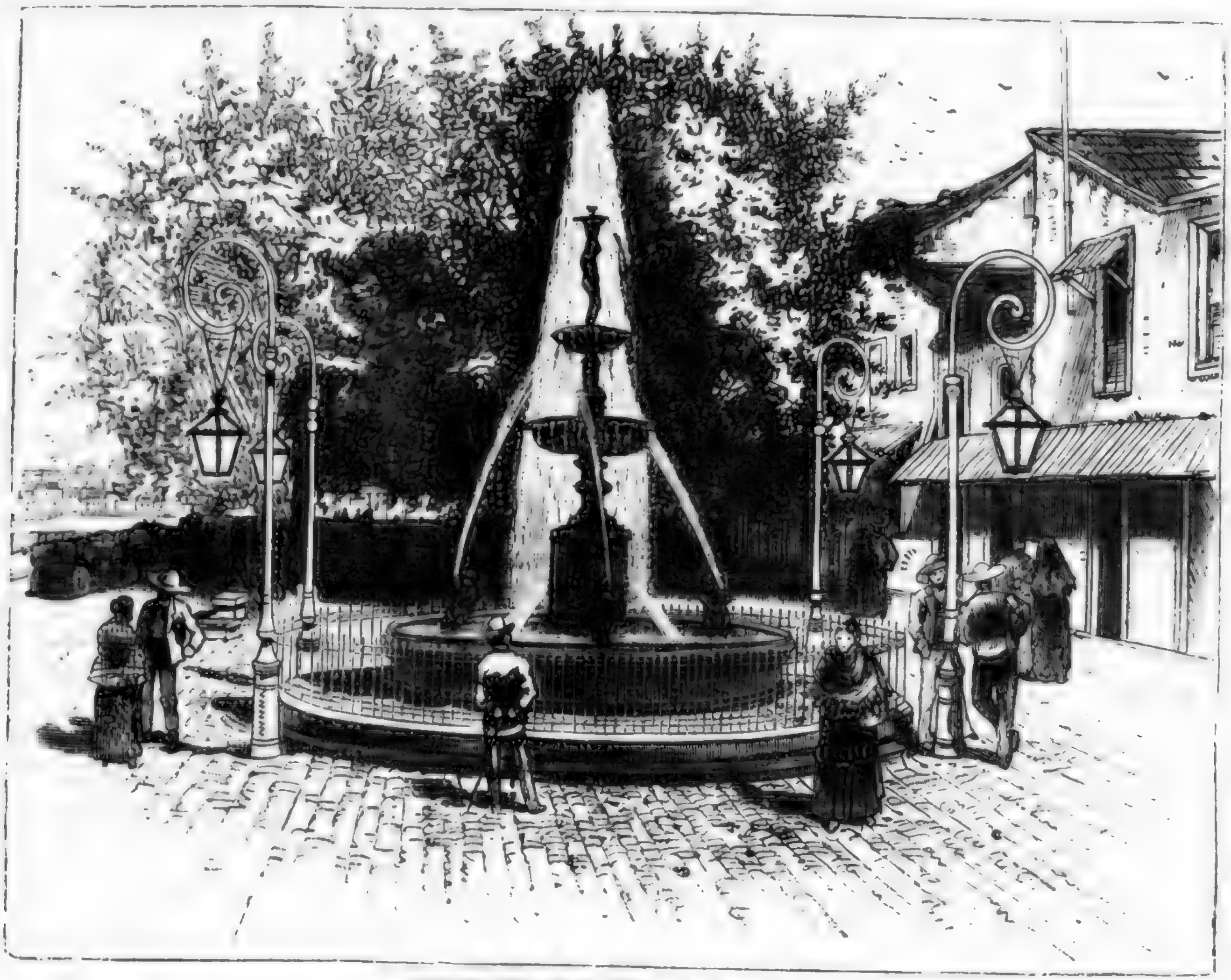
"Oh, dear, what was it?" they cried in chorus, clustering about the steps. "What was it?"

"Why, it was nothing but a photograph." I spoke the words rather loud, and looked over to where Margaret was working at something near the altar. "A photograph of a remarkably lovely woman, and the only thing peculiar was that I had never even met her, and did not know her name."

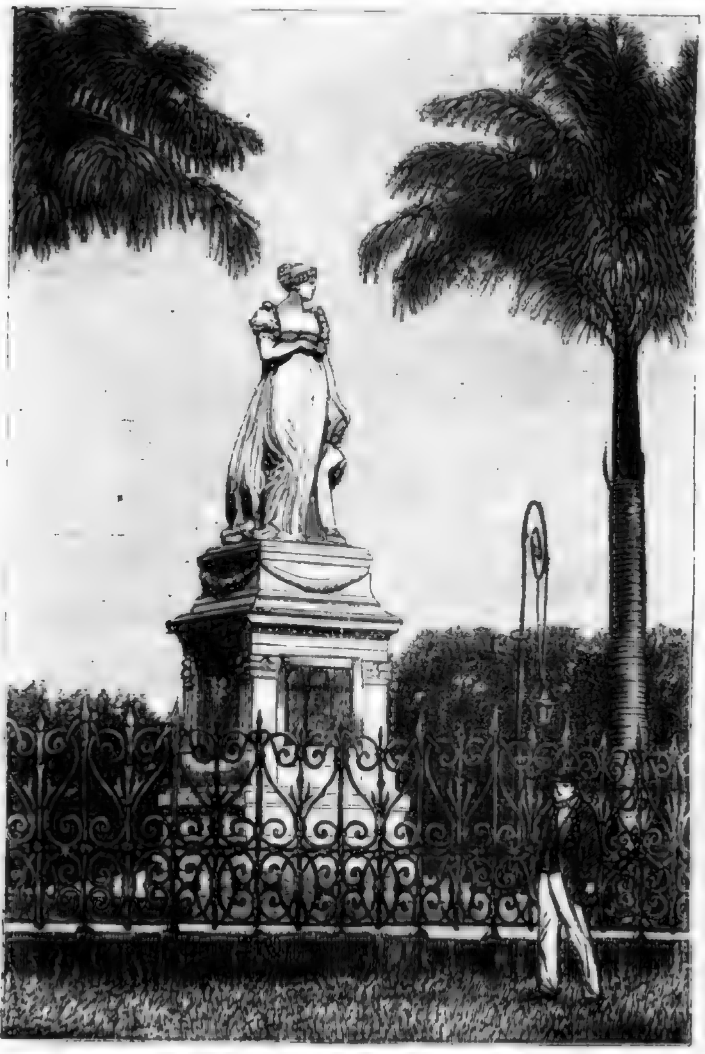
"I shouldn't call that a very valuable present," whispered the blonde.



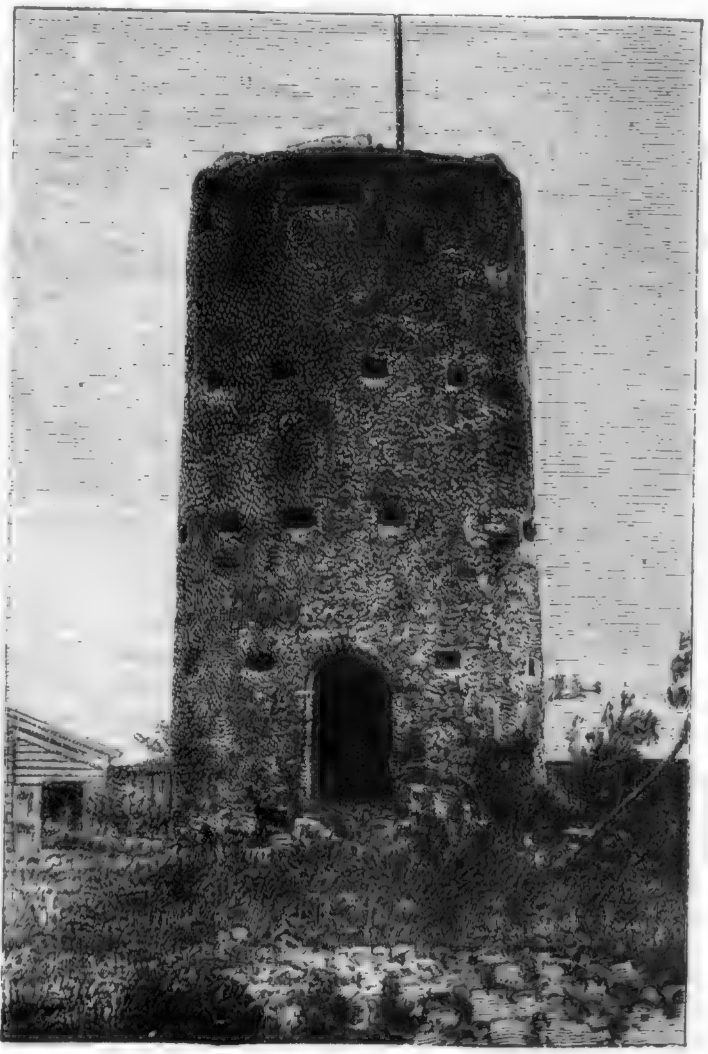
A MIDWINTER CRUISE AMONG THE ANTILLES.—PEDDLING FLYING-FISH, BRIDGETOWN, BARBADOES.—SEE PAGE 28.



STREET VIEW IN ST. PIERRE, MARTINIQUE.



STATUE OF THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.



BLACKBEARD'S TOWER.

"No, nor I," I said; "and it would not have been—only I fell in love with the picture," and I saw the red flush mount in a sudden wave over the face that was partly turned aside, but she made no other movement to show that she caught the words and understood them.

Without a syllable being spoken, we walked home together through the snow. Her little hand rested very lightly upon my sleeve, but her face was pale and turned aside.

Silently down the quiet, deserted street, until we reached the house, and then, as we halted at the door, she turned and faced me. There were tears glistening in her eyes, as she stood there in the moonlight, one hand still resting upon my sleeve.

"Mr. Randall," she said, very slowly, while I waited in astonishment for what was to follow, "I could not but overhear what you said to-night, and it pained me very much indeed. You know me to be Lilian June. You know I sent that picture a year ago. It was a girlish freak. regretted as soon as it was done. You do not respect me, but I beg of you do not bring it up so cruelly again."

I tried to speak, but with a movement she stopped me, crying:

"No, no? Do not say anything more. I am not myself to-night," and she burst impulsively into tears.

What demon or angel prompted me I know not, but as she turned, feeling blindly for the door, I obeyed the impulse, and suddenly bending forward, caught her slender figure in my arms and pressed my lips in one quick kiss to hers. The next instant she had torn hersel from my grasp, and I stood there in the snow and the moonlight all alone.

In the morning at the breakfast-table she was absent, and to my anxious inquiry Mrs. Chase replied:

"Margaret has gone to the city—she will not return before evening."

"Then she is very angry with me," I thought, looking out into the Christmas landscape and listening to the one village bell in its greeting of the day. "She means it to tell me to go away, but I must and will see her first."

How long that Winter day seemed, with its hours of daylight. In vain I endeavored to read; my eyes would wonder from the printed page; and I finally gave it up in despair, and seating myself upon the edge of the window, looked out upon the dreary, snowy landscape stretching away to the distant hills until the evening shadows began to lengthen along the snow, and it became dark.

"It is nearly train time," I said to the mother by the fire. "I will go over to the station and see your daughter safely home."

"There is no need. It is not far, and Margaret walks it often," she replied, looking up at me in a little wonder.

But I went out, after buttoning my greatcoat close up to the chin, into the keen wind and the swiftly eddying snow, and had to fairly feel my way in the darkness across the network of tracks, on to the depot platform. As I reached the low, small freight-house, my fears caught a sudden cry, at the further end. The words riveted my attention.

"It's no use, no use—they're gone!" some one said.

Drawn by the agony of the cry, I ran forward. The old switchman and another man stood together there in the storm.

"What is it?" I shouted, close in his ear.

With white face he turned to me:

"This man, a farmer, just got in, and says the weight of the snow has broken down the bridge at Snake River, and 'No. 4' is due in five minutes."

Horror-stricken I gasped:

"Can nothing be done?"

"No—nothing!"

"Telegraph, man—it may not be too late."

"We have no office here," and he dropped his head into his hands. He seemed fairly dazed in the face of such impending danger. Without a thought, I sprang forward, and grasped up his lantern, standing there, and turning, started on a run down the track.

"It's no use—come back," he cried after me; but I sped onward, never looking back to where he stood in the blaze of the station lamp. But his words rang in my ears on the Winter storm, "No use! no use!" Too late! too late to save the train my Margaret was on!—no, it could not be too late—must not be too late! As I ran, I flung aside my heavy coat, and relieved of its burden I swept onward like the wind. I had been a famous runner in the old college days, and that early training stood me in good stead now. The wind beat down upon me, driving the flying particles of snow in my face, but I minded it not. The snow in the cuts had drifted deep, but never waiting, I breasted it, and kept on until coatless, hatless, and panting for breath, I stood at last in the storm beside the broken bridge. One moment I took to lash the lantern about my left arm with a pockethandkerchief, and the next grasping a broken timber, I swung myself off the bank into the darkness. With a dull, grinding sound, the stick gave way; but as it fell I caught another, and worked along it until I stepped on a cake of ice, lodged and firm; leaning out from this, my fingers caught a piece of iron girding—cold and frosty, it tore the flesh from my hands, but I swung up it, hand over hand, until I felt my dangling feet strike something.

It proved to be planking, and along it I ran until suddenly I plunged off, waist-deep, into the icy water.

Thank heaven! my lamp was safe and its light burning, and I waded onward, stumbling over *débris* of the wrecked bridge until I reached the other bank, and scrambled up it as best I might.

Onward I went, tripping and panting, down the straight track toward where the light glared out of the distance—the light of the coming train.

On, over the piles of snow, blocking my passage. with set teeth and uncovered hair flying out in the wind; on, down the long track I ran, swinging my lantern wildly in the air. In that moment I thought of nothing, knew of nothing, excepting Margaret. It was her train I tried to save. Onward, stumbling, yet ever onward. And as I ran the glowing light came closer and closer, the rails began to jar alongside me, and I could see the great iron monster trembling in the light.

One short, sharp whistle cuts the air! I hear the grating of the brakes!

"Thank God! she is safe!" I cried, and fell forward on my face in the snow.

The train-men found me lying there, and a dozen strong arms carried me back to the warm cars, and when in a few moments I opened my eyes and looked about me on the strange faces, they asked me the trouble, and I told it as well as I could.

"Your deed, young man, was heroic," some one said, warmly.

"No," I answered back; "it was only selfish;" and I pushed my way out of the circle.

I did not seek Margaret—did not even try to see her. Why, I scarcely know, only I could not face her then.

They placed us in country sleighs an hour later, and drove us around to the station, and, as we were driven up by the platform, I saw her alight from the one ahead of mine, and, springing out, intercepted her.

She was walking rapidly, and, springing forward against the wind, did not notice me until I spoke her name.

"What! are you here?" she said, simply.

"Yes; can it be you are sorry?" I asked. She made no answer, and I went on, warmly, "Did you think I was coward enough to go away from you, and never say how much you have misunderstood me all this time?"

She still stood silent, pushing aside the snow with her foot.

"Will you accept my arm, Margaret?"

She took it, and we walked along together very slowly across the tracks and up to the door. Then, as she turned to open it, I said:

"Margaret, believe me when I say this: That I never knew you were 'Lilian June' until last night, so that even had I wished to feel or display any disrespect toward you, the opportunity came too late——"

"Too late! How?" she interrupted.

"Because," I went on, "long before that time I had learned to love you for yourself, my darling!"

"Love me?"

"Yes, love you—love you with all the strength of my heart; a love that gave me power to cross that river tonight and 'flag' the train you were on."

"You?—did you do that? And I thought you despised me."

And then, standing there under the shadow of the great elm, bending over the doorstep, standing there in the cool, crisp December air, with the white snow at our feet, and a merry church-bell ringing in the distance its Christmas chime, I told her the whole story, word for word, and she stood listening with her eyes cast down.

When it was ended, I took from my pocket the photograph, and held it out to her.

"Here is the cause of it all," I said; "the picture of a year ago. May I keep it still?"

"If you wish," she whispered, gently.

"But that was my last year's present," I went on, taking her hands into mine. "Then you sent me to the shadow; now, Margaret, I want your own dear self."

Her eyes looked up into mine with all the love of the universe shining through their tears; her hands closed upon mine in perfect faith and hope.

"Philip," she said, tenderly, "I give to you everything I have—my love!"

And the great bell, pealing and echoing over the snow, rang in the happiest Christmas of our lives, and stole beyond us into the house, where the gray-haired mother sat waiting our return, like a divine messenger of joy.

A MIDWINTER CRUISE AMONG THE ANTILLES.

By W. S. Hughes.

Every one has seen upon maps of the West Indies a long line of little islands, ranged like a series of stepping-stones between the two great continents of America, but few are aware of the beauty and variety of their attractions. Anxious to escape, for a few weeks at least, from our metropolitan Winter, combined with a desire to visit some of the scenes a West Indian friend had glowingly described, we sailed from New York early in the month of January, on board the schooner *Della*, bound upon a cruise among the "Windward Antilles." The second day out overcoats and wraps were thrown aside, and before the expiration of two weeks of pleasant sailing we found ourselves in the mildest of tropical climates, with Barbadoes in sight twenty miles to the southwest.

The morning had dawned cloudy, but by ten o'clock the whole island lay bathed in cloudless sunlight. While it is yet far enough away to offer a comprehensive view, let us glance for a moment at Barbadoes as a whole: It is a colony of England, nineteen miles long by thirteen wide, and is the most densely populated island of the West Indies. Its 166 square miles of surface contain 187,000 inhabitants.

As we sailed along within a mile or two of the shore we passed great fields of waving cane, dotted here and there by little groups of white houses, or clusters of tall palms. Rounding the southern end of the island, we beat up the west coast against a fresh head-wind, and anchored about noon at Bridgetown, the capital. Seen from the harbor, the town presented a rather picturesque aspect, though not at all a typical one of the Antilles, as we afterward found.

Nestling amid a sea of gigantic palms, it stretches for a mile or more along a low semi-circular beach, close down to the water's edge. On our way ashore we pass the little stone fortress of St. Anne, its gray walls blending well with their dark-green surroundings. There was a sleepy quietness about the landings as we stepped ashore under a blazing sun; but a moment later a black cloud of native boys, barefooted, nearly naked, and surprisingly ragged, swooped down upon us, each vociferously announcing himself as a guide. It was a little too warm for comfort, so we put up our umbrellas, and seeking the shady side of the street wherever possible, strolled along in the leisurely fashion of the natives. Just in front of the landing stands a long row of yellow warehouses with thick stone walls, numerous small windows protected by iron gratings, and massive, iron-bound doors. In these buildings are stored enormous quantities of sugar, the principal product of the island, piled up in tiers of immense hogsheads, awaiting only the arrival of the steamer to be consigned to some firm in New York or Liverpool.

A short street, clean and dazzlingly white, took us to a triangular plaza shaded in the centre by three or four wide-spreading mahogany-trees. Under these are congregated, dozing indolently on their boxes, half a dozen black hackmen, who straighten themselves up listlessly as we pass and offer their shabby vehicles in a tone and manner that contrasted strangely with the energy displayed by their class at Long Branch or Saratoga.

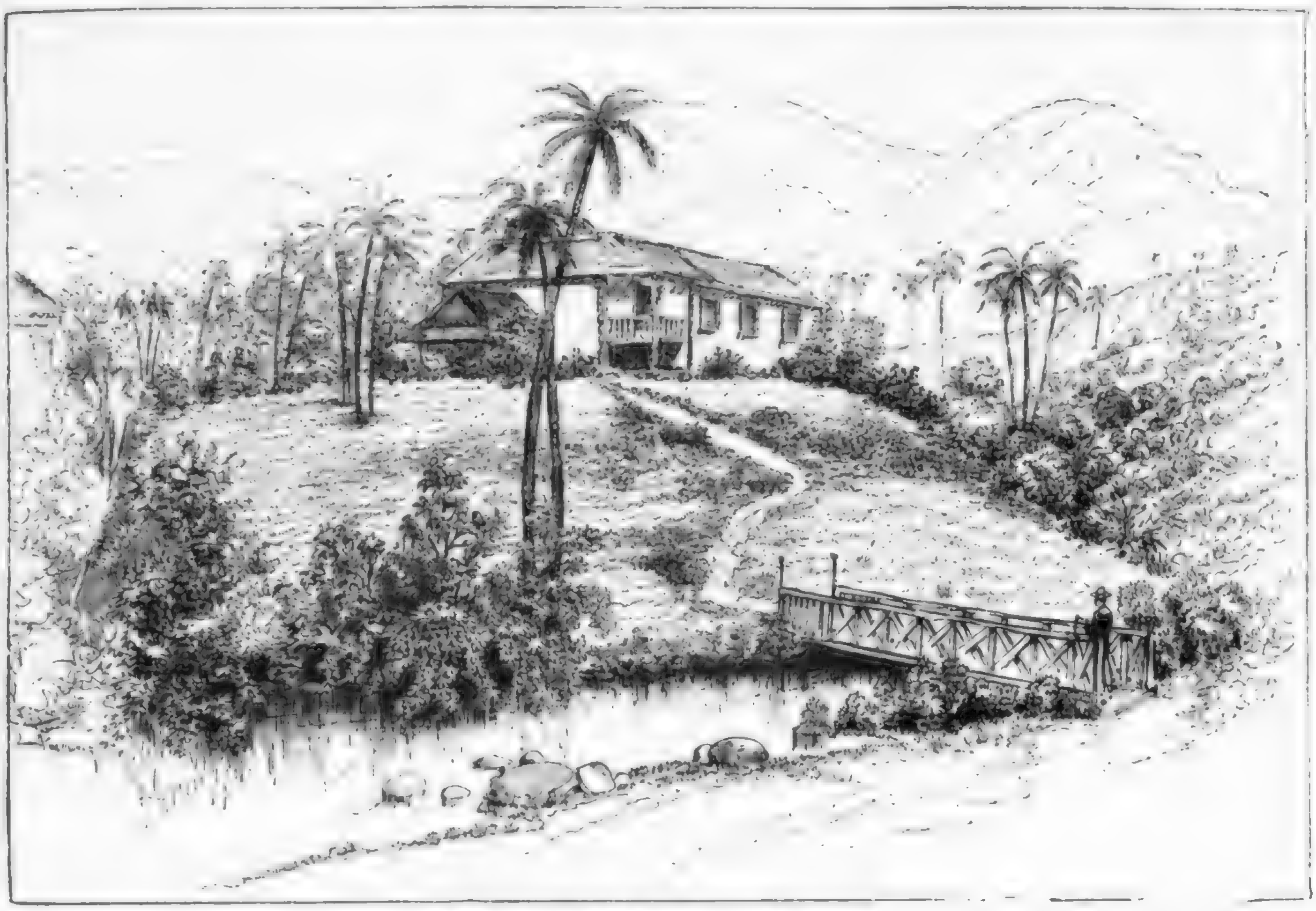
There are 40,000 persons in the town. Among these, some four or five thousand are foreigners, mostly English, not half a dozen Americans. Where all these Europeans keep themselves is a wonder, for we rarely see one of them on the street. At the street-corners are groups of native girls, with great baskets of fruit upon their heads, waiting patiently for a buyer; here and there we pass a diminutive donkey dragging to market a cart two or three times as large as himself, loaded with broad-leafed grass. The market is not far off. It is there that one gets the best idea of the people.

A great square roof of bamboo, covering half an acre or more, is supported by beams and posts of the same material, underneath which the space is divided into stalls and passage-ways. Most of the venders are women and girls. In the morning the place is crowded; they push and jam each other, and make the air hideous with their jabbering. You see odd-looking fish, and strange fruits—mangoes, guavas, alligator pears, sapondillas, sour-sops. Some of the fish are hideous; others beautiful, like the tiny flying-fish. These last are a staple article of food in the Caribbees. The manner of catching them is peculiar: a long net, three or four feet high, is stretched along the surface of the water, and the fish are then caused to fly into it by fishermen, who frighten them into flight by beating with clubs on the sides of their boats.

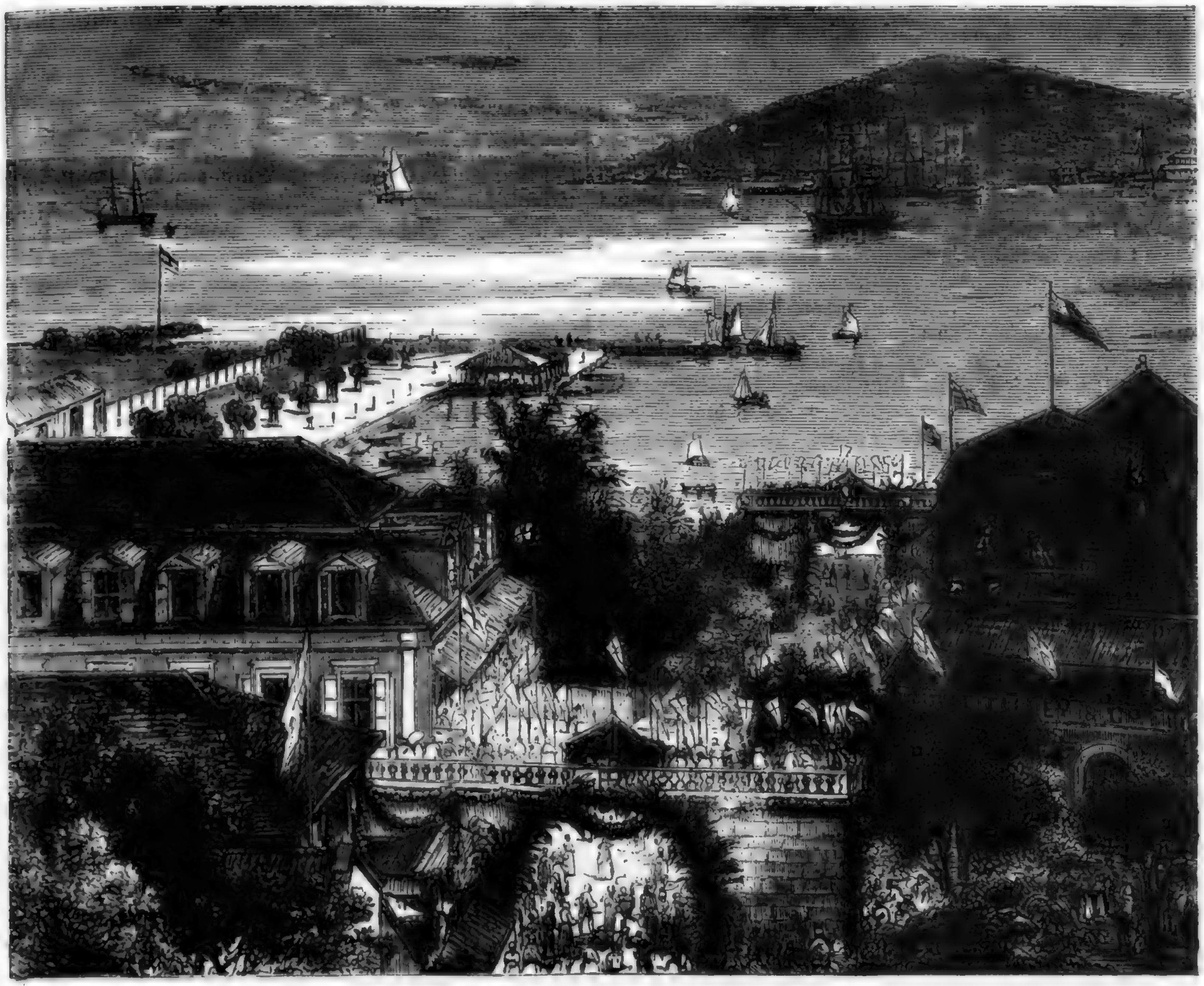
One afternoon we drove into the country for a few miles. The ride was a delightful one—over roads as smooth and solid as a floor; past lovely cottages surrounded by neat yards and embowered among tall, graceful palms; through richly cultivated fields, and along beautiful stretches of seashore. About a mile from this town we stopped long enough to obtain a sketch of the residence of the governor of the island. The building, though somewhat superior to many others in its general style, may be taken as a fair type of the houses of the better class of Europeans. There are three classes of people—foreigners, half-castes and blacks. Of these the foreigners, or Europeans, rank highest in the social scale, and the blacks lowest.

The houses of the blacks are usually small bamboo huts without windows, and devoid of every article of furniture except, perhaps, a few chairs and a table. The blacks themselves were obviously happy and good-natured, but we were told that lying, stealing and cheating are inherent qualities of their composition. Another great fault is their licentiousness—a fault, we inferred, not alone confined to the lowest class of society or to any particular shade of color. A part of our drive was along the bank of a river which runs through the town, and enjoys the distinction of being the only stream of water on the island. Here Nature had been left almost untouched by the hand of man. Straight up from the river's banks rose a dense forest of tamarinds, whose foliage, closely resembling that of our locust-tree, formed an almost impenetrable wall. Only space enough had been cut away for a carriage to pass, and cropping out here and there above the green mass were stately palms one hundred and fifty feet high, waving their broad fans to the breeze, and looking down upon their vast lengths mirrored in the glassy waters of the river.

Further on we emerged into the open country where clusters of plantation houses met the eye in every direction. The chief industry of the island, as we have mentioned, is the cultivation of sugar-cane. The sugar estates vary from one hundred to one thousand acres in extent. On most of them the wind furnishes the motive power for crushing the cane, the tower-like mills, with their great arms often forty or fifty feet long, adding not a little to the picturesqueness of the country. We obtained a sketch of the mills at "Clifton Hall," one of the finest estates on the island. The sketch gives a fair idea of the mills; but the fields of cane, the stately plantation-house near by, and a dozen other attractive objects, all had to be left out for want of time.


THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

Bidding adieu to Barbadoes late one evening, we set our course for Martinique, one hundred and fifty miles to the northwest. The dawn of the next morning unvailed the famous island all along the eastern sky, while fifty miles away to the southward loomed up the rugged peaks of St. Lucia, their summits capped by immense masses of white clouds.

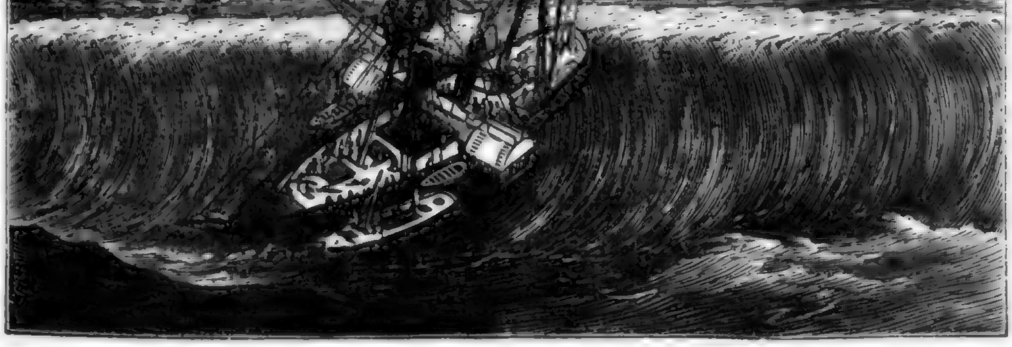


PORT OF CHARLOTTE AMALIA, ISLAND OF ST. THOMAS.

The coast of Martinique is charming. For three or four hours, as we cruised along the shore, we enjoyed an always changing panorama of delightful views—green hills and mountains ; strange, fantastic peaks, and lovely little valleys, greeting us in succession as we passed. At times the island was overhung by low clouds, and then the sun, suddenly breaking through some rent in the vapory mass, would pour down upon the land a flood of bright rays, giving to each object its proper light and shade, and bringing into relief by the deep shadows it cast a hundred picturesque points at first unseen. A beat to windward of four or five miles took us into the land-locked harbor of Fort de France, capital of the island, and by noon the *Della* was lying quietly at anchor, under the frowning batteries of Fort Louis, in front of the town.

There is something of romance in the very name of Martinique, for it is, of course, its historical association with the Empress Josephine that gives to the island a fame quite out of comparison with its size. Here, as is well known, the Empress was born, and spent the years of her girlhood.

Fort de France lies in a little valley, walled in on either side by high cliffs covered to their very summits with



A GREAT TIDAL WAVE AT ST. THOMAS.

the green of perpetual Summer. We land about two o'clock on a long wooden pier projecting into the bay. It is the hottest part of the day, and the streets are deserted. The whole town is asleep, for it is the hour of the "siesta," a custom as necessary in the tropics as it is universal.

The town presents the usual characteristics of the West Indies—low-built houses painted a monotonous yellow; numberless windows with green blinds and no glass; roofs of red tiles and floors without carpets. The window-blinds toward the sun are tightly closed, for the sun's rays, so courted in our houses at home, are here as carefully shunned. The streets, white and scrupulously clean, are laid out in regular squares with streams of pure water running through open sewers on either side. The drainage of the town is excellent, and it is mainly to this fact that Fort de France owes its comparative freedom from epidemics.

We climbed to the top of the cliff, which in our sketch of the town is seen on the left above the grove of palms, and from which we could see the town and bay in all their tropical loveliness. What a beautiful bay it is! A nearly perfect parallelogram, three or four miles wide and twice as long, bounded by green hills and mountains with intervening valleys and ravines. When we descend to the town, an hour later, the streets are thronged with life, for the real business of the day has just begun. The great majority of the persons we meet are black; a few are white; the others of all possible intermediate shades of color. Some of the women of this last class are gorgeously dressed. Here is one wearing a long, trailing skirt of brightest crimson; the body and sleeves are white. A small green shawl, pinned in front, falls gracefully over her shoulders, while her head is surmounted with an immense handkerchief brilliant with yellow and purple squares, and secured with large gilt pins. Around her neck and arms are three or four rows of gilt beads, half an inch in diameter, and from her ears are pendent several large cylinders that look as though they could not weigh less than a pound.

Everywhere in Fort de France one is reminded of the Empress Josephine. Her portraits and those of her children adorn the rooms, and few mothers fail to give her name to at least one of their daughters. A beautiful statue in the public square of the town keeps the image of the Empress always before the people, while her memory is as eternally enshrined in their hearts. The statue is of white marble, a gift to Martinique from Napoleon III. It stands upon a pedestal adorned on the sides by bronze tablets representing scenes in the life of the Empress. One hand clasps a bouquet of the lovely flowers of her native island, while the other holds a portrait of Napoleon; but her face and eyes are turned away from both across the bay toward the place of her birth, which lies among the green hills nearly opposite the town. The square is a favorite resort for all classes of the people. It is inclosed by two rows of magnificent tamarinds, whose branches mingling together overhead form an almost perfect archway. Under these trees are rustic seats and benches where the people delight to congregate late in the afternoon and enjoy the cool sea-breeze.

One morning we sailed across the bay to "Trois Isles," the birthplace of Josephine. Landing in a dense grove of palms, we soon came across a bamboo hut fairly teeming with nude little darkies, and succeeded in engaging one of them as our guide. In an hour we had reached our destination. The proprietor of the estate, an intelligent Frenchman, received us kindly and showed us through the old plantation-house. The main building was long since demolished in a hurricane; but a part of the house, that in which the Empress was born, is still standing and is now used as a storage-room for the farming implements of the estate. The estate, one of the finest in Martinique, comprises several hundred acres of the beautiful valley in which it lies, and derives its name, "Trois Isles," from three little islands that rise near it in the bay. The story of Josephine's life on the island has been too often told to be repeated here; but there was another daughter of Martinique, whose head was destined to wear a crown, about whom much less is generally known. Even more romantic than the life of Josephine was that of Aimée de Rivery, also born on a sugar estate in the mountains, near Fort de France. The estate, still one of the largest on the island, covers the side of a beautiful mountain three miles from the capital. It was owned by the father of Aimée, who sent her, at the age of thirteen, to be educated at the Convent of Nantes, in France. Five years later, having finished her studies, she started on a French vessel to return to her native isle; but, while yet in the Mediterranean, the vessel was captured by a Tripolitan ship, and Aimée among others, was taken to Algiers and sold as a slave to the Dey. The beautiful young creole soon attracted the attention of the Dey himself, and he sent her as a present to the Sultan of Turkey. There her beauty and accomplishments so entranced the Sultan that he determined to make her his wife. The gentle manner and respect with which he treated her won her affection, and in a short time she was proclaimed Sultana of Turkey, wife of Selim III.

The shipping interest of Fort de France is centered mainly in the exportation of sugar, and brings to the port vessels of nearly every maritime nation of the world. Formerly, nearly all of the external trade of the island was carried on here, but of late years a considerable portion of it has been diverted to the neighboring town of St. Pierre. Why this change has taken place is not easy of explanation, for the harbor of the capital is one of the finest in Martinique, and its wharves are furnished with every facility for handling cargoes, while the port of St. Pierre is regarded as dangerous by navigators, and is ill-supplied with shipping conveniences. Fort de France contains 14,000 persons, of whom about 2,000 are white—all French, not a single American. In religion, the inhabitants of Martinique are almost without exception Roman Catholics, and the cathedral chimes seem to be nearly incessantly calling the people to their devotions. We paid a visit one morning to the Church of "Notre Dame," near the centre of the town, and found it filled with women and girls of every shade of color and condition of life, coming and going in a continuous stream.

The fruits of the island are those common to the Antilles—mangoes, guavas, bananas, oranges, and the like—but the glory of Martinique is its mangoes. Nowhere else does this most delicious of tropical fruits attain to the perfection that it reaches here, for nowhere else is so much care bestowed upon its cultivation.

The tone of society is probably higher than that of any other island of the Caribbean group, and greater attention is paid to education and etiquette. The line of distinction between the better class of whites and blacks is very sharply defined; but it must not be supposed that culture and education are to be found only among the white population, for we frequently came across colored persons equal in every respect to the whites in intelligence and refinement. Since their emancipation from slavery, in 1845, the condition of the blacks has been gradually improving, though still far from enviable. In traveling through the island one meets with nothing but kindness from all classes alike, and though dependent entirely upon the hospitality of the planters—since there are no towns in the interior—the stranger will always receive a hearty welcome, and generally without a thought of recompense. The roads are excellent, and the scenery such as one sees only in the tropics, and it might almost be said, only in Martinique. One of our pictures is of a country road and plantation-house, a few miles from Fort de France. The beauty of the place was exquisite, but no more so than that of a dozen others within easy reach of the town. Near by grew three or four of those remarkable trees, called the "Traveler's Palm"—so named from the water that collects in their great hollow-stemmed leaves, and which sometimes serves to quench the traveler's thirst when all other sources fail. We tapped one of these natural fountains and there ran from the incision more than a quart of clear, cool water.

The island is not without its mineral springs and places of resort for invalids. A short distance from the capital are the "Fontaines Chaudes," said to possess great curative properties for rheumatic diseases, and which are resorted to by the people at all seasons of the year. Whatever may be the medical qualities of the water, it gushes forth from the earth in river-like streams and flows through scenery that would put to shame the beauties of many another watering-place more widely known.

Some fifteen miles from Fort de France, on a bay almost as beautiful as that of the capital, though smaller, is St. Pierre, the metropolis of Martinique. A small steamer makes daily trips between the two ports, and keeping close along the shore, gives one an excellent opportunity of seeing the magnificent coast-scenery. In an hour and a half after the start from Fort de France, we rounded a high promontory, and suddenly found ourselves at St. Pierre. From the harbor the view was a charming one. Right before us was the town; away on the left spread out gentle slopes covered with sugar-plantations; in front, just beyond the town, rose a nearly vertical mountain-wall, 3,000 or 4,000 feet high, with here and there little cottages perched upon it in apparently the most inaccessible places. Our view of St. Pierre, taken from a photograph, shows the greater portion of the harbor and town, but the majestic background was unfortunately beyond the field of the camera.

Our visit happened to be made on Sunday, so we found the business-houses closed, and the town wrapped in silence, deeper from its being unnatural to gayety-loving, vivacious Frenchmen. If there be such a thing as a cool place in the tropics, we should declare St. Pierre to be that place. Fresh breezes, straight down from the mountains, come into the windows and sweep over the spacious verandas of the houses, keeping the temperature always below that of Fort de France. The latter is the political capital, but St. Pierre is the social centre of Martinique. Its streets are wider, and, if possible, cleaner, and its houses finer and better adapted to tropical wants. A city of 35,000 inhabitants, it is a miniature Paris in customs and society. Every one speaks French; but we hear it in all degrees of purity, from the refined Parisian accent of the official from France to the gibberish of the negroes.

Our stay of two days sufficed only for a visit to a selected few of the many places of interest in or near the town. Some miles in the country is the "Jardin Botanique," one of the most enchanting spots in the world. It lies in a little valley surrounded by a chain of mountains, and contains every variety of tropical tree and plant. In the centre is a small lake dotted by picturesque islets, and fed by a series of charming cascades that leap down the steep sides of the mountains near by. The lovely sights of the garden are inexhaustible. At every turn one discovers new beauties; for here Nature holds court in all her tropical splendor. The ground is thickly wooded, but the woods are pierced in every direction by winding footpaths or broad carriage-roads leading through dense thickets of rhododendrons, and under wonderful oleanders, drooping with their load of rose-colored blossoms. Even the lake itself is not free from aquatic and amphibious plants, for often the water is covered by great masses of broad-leafed lilies. And here and there on its shores, erected in the most charming spots, are neat summer-houses, where the visitor my rest while he enjoys the entrancing scenery around him.

In a secluded corner of the garden is an avenue of stately palms, which bears a dark reputation. Here, it is said, many a hot-blooded, chivalrous youth of St. Pierre has avenged his wounded honor or met an untimely end.

On our return to the town we drove through the pretty little village of Mont Rouge, perched upon a mountain-top 2,000 feet above the harbor, whence we obtained a magnificent view of St. Pierre and its environs of sea and land. St. Pierre is the rendezvous for the French naval vessels of the West India squadron, and during our stay the flagship *Minerve* and gunboats *Chasseur* and *Rigault de Genouilly* arrived in the port. Our intercourse with the genial and hospitable officers of the squadron adds much to the pleasant memory we retain of Martinique.

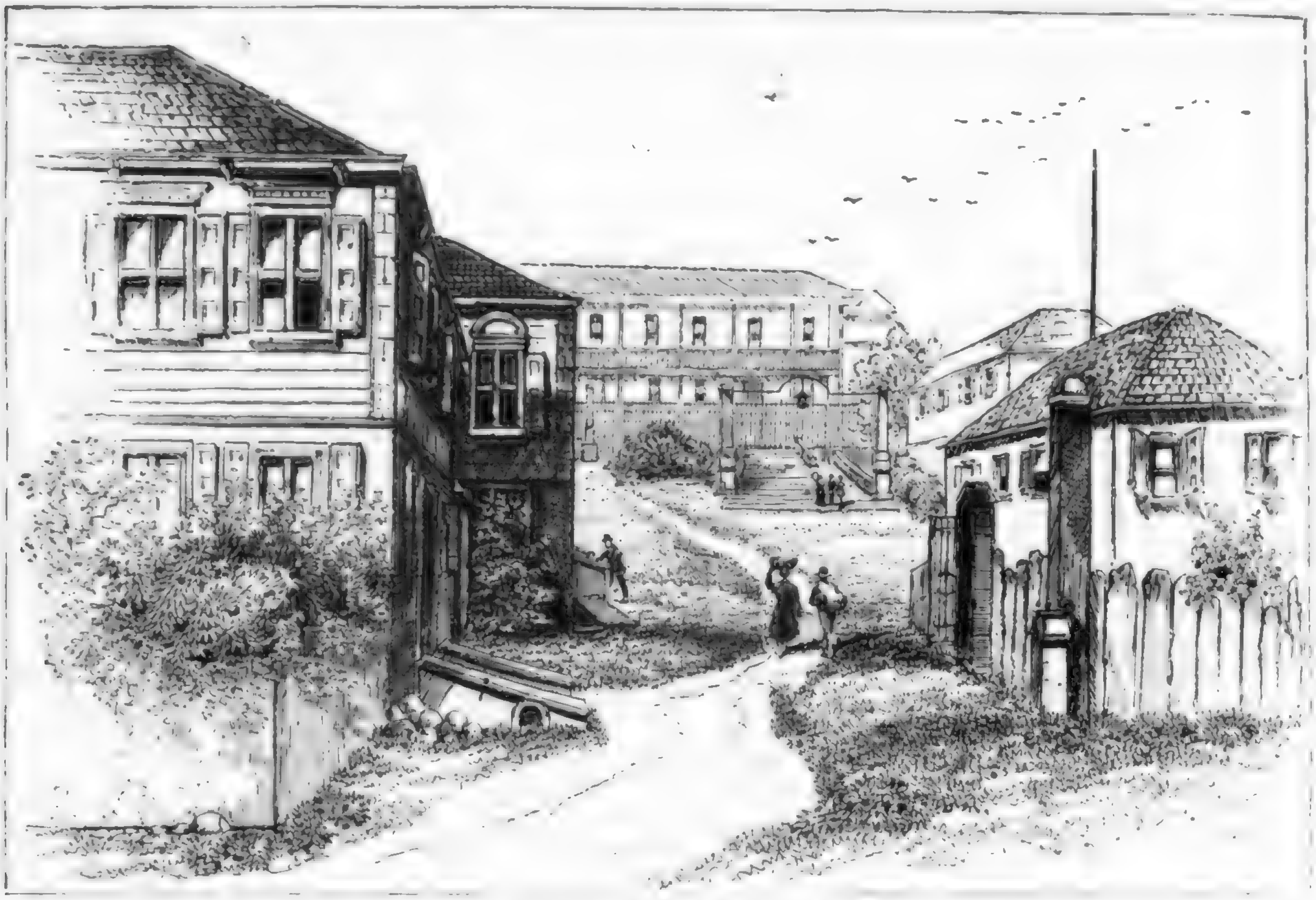
Sailing from St. Pierre, long before Martinique had sunk below the horizon of the *Della* we came in sight of the lofty peaks of Guadeloupe and Dominica—the former French, and the latter English.

England and France, as regards numbers, seem to have shared nearly equally the islands of the Lesser Antilles—one possessing nine and the other ten—leaving but half a dozen to be divided between the Dutch and the Danes. For two days we cruised northward, under a cloudless sky and over the smoothest of tropical seas, and on the morning of the third sighted Santa Cruz and St. Johns, which, together with St. Thomas, comprise the "Danish West Indies."

It was in a little town of Santa Crux, Fredericksted, that Alexander Hamilton served as a clerk in a shipping-house, before he came to the United States to make his name famous in the history of our country. There, too, in 1867, one of our naval vessels, the *Monongahela*, then lying in the harbor, broke loose from her anchors and made an inland cruise of half a mile up the principal street on top of a tidal wave. The receding water carried back the ship to within a hundred yards of the beach, but left her "high and dry" in the town—a position from which she was rescued only by engineering skill and a year's hard labor. But Santa Cruz owes its wide celebrity much less to these facts than to the one that it is, next to Jamaica, the most noted rum-producing island of the West Indies. The rum is manufactured from sugar-cane, and that of Santa Cruz has acquired such an enviable reputation for excellence and purity that planters on other islands are said occasionally to take advantage of its great name in exporting the products of their own estates.

Passing between Santa Cruz and St. Johns, quite near the high, rocky shores of the latter, we came to anchor about one o'clock in the afternoon in the harbor of St. Thomas. St. Thomas would be a picturesque town of itself, even without the aid of its charming surroundings; but, taken all in all, its beauty is almost faultless.

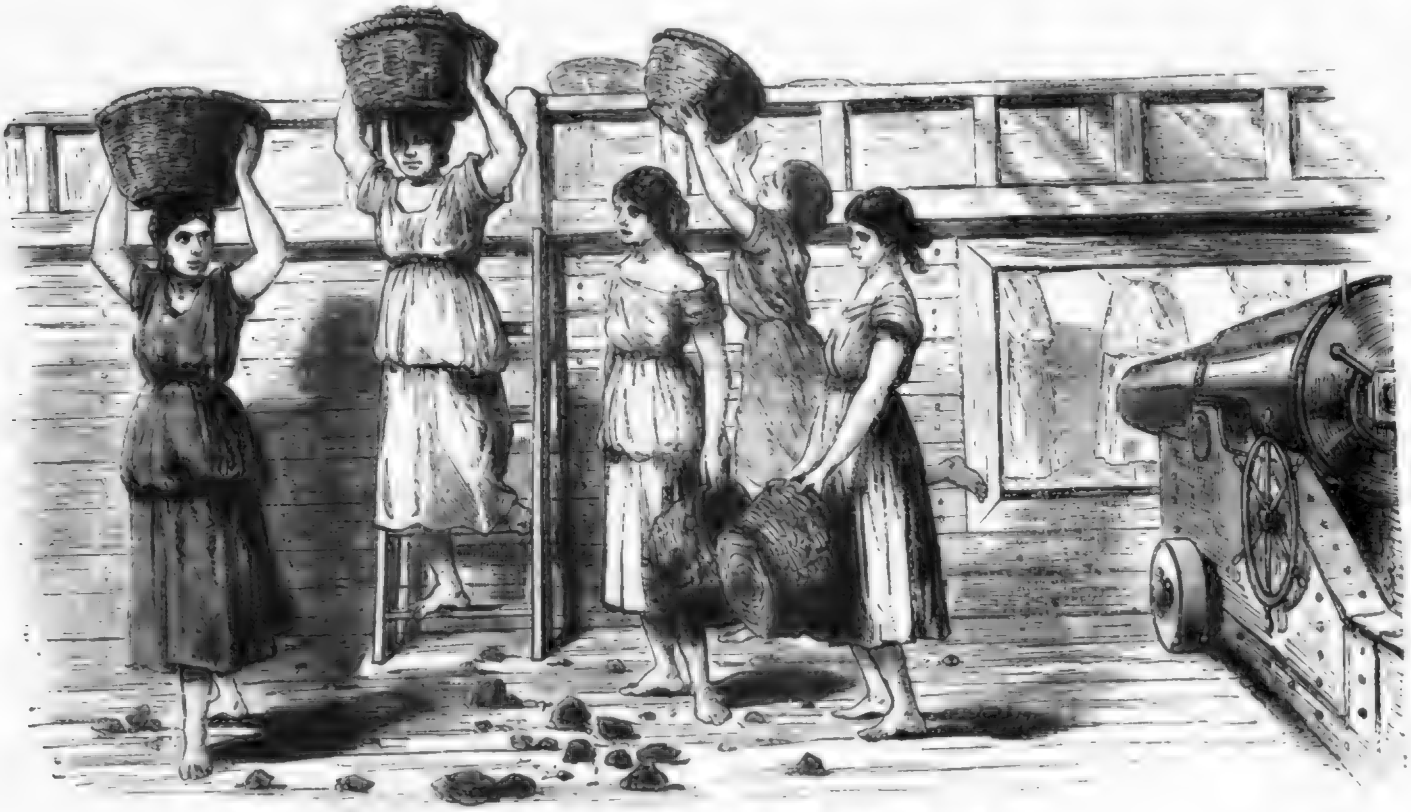
XUM



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, ST. THOMAS.

Snow-white houses, with the brightest of red-tiled roofs, rising in successive terraces on three small hills, all exactly alike; a nearly circular bay fringed with tall, graceful palms, and walled in by lofty, dark-green mountains; and a narrow entrance only wide enough for a single vessel to enter, all combine to make up a picture as beautiful as it is rare.

St. Thomas was for a long time the most important commercial town of the West Indies, being then the port of reshipment for all merchandise leaving the West Indies: but within the last ten or twelve years most of the planters on other islands have begun to export directly to the place of consignment, thus causing the business interests of St. Thomas to suffer a serious de-

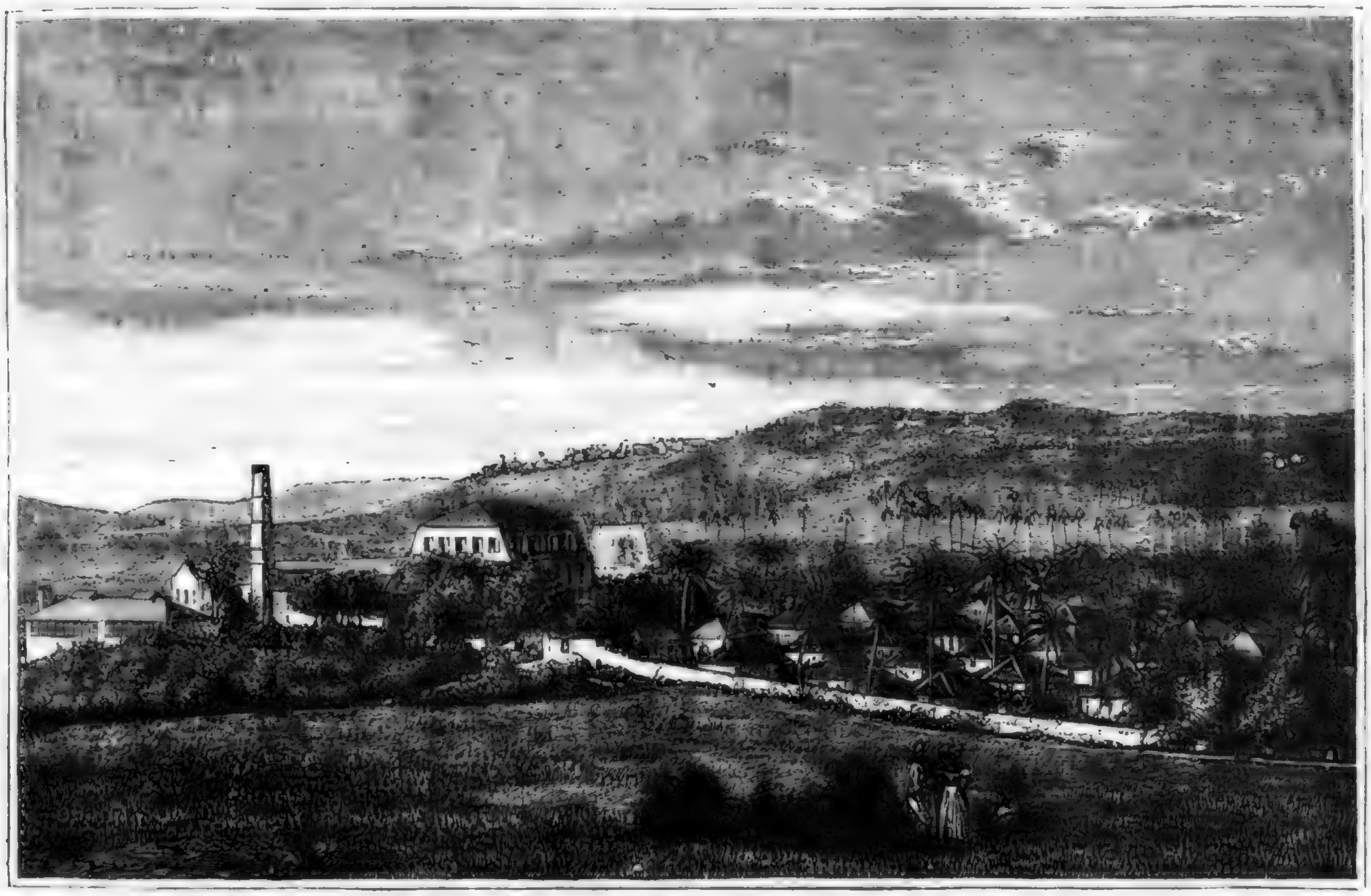


FEMALE LABORERS COALING STEAMERS AT ST. THOMAS.

cline. But it is still a place of no small importance from a commercial point of view, and one of the few foreign ports of the world in which our American ships are not greatly in the minority.

English is the general language of the island, although nearly every one speaks also Danish and Spanish. Indeed, we were informed by merchants of the place that a knowledge, at least, of these three languages is absolutely essential to the transaction of their business, and that it is no uncommon thing to find in the shipping-houses clerks familiar also with German and French.

The residences, many of them solid and imposing, are built in the old Spanish style, usually only one story high, and rarely more than two. A wide entrance, with heavy folding-doors, leads into a hall opening into the square courtyard, around which the house is built, and into which all the rooms open. The court is usually a pretty flower-garden, where one may find in the greatest profusion the loveliest of tropical flowers and ferns.



A PLANTATION ON THE ISLAND OF ST. CROIX.

Traditions give St. Thomas more than its fair share of romance in connection with the days of buccaneers and pirates. On the summit of the centre hill of the town stands an old stone tower locally known as "Blackbeard's Castle." It is a circular structure twenty-five or thirty feet in diameter and fifty feet high, standing amid the ruins of what must have once been quite an extensive fort. The tower itself was probably used by the pirates as a point of lookout, and perhaps intended also as a last refuge in the event of their being driven from the main fort.

The accounts that connect the tower with the pirate chief are, however, purely traditional, but one universally believed by the natives. From authentic sources we find that the notorious pirate was an Englishman, and took his suggestive name from his beard, which was intensely black and covered his entire face.

His piratical career started in the West Indies with the capture of an East Indiaman, which he fitted out as a man-of-war with 40 heavy guns and a crew of 150 men. His acts became soon so daring and atrocious that Governor Spotswood, of Virginia, issued a proclamation, dated at Williamsburg, November 24th, 1718, offering "a reward of $500 dollars for the capture, dead or alive, of Captain Teach, commonly called 'Blackbeard,' $200 for every other commander of a pirate ship, for all inferior officers $75, and for each pirate on board such ship $40."

After years of piratical cruising among the islands and along our Atlantic coast, during which he made his name a terror by deeds of murder and rapine, Blackbeard was attacked in Pamlico Sound by an armed expedition, sent out by Governor Spotswood, and killed, after receiving twenty-five wounds.

Though it seems not unlikely that the old tower at St. Thomas was once the rendezvous of pirates, it is more than probable that its origin antedates by several centuries the period of piratical reign in the West Indies. But the question: By whom, and for what purpose, was it built? does not admit of an easy answer.

In an article published some years ago speculating upon the origin of the "Old Mill" at Newport, mention is made of this tower, "which," the writer says, "from the description given, appears to be almost, if not quite, identical with the tower at Newport; so close is the likeness in material, style, and size, that it is reasonable to suppose that it and the Newport tower were built contemporaneously, and for a like purpose." But any one who is familiar with the present appearance of the "Old Mill," will fail to find in it any very marked resemblance to the view, on page 21, of "Blackbeard's Tower," taken from a photograph.

The island of St. Thomas, so beautifully green when seen from a distance, is really barren and unproductive. Everywhere one finds the surface covered by a stunted growth of brushwood, closely resembling in appearance the "sage-brush" of our Western plains, with scarcely sufficient arable soil to furnish a meagre supply of food for its 11,000 inhabitants, who all reside in the town. Late one afternoon we climbed to the top of the mountain just behind the town. It was a hard scramble of an hour or two up a steep rocky path; but the view from the summit well paid us for our work. The whole island, thirteen miles long by three or four miles wide, seemed almost at our feet—its coast indented by numerous little bays, and fringed with an ever-changing, sinuous line of white surf—while all around us, like a cordon of sentinels, rose the eight or ten little islets of the virgin group. But our horizon encircled much more than these, for forty miles away to the southeast we could see the green hills of Santa Cruz, and at a still greater distance toward the west were the rugged peaks of Porto Rico outlined against the sky.

Ere we returned the full moon arose, and, pouring down upon sea and land a flood of silver light, added, if possible, new charms to the scene around us. After a stay of three days in St. Thomas the *Della* sailed homeward, and a weak later arrived in New York Harbor, having been absent one month and ten days.

LOVE'S WEAPONS.

By B. Montgomerie Ranking.

Love on a day lay down, athirst and weary,
To rest him on the turf beside a stream,
Not knowing that strange flood for Lethe dreary,
Whose drowsy murmur lulled the god to dream;
While, tumbled by his side, his full-filled quiver
Was spilled, and some darts slipped into the river,
And some were dinted in the bank of sod,
And some fell all athwart the sleepy god.
Anon he woke; and, gathered, cleansed, and dried,
Again they fill the quiver by his side.
So he goes aiming with boy's ignorance,
Unrecking of the taint that by mischance
His darts have gotten; these make men forget
All for Love's sake—some others cause them set
Their all on earthy loves; but, sooth to say,
Sweet are the wounds of those that next his bosom lay!

A CHRISTMAS DOOM.

By Etta W. Pierce.

In and about Portsmouth the old mansion was known as Government House, for a colonial governor had kept state in its huge rooms, drank Port and Burgundy from its brass-bound buffets, and strutted up and down the oak stair, in full-bottomed wig and ruffles of Flanders lace, in the palmy days when George II. was King.

It was now December, 1799. The last descendant of old Governor Wyndham had removed long since to Massachusetts, and the ancient house, with all its relics of bygone greatness, had fallen to the care and custody of Martha Cole and her half-witted son Thomas. This pair now kept guard over the moldy grandeur of the Wyndhams.

"Generally speaking," said Martha Cole, "New England folks care little for great families; but it seems to me the Lord never made a Wyndham, from the old governor down, without sending a Cole into the world to serve him. My great-gran'ther begun the business, and here are Tom and I ending it. There's no denying that you're a nat'ral, Thomas," addressing her luckless offspring; "but still you can understand some things as well as brighter folks."

"That I can," assented Tom, blinking his pale, vacant eyes at Martha from the other side of the wood-fire.

Mother and son were sitting alone in the spacious kitchen, as the last Christmas Eve of the century gathered on the wintry sea, the ancient town of Portsmouth, and the weather-beaten gables of Government House.

Martha was a rawboned New Hampshire woman, dressed in coarse homespun, and wearing an enormous shell comb in her hemp-colored hair. With sudden energy she threw an armful of dry hickory on the dull back-log.

"I had a bad dream last night," she groaned, "and I hain't felt nowise right this whole blessed day because of it."

Half-witted Tom lolled on a settle against the hot jamb, and warmed his sharp knees, incased in snuff-colored breeches, at the fresh blaze. In shape and hue he resembled a mullein-stalk, and his ears stuck out from his head like wings.

"Eh, mother?" he answered.

She arose from her chair, and went to a window which commanded a view of the neglected garden. Far down toward the arched entrance-gate of the house, under a clump of fir-trees, the brown slope of a mound was visible, with an iron door sunk deep in its side—the family burying-place of the Wyndhams.

"I've been running to this window ever since morning," said Martha Cole, "to look at the old tomb—I can't keep it out of my mind. You see, I dreamed last night that it stood wide open, and some men in black come along the path yonder, carrying a brand-new coffin. Into that door they went, all slow and solemn, and put down their load among the dead Wyndhams—yes, right a-top of the old governor himself—him whose pictur hangs in the drawing-room—big peruke, and lace ruffles, and crimson westkitt, and all."

"Lor'!" said Tom, staring.

"Now this dream," cried Martha, "means trouble. Something ill is threatening the Wyndhams. I had just the same warning twenty years ago this very Christmas when that wild limb, Fergus Wyndham, the nephew of the old governor, rode a horse from Boston to Portsmouth in a single day, and pranced in upon me here as night was gathering—a night jest like this—looking as pale as the dead, but so gay and handsome, that I never suspected anything could be wrong with him. I got him a good supper, and brought up a bottle of Burgundy, fifty years old, from the wine-cellar, and built a fire in that southeast room, where the old governor used to sit with his great men in council; and next morning——"

"Well?" said Tom, as his mother's voice faltered.

She drew a quick, shuddering breath.

"Next morning 'twas I that found him there, hanging to a hook in the ceiling, with a bit of paper clinched in his hand, and on it these words written: '*I have eaten my cake.*' And I was so simple, that at first I thought 'twas the cake I had given him at supper, made with four-and-twenty eggs, and no end of sugar and butter, raisins, spices, and French brandy; but, oh, dear, no! he jest meant that he had gambled away a handsome fortune, ruined some of his best friends, and broken his young wife's heart. This was the last coffin ever carried into the tomb yonder, and a few days after his burial you were born, you poor innocent, with not an ounce of wit in your head. Fergus Wyndham's suicide was a costly thing for you and me."

Tom gazed vacantly at the speaker, and continued to caress his patched knees.

The fire blazed cheerfully in the cavernous chimney, and Martha had hung wreaths of evergreen against the smoky wall—these gave the kitchen a holiday look. No snow was on the ground, but bitter weather prevailed. Freezing gusts from the north rattled the tiny-paned windows, and moaned around the gables. Martha began to light the tallow dips.

"Who's master here now, mother?" quoth Tom.

"Another Fergus Wyndham," she answered; "the son of the suicide. I saw him once, twenty years ago, when his mother brought him down to Portsmouth to attend the elder Fergus's funeral. He was a mere child then, but he had the dark, fiery face of the family. I hear he's lately married a great belle and beauty of Boston—took her away from another lover, it's said—the Wyndhams were ever an overbearing lot. Mr. Fergus never comes a-nigh the old place; but I have his word that you and I will always be provided for here. Poor lad! He owes you that much for his father's sake."

She set about preparing supper—a simple meal of mush-and-milk, brown bread and boiled beef. In the old governor's day many a Christmas feast had been cooked in that kitchen, many a time had the rafters echoed with holiday festivity; but time works sad changes, and Christmas cheer was no longer known at Government House.

"Hark!" said Martha Cole. "What a moaning that wind makes in the chimney to-night. Portsmouth folks say the house is haunted. I ain't so sure but what it is. Anyway, I've heard the old spinnet in the drawing-room playing at all hours, and rapiers and high-heeled shoes clicking on the stair, and the tap, tap, of the governor's knuckles on the gold lid of his snuff-box, not to mention his guard, that offen march into the hall with reg'lar soldier steps, and put their arms in the rack that's on the wall there still. Ah, if I'd been a timid woman I shouldn't have staid on at Government House, with only a poor innocent for company, these twenty year and more."

"Lor'!" gasped Tom, and then fell greedily to his bread and boiled beef. Ghost stories had no charm for him.

Suddenly a loud knocking was heard from the direction of the hall.

"Who can that be?" said Martha Cole, dropping knife and fork in a startled way.

Visitors were rare at Government House, especially at this hour.

"Maybe it's Fergus Wyndham come again," grinned half-witted Tom. He meant the ruined aristocrat who had hung himself in the council-chamber.

"Hush, hush, you nat'ral!" said Martha, in a shocked tone, and she seized a tallow dip and went to answer the summons.

"Open! open!"

She heard the impatient shout as she hurried along the bare, cold hall, past the great rack, where the guard of the old governor used to deposit their arms. With nervous haste she drew bolt and bar, and looked out into the night. At the door of Government House stood a traveling-coach, and four reeking, panting horses. On the threshold-stone waited the driver, whip in hand, and face nipped blue with the intense cold.

"Hi, old dame!" he cried, at sight of Martha Cole. "Here are visitors for Christmas Eve—my master and yours—Mr. Fergus Wyndham and his wife. Come all the way from Boston, too! I hope you've got something hot to thaw out our stomachs, after the journey we've had this abominable day."

While the driver was speaking, another servant leaped down from the rumble and opened the carriage. A gentleman and lady, both muffled to the eyes, descended. Martha Cole, holding the tallow dip above her head, stared hard at these unexpected guests.

"Good-evening, Martha Cole," said the gentleman; "I suppose you do not recognize me?"

He threw back his long cloak and revealed a tall, imposing figure, and a dark, pallid face, wherein two lightning eyes, bloodshotten now, burned like living coals.

Martha dropped a courtesy.

"You were only a child when you came here last, sir," she answered. "But it's easy to trace the family look in you. All the Wyndhams are as much alike as peas in a pod. I'm sorry you didn't send me word that you meant to keep Christmas at the old house; then I might have provided proper fare for such company. But, as it is, sir——"

"Lead us to a fire!" interrupted Fergus Wyndham, impatiently. "That is the thing we most need, for we left Boston at sunrise, and have been all day on the road. Do not trouble yourself about anything which may be lacking in your larder, Martha Cole—we have not come to Government House for pleasure."

"From Boston to Portsmouth in a day!" muttered Martha. It was like that other Fergus of tragic memory.

Mrs. Wyndham had spoken no word. Wrapped in a long fur pelisse, and disguised still further by an immense bonnet, she waited beside her husband, with an air of utter weariness. Martha Cole saw that she was slender in figure and richly dressed; she also caught one glimpse of a loose curl of yellow hair, and a cheek as cold and colorless as if death had smitten it. Then the woman flew to the kitchen, and sent Tom to light a fire in the drawing-room, while she herself wrung the neck of a fowl, dressed him in haste, and plunged him into a pot that was boiling over the flames.

"They haven't come to Government House for pleasure," she mused; "what, then, can bring 'em here?"

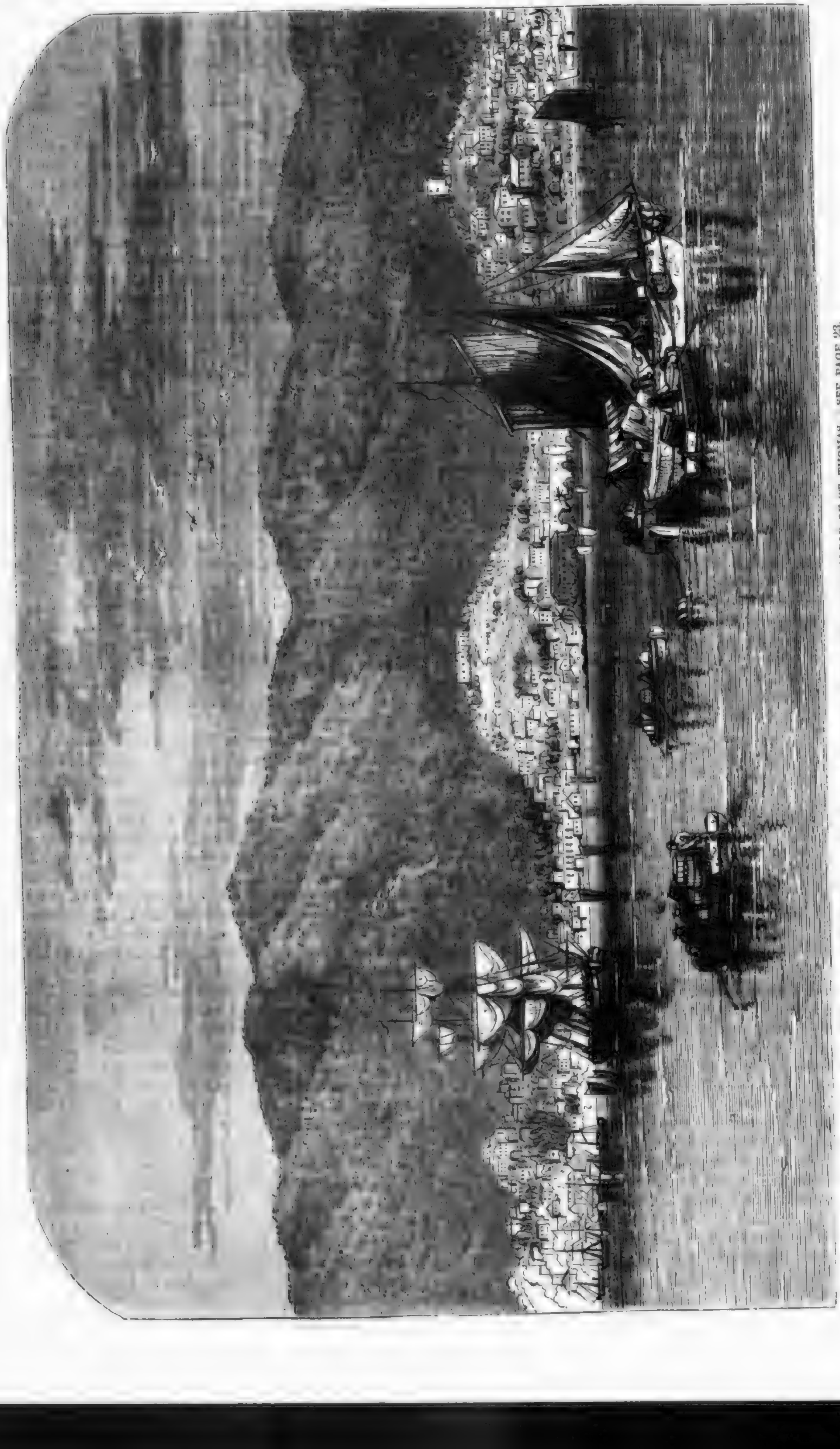
Meanwhile, in the old drawing-room, half-witted Tom kindled a fire which leaped and roared merrily up the chimney, and shone on the big beams and deep wainscot, the claw-footed chairs, the spinnet that played "at all hours," and the portraits of dead-and-gone Wyndhams, looking out from their tarnished frames along the faded walls. Then the boy crept to the kitchen, snatched Martha's Christmas evergreens, and, all unobserved, fastened them over the curiously carved mantel, after which he retired, leaving Fergus Wyndham and his wife alone together.

She had fallen into a chair on the hearth. The big bonnet slipped back from her face, revealing its dazzling blonde tints, and setting free a torrent of yellow hair that rolled, like sunshine, down her shoulders. Lo! a girl, still in her teens, and with the beauty of an angel! She let her great violet eyes wander for a moment around the room, and then fixed them on the man who had brought her thither, and who now stood on the other side of the hearth, in this home of his ancestors, with a face as bloodless and stern as New Hampshire granite.

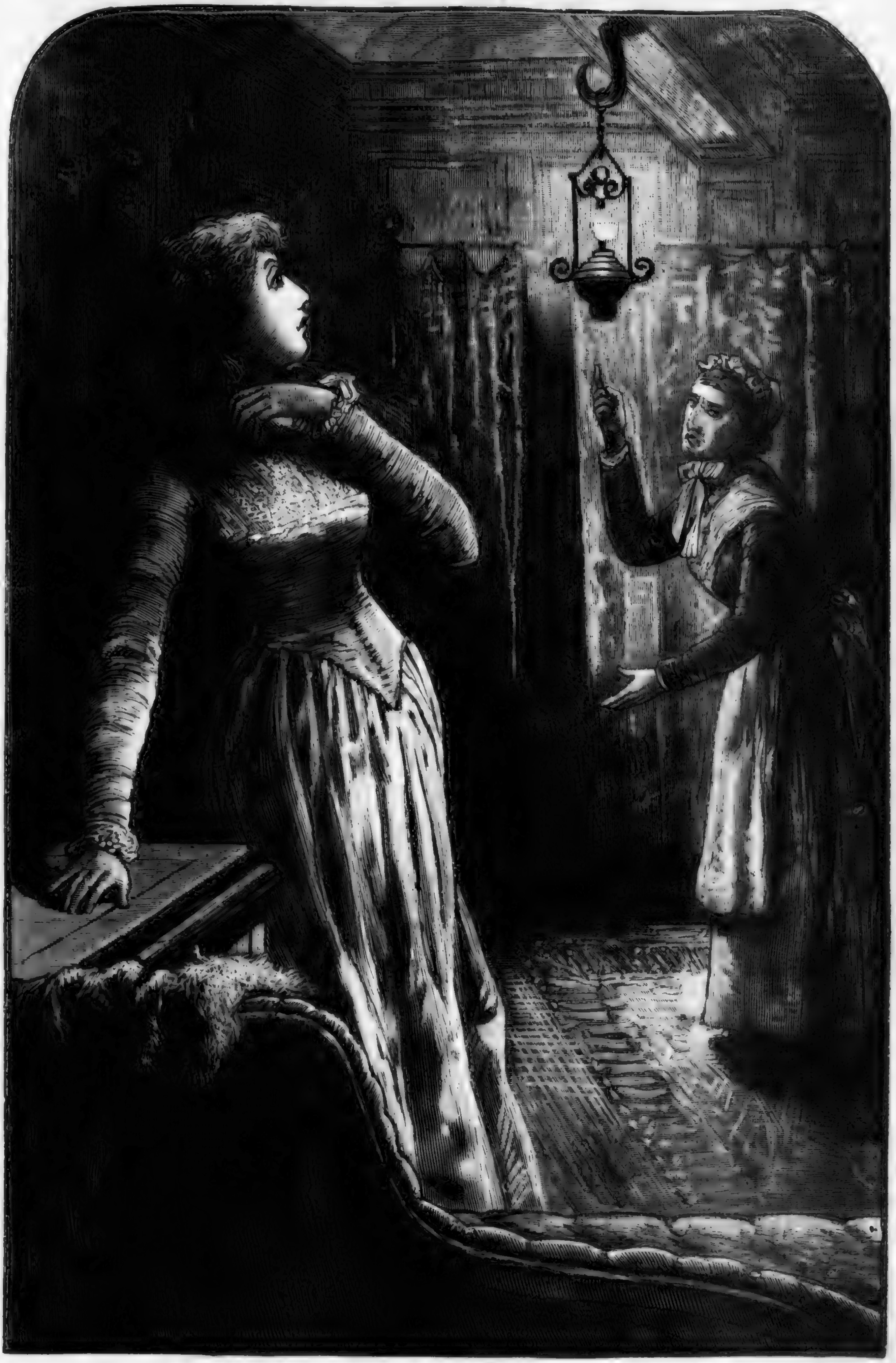
"What a terrible place!" said Dorothy Wyndham, in a strange, bewildered voice. "And we are to keep Christmas here! Oh, I had thought——"

He interrupted her with a furious gesture. "You had thought to spend the great holiday in another spot, and with other company, madam! Fate often mocks our best-laid plans in just this manner." Then his eyes fell on Tom Cole's Christmas wreaths. He tore the pretty

XUM



A MIDWINTER CRUISE AMONG THE ANTILLES.—THE TOWN AND HARBOR OF ST. THOMAS.—SEE PAGE 23.



A CHRISTMAS DOOM.—"SHE LIFTED HER WOFUL EYES, GAZED LONG AT THE HOOK, FIRST WITH A GREAT SHUDDER, THEN IN A SORT OF HELPLESS FASCINATION."—SEE PAGE 30.

green things from the wall, and flung them straight into the fire. "No mockery here, on this night!" he muttered.

She raised her girlish white hands to her throat, as if suffocating.

"How long is my punishment to continue?" she gasped. "I know that I am to be kept a prisoner in this place, but how long—how long?"

"Is it possible you can ask?" answered Fergus Wyndham. For *all* time, madam! You will stay here the remainder of your life."

She flung out her arms in an agony of despair.

"Oh, you cannot, you will not be so cruel, Fergus!"

His lip curled.

"Cruel, madam? To me it seems like kindness. Your own world has cast you out. You can no more return to it than could Eve to her lost Eden. By this time, Boston is ringing with the news of Mrs. Wyndham's elopement with the dashing Captain Collingwood—the pursuit and apprehension of the lady by that meddlesome party, her husband—the justice which a Wyndham took upon himself to administer to both the unfaithful wife and her lover——"

She screamed, and started to her feet—golden hair rolling down her black damask dress, face as white as carven marble.

"Fergus!—oh, my God! Did you—did you *kill* him?"

"Yes," he answered, coldly, scornfully. "I killed him, there, in that strip of wood, on the Providence stage-road, just where I overtook you in your flight, madam! You fainted, and remained unconscious for hours after, but I assure you it was a fair fight. I gave him a chance to defend himself. He seemed strangely unnerved, however—he fired into the air. My aim was better, and your lover fell, with a bullet in his breast. He had the impudence to die with your name on his lips."

She uttered no word—only stood, frozen with horror, and stared at her lord.

"I have shown you unparalleled consideration, Dorothy," he continued; "first, by not killing you with Collingwood, and again, by removing you immediately from the society where you have reigned queen for an entire year. You are thus spared all the scorn and reproach which would surely overwhelm you there."

Something strange and dreadful had crept into her eyes.

"Murderer!" she gasped, "I have felt the long day that some terrible thing awaited me at the end of this journey, and here it is! You were careful not to tell me his fate before we left Boston."

"Be calm, madam," he replied, mockingly; "betwixt your swoons and your sulks, you gave me no opportunity. Let me beg you to remember that this is really our first conversation since I brought you and Collingwood to that sudden halt on the Providence stage-road."

"And you killed him there—your hands are red with his blood!"

"Yes," he said, with cold contempt, "I crushed the reptile that had stung me—there is the whole matter for you in a nutshell, Dorothy!"

She looked like some wild creature at bay.

"And now you have brought me to this far prison, this ancient barrack, to drag out the rest of my wretched life with you, his assassin, for a jailer? Fergus, I would sooner die, and at once!"

"One thing is certain, madam—at Government House you will have no more opportunities for conquest."

She tore the wedding-ring from her hand, and flung it at his feet.

"I never loved you!" she panted. "I married you because you were forced upon me by my kindred. They parted me from Collingwood, to give me to you; but my heart remained with him—with him, my one, only love! I have been your wife for a year, and suffered unspeakable misery in that time. But for the circumstances which led to the discovery of all my plans, Fergus Wyndham, this Christmas Eve I should have been far away with Collingwood—so far, that eyes of yours would never have rested on me more."

He set his heel on the wedding-ring and ground it down to the tiled hearth.

"It's a pity," he sneered, "that such a charming idyl should have ended only in disaster—that a passion so faithful should have been snuffed out, like the flame of a candle!"

"It is not snuffed out," she answered, calmly; "it will burn till my death! Tell me again what I am to expect at your hands."

"Justice, madam," he answered, bitterly, "but not mercy! You will, as I have already said, remain here for the rest of your life, and I will be your keeper. Here, the scorn of the world can never reach you, and here, as God is my witness, you shall never again see a human being, save myself, and such servants as I may choose to attend to you!"

She stood as white and still as a graven image, evidently pondering the situation; then she broke into a queer little laugh.

"Considering all that has occurred," she said, "I suppose I ought not to complain of my punishment. Hail, Christmas Eve, in my new home! Since I know now what my future is to be, I will ask you to call that woman who admitted us, and permit me to retire to whatever cell you may think suitable for such a culprit. I must also request you to dine alone to-night. Our long journey has worn me out."

She had a calm, unconquered air, which amazed and enraged him. He stalked to the door and called Martha Cole. That person came quickly to answer—so quickly, in fact, that some minds might have suspected that Martha's ear had not been far from the keyhole.

"Show Mrs. Wyndham to the best chamber in the house," he commanded.

"The best chamber in the house!" echoed Martha; "that's the old council-room, sir."

"Very well," said Wyndham, and turned on his heel and walked away to the nearest window.

"I must go and light a fire in it first," explained Martha. "All the rooms are as cold as the grave tonight, and one can't draw one's breath in them."

She vanished. A half-hour went by. The man stood dumb and motionless in the window. The pale, golden-haired girl sat dumb and motionless by the fire. This ominous silence was broken at last by the return of Martha Cole.

"The chamber is ready, ma'am," she announced, and Dorothy Wyndham arose and followed the woman up a wide oak stair to an imposing room, paneled in cedar. A four-posted bed stood in a corner, and a square of moth-eaten carpet covered the middle of the shining black floor. In the chimney a fire was now roaring, and Martha had lighted an oil lamp of curiously wrought brass, which swung from an iron hook in the centre of the ceiling.

"This chamber is in better repair than any other in the house, ma'am," explained Martha Cole. "But—I thought you might object to *that*," pointing to the hook; "some might. However, you don't look like a timid person, though you be so young and delicate."

Dorothy Wyndham went up to the fire and spread her tremulous white hands to its blaze.

"What do you mean?" she answered. "Is there a story connected with this room?"

"A good many, I dare say," replied Martha Cole; "for the walls are full of sliding panels and secret drawers, where state documents were once kept. But the hook—well, ma'am, perhaps I oughtn't to tell you."

"Yes, yes—go on!"

"It's been there in the ceiling ever since colony times, and twenty years ago this very night your husband's father—another Fergus Wyndham, ma'am—hanged himself upon it."

She lifted her woful eyes, gazed long at the hook, first with a great shudder, then in a sort of helpless fascination.

"I have heard the story," she said. "He had gambled away his fortune, and he came here to meet that last refuge of all ruined souls—Death. Hope was gone, happiness also. His future was bankrupt, his past a perpetual reproach. Under such circumstances, what better thing could he do than to make an end of his wretched self?"

"Oh, ma'am," protested Martha, in a shocked voice, "it was wrong—it was wicked!"

Dorothy Wyndham answered with a weird little smile.

"We will not argue the point, Martha. This is, indeed, a chamber of evil memory; but fortunately I am not a timid person, as you have already guessed. Bring my dinner to me here. I shall not go down-stairs again to-night."

The meal was brought. The lovely prisoner ate with feeble appetite, and then Martha gathered up the dishes, drew the moth-eaten curtains of ancient moreen over the windows and said:

"Is there anything more that I can do for you, ma'am?"

"See that I am not disturbed to-night, Martha."

"I will, ma'am. Are you quite sure that you are not afraid?"

"Of *that?*" looking up at the hook with another wan smile. "Oh, no! not *now*. The heart that has nothing left to hope for, Martha, has nothing to fear." Then suddenly clutching the breast of her black damask gown with both slim white hands, she cried out, wildly: "Oh, God, what a terrible Christmas Eve! Surely I died last night with *him*, and it is only my miserable ghost that is sitting here!"

Martha Cole dared not offer either help or sympathy. She went out with a heavy sigh, closing the door softly after her.

"Lord have mercy on them both!" she muttered. "It *is* a dreary prospect for one so handsome and young—to live here as a prisoner for the rest of her days, watched always by the jealous husband, who now detests her. In the old governor's time there used to be high jinks at Government House on Christmas Eve—it's enough to make the very rafters shudder to see *this!*"

* * * * * *

The night wore away.

Christmas morning broke in floods of chilly light over Portsmouth town by the wintry sea, and the gray gables of Government House. Martha Cole arose early, and after setting Tom to mind the breakfast, she hastened up-stairs with a jug of hot water, to Dorothy Wyndham's chamber.

"A merry Christmas to you, ma'am," she called through the keyhole of the door.

No reply.

"Open, Mrs. Wyndham," entreated Martha. "Your husband says I'm to attend you now, and help you dress. Nine o'clock has struck, and breakfast is ready and waiting."

But there was no response from within. Martha Cole turned, and saw Fergus Wyndham mounting the stair.

"I'm afraid there's something wrong here," she quavered. "She will neither answer, sir, nor open the door."

"What can be wrong, woman?" he answered, impatiently. "Mrs. Wyndham is still buried in dreams, or maybe she is indulging in a fresh fit of sulks."

Martha shook her head in a troubled way.

"I think not, sir. There's a secret door betwixt this chamber and the one adjoining; 'twas used by Governor Wyndham long ago. Shall we go in and see for ourselves?"

His haughty dark face grew a shade paler.

"Yes; in Heaven's name," he cried, "yes!"

A moment after the two burst into the old council-room. Martha Cole uttered a heartrending scream. Fergus Wyndham spoke no word, but he staggered back a step, and covered his eyes.

Through the moth-eaten curtains the wintry sunshine was feebly struggling. No form had pressed the huge bed in the corner; no hand had ruffled its yellow linen. Only the silk counterpane had been drawn off and torn into long strips.

The brass lamp swung no longer from the centre of the ceiling, but lay on the floor, with the oil dripping from its crushed wick and an overturned chair beside it; and suspended from its former place—that iron hook, on which one Wyndham had before sought and found death, something now hung, too terrible for eyes to look upon—the stark, dead body of Dorothy Wyndham, in its long black damask dress and vail of yellow hair.

* * * * * *

She was buried that Christmas night, in the old family tomb at the foot of the neglected and desolate garden.

Through the starless dark the snow flew in blinding sheets, and the wind was shrieking hoarsely in the tree-tops.

Fergus Wyndham moved at the head of the little procession which went solemnly down the white paths to the open tomb. His hat was off; the great flakes fell on his uncovered head; the light of a pine-torch danced mockingly over his haughty clay-cold face. Did he feel any sorrow at this hour—any pang of remorse? None could tell.

As the coffin of beautiful, erring Dorothy Wyndham, was lowered into the tomb, Martha Cole grasped the arm of half-witted Tom.

"Oh, my dream!" she groaned; "my dream!"

"Lor', it's all come true, hain't it, mother?" quavered poor Tom.

At the close of the sad ceremony, Fergus Wyndham hastily wrapped himself in his fur cloak, and leaped into his traveling-coach which stood waiting, with sleek horses and attentive servants, at the door of Government House. He flung a purse of gold coin to Martha Cole.

"Farewell," he said; "I have crossed this accursed threshold for the last time. You will never see me again."

Then the whip cracked; wheels, hoops and harness rattled; the carriage-lamp whirled away into the Christmas night, and faded out there like a star.

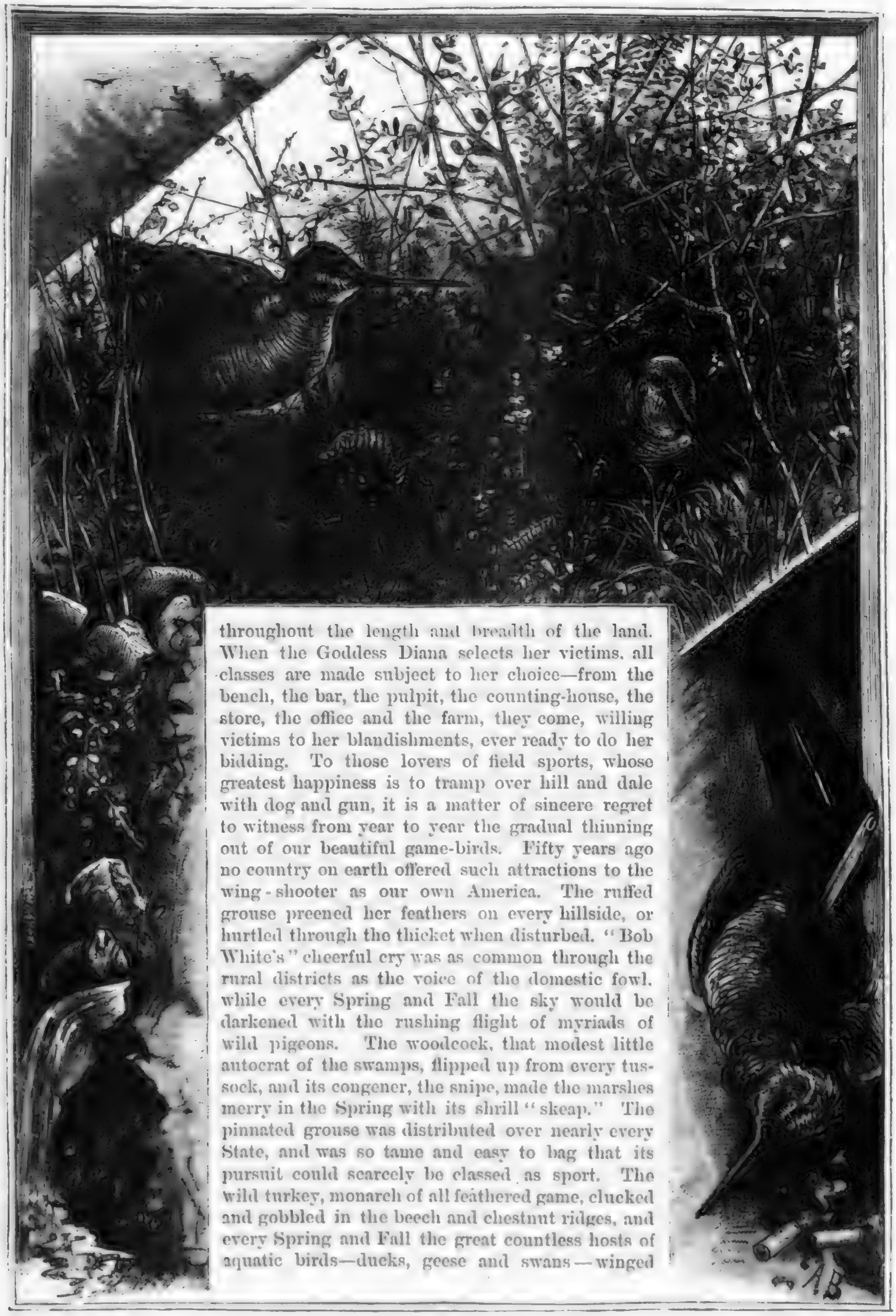
Martha Cole and half-witted Tom fled shivering to the warm kitchen, and storm and darkness and mournful silence settled down upon Government House.

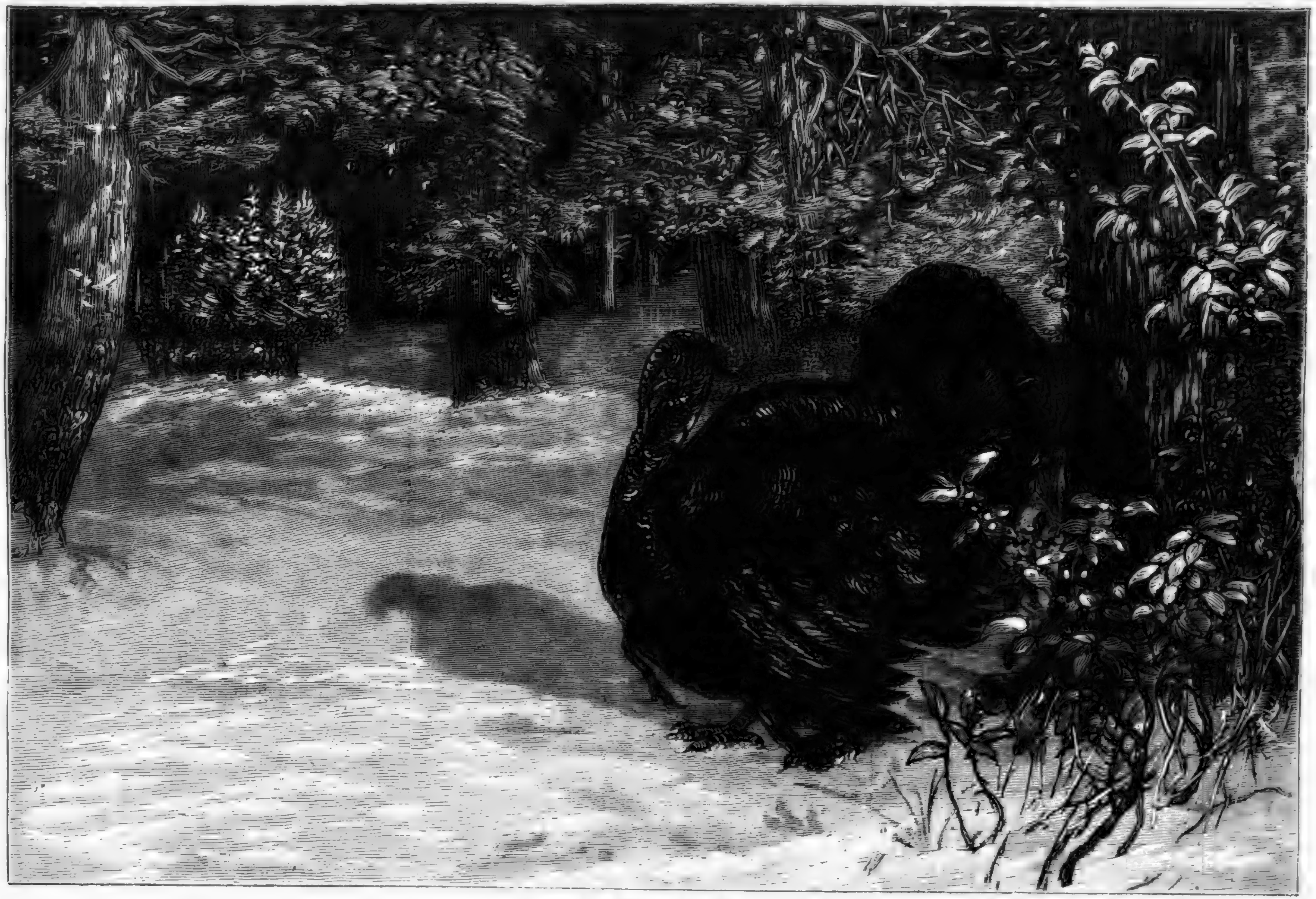
XUM

OUR VANISHING GAME-BIRDS.

By H. W. De Long.

The sporting instinct is just as strong in man to-day as when in his primitive condition, armed with the rudest implements of the chase, he depended entirely upon his cunning in pursuing and capturing wild animals and birds for subsistence. Long ages have so modified this instinct, that what was once a necessity has been refined down to a noble and elevating passion, and to-day we find the lovers of field sports scattered indiscriminately throughout the length and breadth of the land. When the Goddess Diana selects her victims, all classes are made subject to her choice—from the bench, the bar, the pulpit, the counting-house, the store, the office and the farm, they come, willing victims to her blandishments, ever ready to do her bidding. To those lovers of field sports, whose greatest happiness is to tramp over hill and dale with dog and gun, it is a matter of sincere regret to witness from year to year the gradual thinning out of our beautiful game-birds. Fifty years ago no country on earth offered such attractions to the wing-shooter as our own America. The ruffed grouse preened her feathers on every hillside, or hurtled through the thicket when disturbed. "Bob White's" cheerful cry was as common through the rural districts as the voice of the domestic fowl, while every Spring and Fall the sky would be darkened with the rushing flight of myriads of wild pigeons. The woodcock, that modest little autocrat of the swamps, flipped up from every tussock, and its congener, the snipe, made the marshes merry in the Spring with its shrill "skeap." The pinnated grouse was distributed over nearly every State, and was so tame and easy to bag that its pursuit could scarcely be classed as sport. The wild turkey, monarch of all feathered game, clucked and gobbled in the beech and chestnut ridges, and every Spring and Fall the great countless hosts of aquatic birds—ducks, geese and swans—winged





AN UNSUSPICIOUS TURKEY.

their way back and forth from their Arctic breeding-places to the Gulf, calling at every water-course and pond *en route* for rest and food, furnishing the fowler abundant sport.

But all this has, in a great measure, passed away. Whole districts, once prolific of game-birds, can now show scarcely a solitary feather; and the once great flocks of migratory fowl have become reduced to a few scattering bands. The impecunious gunner looks with envy on his wealthy neighbor departing for distant regions, where game has not been driven off, and wonders if the time will ever come when he can shoulder his gun and tramp off for a day's outing, and derive therefrom anything more than a mouthful of fresh air and that satisfaction which comes from a day with nature.

The purpose of this article is to consider the causes that have led to the present scarcity of game-birds in America, and to suggest, if possible, a remedy. In the midst of plenty man is prodigal; he forgets that a time of need may come, and neglects to lay by from his abundance that which will be a comfort in the years to come. He plunges into the wilderness, denudes the face of the country of the magnificent forest trees, hauls them into great heaps and burns them. What he wants is land, and forgetful of the game-birds who depend on the forest for cover, he cuts and slashes right and left, exposing the heads of water-courses to the hot sun, causing them to dry up, and never thinking to leave here and there a clump of primeval forest for the grouse and woodcock. Oh, the first settler, in spite of all that has been told and sung to his praise, was a very selfish fellow.

The abundance of feathered game half a century ago made a code of game-laws seem superfluous. Protection and propagation were not thought of, and the boy who laid his snares for the quail, or the "ne'er-do-weel" who shot the mother-grouse in June, and left a dozen little chicks to starve, were allowed to go on unmolested. The year was one grand open season from January through December, and the amount of shooting and snaring done during nidification and rearing times was only limited by the inclination. This gross neglect on the part of the people of fifty years ago was the first rude blow struck at our game-birds, and so palpable was the error that it was not long before legislation framed a loose set of protective laws that the people looked upon as an infringement of their rights, and paid very little attention to. As the country became more thickly settled, more land was necessarily cleared up, and the game-covers became more contracted and the birds less numerous. As the birds decreased, the sportsmen increased, and better laws were passed, and active, honest measures taken to enforcethem.

When the handy, accurate, cap-lock fowling-piece was invented, sportsmen thought that perfection in firearms had at last been reached; but when a dozen years ago the breech-loader, with its manifold improvements, was handed to the gunner, and stood the severest tests, then a revolution took place in the sporting world. Sportsmen and sportsmen's clubs sprang up everywhere. Men who had never fired a gun purchased a breech-loader and joined the fray. Every four corners had its shooting club, and as the guns outnumbered the game-birds, the reprehensible and questionable sport of trap shooting was inaugurated. From this time may be dated the fall of the wild pigeon. This bird, although not strictly game, has qualities worthy the mettle of any sportsman. To lie snugly ensconced behind some sheltering ridge as the hurtling legions pass over, offering fair shots, or to pour in a double dose of number eights as the robbers rise from the new-sown wheat, offers sport of a very high order, and one need not be beyond the prime of life to look back to the time when pigeon-shooting came around as regularly as the seasons. But with the revival of trap shooting, the pigeon was in such demand that men made the netting of them a business. Spies were out watching the location of the roosts, and when these were well established, the main body came on, armed with nets and stool-pigeons. Hundreds of thousands of these birds would be taken, packed into crates, and shipped to sportsmen's clubs all over the country. If they survived the stifling coops, it was only to meet a more ignominious death, as they sprang from a plunge-trap with freedom just before them, or were filled with shot and left to die a lingering death beyond the bounds. This could not last long. The pigeon grew more and more wary as his ranks were thinned. Further and further back he nested, until to-day netting has been given up through lack of birds, and the shattered remnants of the once mighty hosts have left the haunts of civilization probably for ever.

The last game-bird to disappear from our covers will be the ruffed grouse. Who does not know this noble bird? With what a startling rush of resonant pinions she bounds into the air, and plunges through the coppice *straight* as an arrow. Quick must be the arm and sure the eye of him who would cut down *Bonasa umbelleus* in mid flight. There is no time to take aim. The eye and hand must work together instinctively, and he who hears that welcome thump and flutter three times out of every five pressures of the trigger, can lay claim to being an A1 wing shot, without fear of dispute. The ruffed grouse will be the last game-bird to disappear, for the simple reason that it is, of all others, the best able to take care of itself. It frequents the roughest and most inaccessible of covers, asks no odds of man for subsistence, although it frequently takes toll from the grain-fields, and in Winter may be often seen busily budding in the farmer's apple orchard. This bird has a wide habitat in the United States, embracing nearly the whole of the Atlantic seaboard, and extending back almost to the Mississippi. Although emigration and natural increase may pack our country with a population as dense as the most crowded of European states, still there will remain upon our mountain-sides, and along our gorges, enough timber and undergrowth to foster the ruffed grouse; and, although greatly reduced in numbers, and made wary by long vigilance, our children's children will be accorded the privilege of hearing that wonderful "drumming" that has never been satisfactorily explained, and be perhaps allowed a fleeting view of this noble bird as she hurtles through the air.

But little "Bob White," the Virginia quail, lacks those traits of self-preservation possessed by his greater brother, the ruffed grouse, and it is a sad fact that this delightful little fellow must go in the Northern States at least, in spite of the best of game laws and a fair enforcement of them. The quail is fond of civilization, and thrives best in a good, well-to-do farming district, where the farms are large, and the crops of wheat and buckwheat are plentiful. He asks no dark and pathless forest for his rendezvous, but perches boldly on the topmost rail of a stake-and-rider fence, and calls out so loudly to his mate, that all the world may hear his love-note. His troubles begin from the moment his mother deposits in the nest the egg that covers him. Before chipping the shell he must run the gantlet of prowling crow, skunk, cat, weasel, and other vagrant oologists, and having come through this formidable array unscathed, and sallied forth a little downy fledgling, he leads a precarious existence dodging the hawks, owls and foxes until full-grown, when the sportsman steps in on the scene, and takes what he can get from the whirring bevies.

Quail-shooting is one of the most delightful of American field sports, and being nearly all open work, is more easily pursued than grouse or woodcock shooting. Picture a clear, crisp, frosty morning in early November. The uplands, in all their variety of stubble-fields and gorgeous woodland, lie shimmering in the rays of the morning sun. A brace of sportsmen, with guns over their shoulders, and a couple of eager setters quartering the ground before them, are tramping through a field of buckwheat stubble, fringed at its lower edge by a belt of alders and sumach. Suddenly the advance dog stops, and with protruding muzzle and stiffening tail scents a roading bevy. His mate, true to his training, although he has not as yet caught the tainted air, backs his comrade, and at a word from the huntsman they both draw on cautiously, step by step, slower and slower, until pausing, as if carved in marble, they stand, as pretty a picture as ever gladdened a sportsman's eye. Now comes the supreme moment in the sport. The gunners move rapidly up, with pieces ready—one steps to the right, the other to the left, of the statuesque dogs, pausing just in front of them. A smart kick is administered to a suspicious-looking bunch of buckwheat straw, when, "whirr," "whirr," "whirr," the air is full of flying quails darting away like bullets. Four reports ring out on the morning air, and four quails, amid a cloud of feathers, fold their wings and drop to the ground, while the balance of the bevy are marked down by the keen eyes of the sportsmen, as they take refuge in the alder belt at the lower edge of the field. The dogs, who, during all this time, have never moved a muscle, are given the word, and away they bound, retrieving the dead birds, and off they go again, men and dogs, to where the bevy was marked down.

Notwithstanding the accessibility of the cover frequented by the quail, it takes something more than a tyro with a gun to cut him down in mid flight. He flies like a bullet, and wastes no time in getting on the wing. But enough sportsmen and market-shooters have mastered this accomplishment, so that the work of exterminating "Bob White" is rapidly being accomplished. Let a pair of good shots, with well-trained dogs, get after a bevy of quail, and they will follow them until the last weary flutterer is laid to rest in the game-pocket.

But the sportsman and pot-hunter are not entirely to blame for the disappearance of "Bob White" in the North. There are elements at work in nature that seem bound to destroy the little remnant left by the gunner, elements that no legislation can eliminate, and the best efforts of man can only modify in a slight degree. The quail, although distributed all over the United States, is primarily a warm-weather bird, and thrives far better below the fortieth parallel than above it. Indeed, so great is the supply of quail in the Southern States, that with proper legislation they are practically exhausted. But in the North, when, after January 1st, the little shattered bands are at last allowed a breathing-spell, and a chance to pick up, there comes a great fall of snow, then a thaw intermingled with rain, followed by a quick, hard freeze; a heavy crust forms on the snow, a covering of ice is on the buds and seed pellicles, and the natural food of the quail is as effectually locked up as though it were in an iron chest. What follows can be easily imagined; deprived of means of subsistence, the little emaciated bands fall an easy prey to their natural enemies, or perish miserably from the cold, that with full crops they could easily resist. Every Winter our sportsmen's journals are full of accounts of whole bevies of quail found frozen to death, and many a region abounding in "Bob White" has been cleaned out to the very last feather by the severe Winters.

Among our vanishing game-birds there are none whose disappearance is looked upon with more regret by the sportsman than the wild fowl, whose semi-annual migration in years past has been looked upon as the happiest time of all the sporting year. Time was—not so very long ago—when to live in proximity to some river or inland lake was sufficient to insure sport of the keenest sort. When the first October frosts tinged the maples, then the blue-and-green-wing teal, representing the advance guard of the grand army massing away up within the Arctic circle, would appear, to be followed by the mallard, red-head, canvas-back, and a dozen other varieties, graded in hardihood as the frosts become more frequent and severe. Ensconced within his blind, built on some jutting point, the gunner would lie, and with his decoys anchored just off shore, would take his fill of shooting, piling the birds about him until an aching shoulder and a plethora of game would warn him to desist. But this is only a memory to-day. Now the ardent wild-fowl shooter must needs make long excursions to satisfy his passion. To be sure, a few unwary birds drop into their old haunts every year, but they can't resist the cannonade, and are off again almost before they have time to fold their weary pinions. The reason of the decrease of our wild fowl is very clear. In the first place there is a market for their eggs, and so profitable has the trade of egging become, that every year vessels cruise about the coast of Labrador for no other purpose than to rob indiscriminately the nests of the wild fowl. This unlawful practice reduces the number of the birds largely, and when the depleted host starts for Southern climes their troubles have just commenced. From the St. Lawrence River to the Gulf of Mexico they run the gantlet of fowling-pieces. Pop, pop, pop, they go, the queen's arm flint-lock, the old pot-metal shoulder-breaker, the heavy punt gun, the hammerless breech-loader, all join their voices in the general chorus, and those birds who were lucky enough to get through unscathed can scarcely hope to get back in the Spring, when the same old chorus will be repeated. Is it any wonder our wild fowl are vanishing, and that in their periodical flights they shun civilization as much as possible? Spring shooting is a fruitful source of decrease in the numbers of our wild fowl. They are then bound for their nesting-grounds. Their flesh is in very poor condition for table, and for every female bird shot the lives and hopes of several offspring are blighted.

The woodcock is vanishing, just in proportion as the guns of sportsmen are thinning them out, and the ax of the husbandman contracting their cover. This bird, although breeding generally throughout the United States, is migratory. Summer shooting has been a fruitful source of its decadence, as the birds in July are not fully grown, and the killing of the old bird leaves the young ones without protection. However, Summer shooting has been abolished in a good many of the States, so that the woodcock's chances are brightening. Were the close season extended to September 1st, it would be still better, for a September woodcock, twisting through an alder brake, with that pert little whistle every sportsman loves so well, is a mark to try the nerves of the coolest gunner, and brought neatly to grass with an ounce of number-ten shot, makes as plump a little tidbit as one could wish to brag. Protect the woodcock

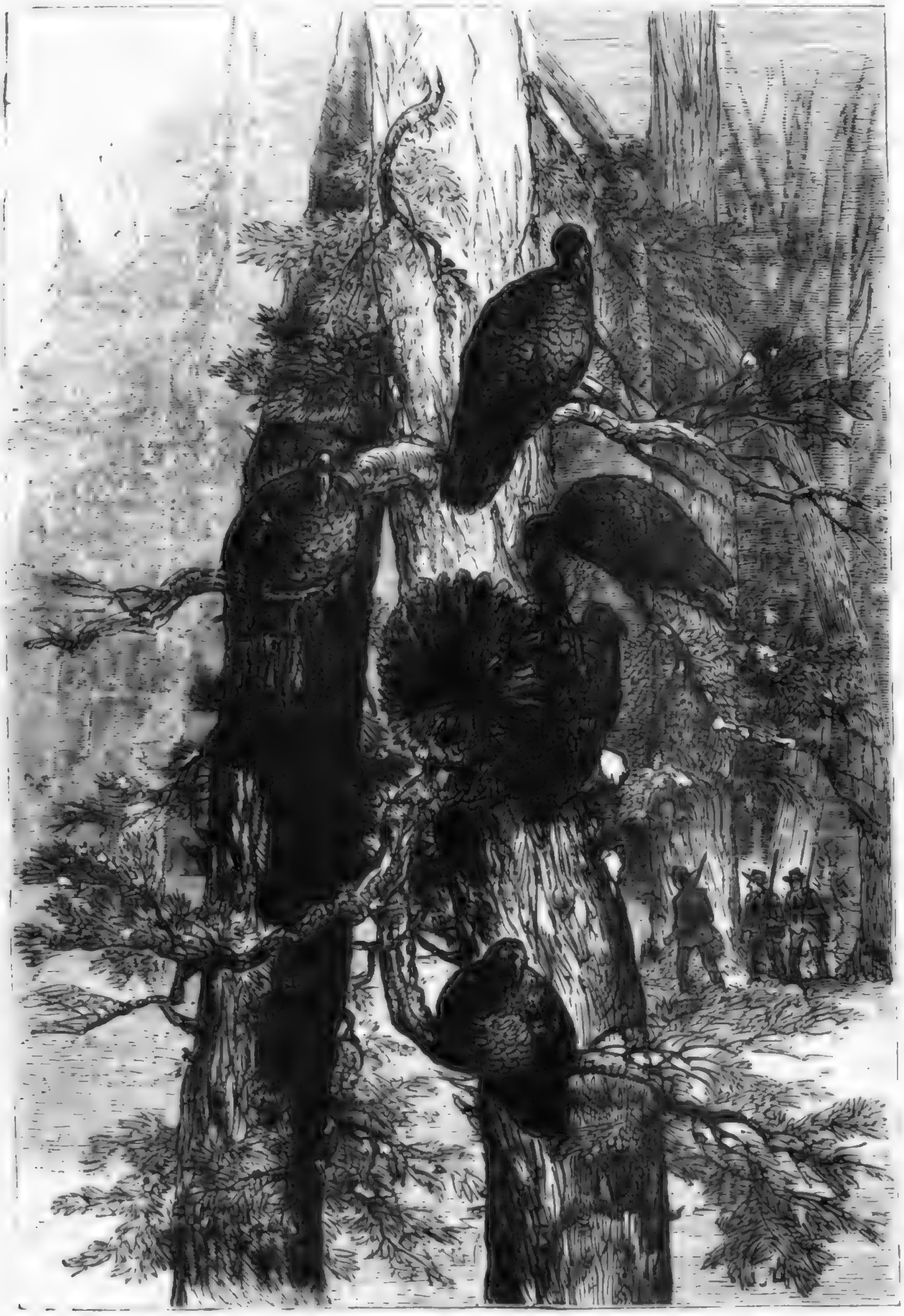
XUM

in Summer, and give him plenty of muck and loam in which to bore for red worms, and it will be many years before he vanishes.

Years ago, in the Springtime, the Wilson snipe was a regular visitor on our marshes, coming in sufficient numbers to make his pursuit productive of not only much sport, but of full game-pockets. Every salt marsh would be teeming with *Scolopax Wilsonii*, and every coast-bound train would be loaded with gunners and their dogs. Great was the music on the marshes in those good old times; but all that has gone by, and although a few snipe drop in every year, and a few hardy gunners take an annual excursion ostensibly for them, their glory has departed. Even the little waders and bay birds that once piped and whistled along the beaches in countless thousands have wellnigh disappeared; and the New Yorker who, a few years ago, could take a run down to the beach morally certain of a good day's sport without the loss of much time, must now seek pastures new, or leave his gun to rust in its case.

The noble wild turkey, except in our extreme borders, has become a *rara avis* indeed. Like the Virginia deer, this finest of game-birds must have large tracts of primeval forest in which to roam, and as in this age of improvement such tracts in the East are out of the question, this bird must, perforce, seek the confines of civilization for an abiding-place. A few still exist in the Alleghany Mountains, and in some of the Southern States he is still quite plentiful; but, like the Scandinavian capercailzie, the wild turkey is surely destined to dwindle away, and become extinct.

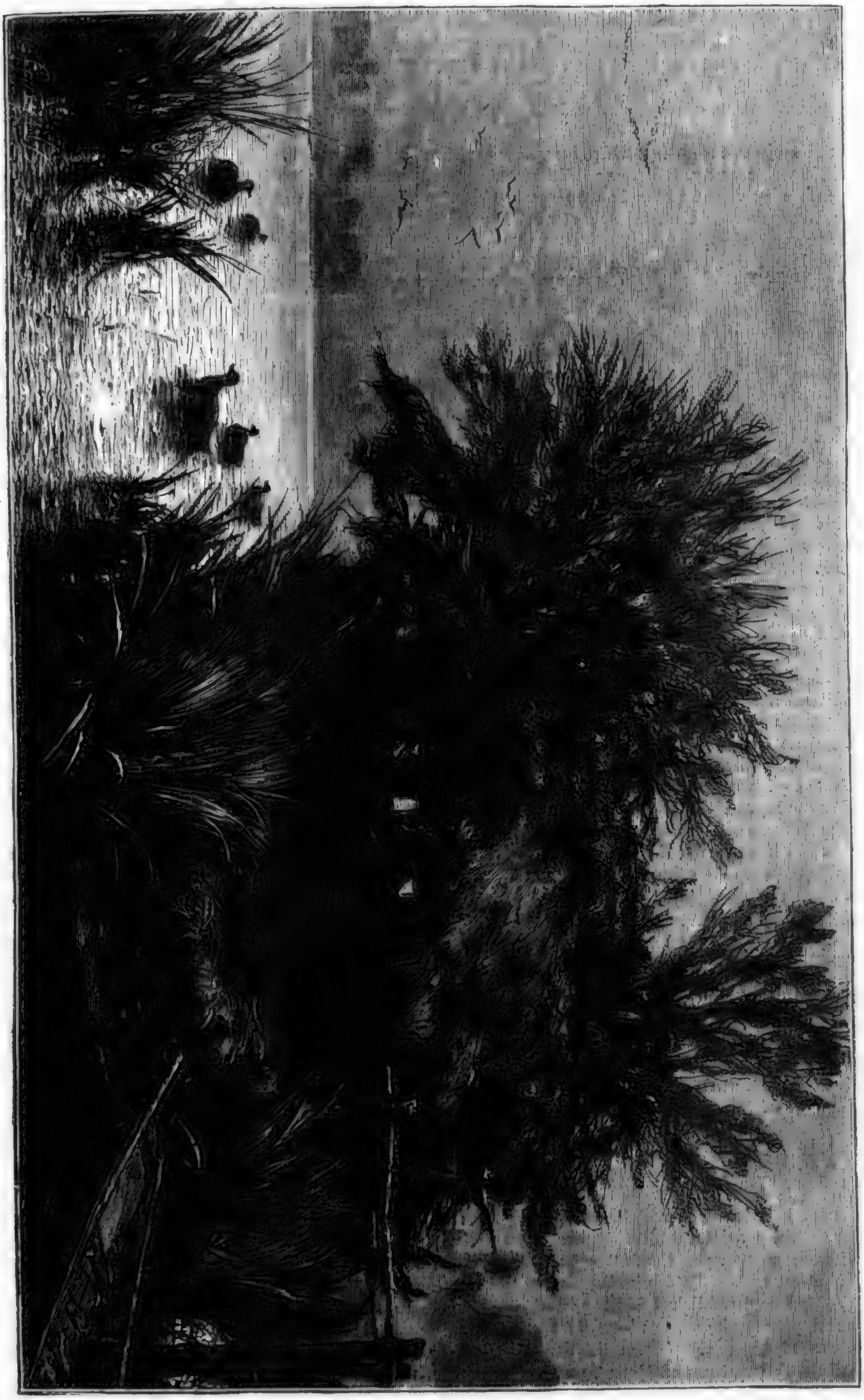
The pinnated grouse, or prairie-chicken, is still plentiful in the West and Northwest, but civilization is crowding them to the wall. But a few years ago the prairies of Ohio, Indiana, Southern Michigan, and Illinois, were fairly alive with them; now but a few scattering broods remain, and the sportsman and market-shooter must go to Minnesota, Dakota, and Kansas, to be successful in the capture of this noble bird.



A TURKEY-ROOST.

Thus are our game-birds vanishing. Increasing civilization, imperfect laws, reduction of cover, multiplication of sportsmen and sportsmen's clubs, market-shooting, and a general improvement in firearms, have been, and are now, doing their work, and as sportsmen stand aghast at the dreary prospect for future sport, the question naturally arises: What can be done to check this waste, and restore to our fields and woods at least a portion of their former plenitude? Man will still be born with the sporting instinct, and it must be indulged, and to indulge it fairly and honestly, he must have the requisites, less that which in itself is harmless and beneficial may take another channel, and work out that which is evil.

The first great necessity is protection, which can only be brought about by enacting intelligent laws and making the penalties so severe that a would-be violator will think twice before committing the deed. Let the laws be suggested by sportsmen, and a good force of active game-wardens be distributed to see that they are enforced. Appeal to that sense of pride and decency which is in every sportsman, that shall show him the folly and evil of



DUCK-SHOOTING.—THE DECOY.

shooting for count, and make him a game-protector. Teach the people that to demand woodcock in June, and grouse and quail in April, of restaurant and hotel-keepers, is wrong, as it makes the caterers law-breakers, and works a tremendous evil to the nesting-birds. Once get people interested in protection, and game out of season will be so unpopular that there will be no market for it, and one of the greatest causes of depletion will be done away with.

When the subject of Forestry, which is rapidly growing in interest in this country, becomes a solid, working fact, it will prove a powerful factor in game-protection, for whatever increases our timber supply must inevitably increase our game-birds.

The question of fish propagation and distribution has been proven a success, and every year millions of fry are turned loose from the State hatcheries to restock our depleted lakes and streams. Were Government to interest itself in our vanishing game-birds as it has in our trout and bass, and by the construction and maintenance of large aviaries be able to turn loose yearly large numbers of quail and grouse, the supply would soon become exhaustless.

To interest the farmer in game-protection is to gain a very important point in this matter. Once get him to see the benefits, and every farm will become a preserve from which the owners can derive a revenue that will help out considerably when tax-day comes round. It would be but little trouble for him to post his land and keep an eye upon law-breakers, while a handful of grain now and then to the suffering quail in the cold Winter-time would not lessen his wealth any and do a world of good. To sum it all up, the fate of our vanishing game-birds rests largely with the people. Let the press take it up, and ventilate it so thoroughly that everybody will feel that portion of the responsibility rests upon them. So shall we see our game-birds coming back again to gladden the deserted covers. Once more the roar of the mighty hosts of pigeons shall be heard, and "Bob White's" whistle and the grouse's tattoo sound from every copse and pasture. Long lines of ducks and geese shall quack and honk across the sky, and in the place of vanishing game-birds America will boast of an ever-increasing, never-failing supply.

SUPERSTITIONS CONCERNING BELLS.

Much is said about church-bells which formerly sometimes used to toll entirely by themselves on occasions of extraordinary importance. In some countries places are pointed out where church-bells which have fallen into a lake or river, or have sunk deep into the ground, will toll on certain days of the year, or on certain solemn occasions. The believers in these wonders go to the place where a bell is said to be hidden, and listen attentively. Generally they soon hear the distant sounds which they anxiously wish to hear.

A wonderful bell is mentioned by Abraham à Sancta Clara, who so forcibly preached during the latter half of the seventeenth century; and some account of the same bell is given by Montana in his "Historische Nachricht von denen Glocken," published in the year 1726. Montana says that "it may be seen at Vililla, a small town in the kingdom of Arragon." When this bell was being cast, one of the thirty pieces of silver for which the arch-traitor, Judas Iscariot, delivered up Jesus Christ to the chief priests, was melted down with the metal, which had the effect of causing the bell to sound occasionally by itself without being touched, especially before the occurrence of some great national calamity, such as a disastrous issue of a warlike expedition, or the death of a king. In the year 1601, Montana records, it continued to ring by itself for three days unintermittingly—viz., from Thursday, the 13th of June, until Saturday, the 15th; but whether it had some particular reason for this extraordinary procedure, or whether it was merely actuated by some capricious impulse, we are not informed by the learned writer.

A lamentable misunderstanding, occasioned by a little house-bell, is recorded by Grimm as having occurred in a German town; but we are not informed of the name of the town, nor of that of the citizen in whose house it occurred. The inmates of the house, with the exception of the mistress, heard distinctly the sound of the bell, and were quite certain that no one had touched it. Moreover, a few days afterward, they heard it a second time. The master of the house, a strong and healthy man, made up his mind at once that this omen portended the decease of his wife, who was keeping her bed, very much reduced indeed. He forbade the servants to tell their mistress what had occurred, lest it might frighten her, and hasten her dissolution. The state of suspense, after the bell had given warning the second time, lasted for about six weeks, when suddenly—the husband died, and the wife became better! Even after the widow had married again, the bell rang by itself on several occasions; and whenever this happened there was sure to be a death in the house—sooner or later.

HUMOROUS DEFINITIONS.

A witty, humorous or satirical definition cannot be universally acceptable, since it usually hurts somebody's susceptibilities. No man or woman delighting in a burst across country at the heels of the hounds but would think it rank heresy to hold with Pope that hunting is nothing better than pursuing with earnestness and hazard something not worth the catching; and the novelist who says æstheticism means, "none of the old conventionalities, no religion, very little faith, scarcely any charity, and nearly all sunflowers," has few admirers, we may be sure, among the worshipers of bilious hues and graceless garments. Ladies ambitious of platform popularity would indignantly deny the truth of Whately's "Woman is a creature that cannot reason, and pokes the fire from the top," and how angrily your golden-haired girl graduate would curl her pretty lips at hearing a young lady defined as a creature that ceases to kiss gentlemen at twelve, and begins again at twenty. Her agreeing or disagreeing regarding matrimony being justly described as a tiresome book with a very fine preface, would depend upon whether she had private reasons inclining her to venture upon Heine's "high sea for which no compass has yet been found."

The gentlemen who instruct the British public respecting the merits and demerits of authors, artists, and actors, cannot be expected to own Lord Beaconsfield right in saying, "Critics are the men who have failed in literature and art." The newspaper-writer who pronounced a journalist to be a man who spent the best years of his life in conferring reputations upon others, and getting none himself, would probably demur at that by which he lives being described as "groundless reports of things at a distance"; and if an American, he would loudly exclaim against the *Autocrat of the Breakfast-table* defining "interviewers" as "creatures who invade every public man's privacy, listen at every keyhole, tamper with every guardian of secrets; purveyors to the insatiable appetite of a public which must have a slain reputation to devour with its breakfast, as the monster of antiquity called regularly for his tribute of a spotless virgin."

The witness who enlightened judge and jury by explaining that a bear was a person who sold what he had not got; and a bull, a man who bought what he could not pay for, thought he said a smart thing; but he had been partly anticipated by Bailey, who, in his Dictionary, tells us that to "sell a bear" means among stockjobbers to sell what one hath not. The worthy lexicographer lays it down that a definition is "a short and plain description of the meaning of a word, or the essential attributes of a thing," but does not always contrive to attain to his own ideal. For example, we do not learn much about the essential attributes of things when told that bread is the staff of life; a bench, a seat to sit upon; a cart, a cart to carry anything in; that thunder is a noise well known to persons not deaf; dreaming, an act well known; that elves are scarecrows to frighten children; and birch, "well known to schoolmasters." He defines a wheelbarrow as a barrow with one wheel, and informs us that a barrow is a wheelbarrow. Some of his definitions are instructive enough, as showing how words have departed from their original signification. Thus we find that in his time a balloon meant a football; defalcation, merely a deduction or abating in accounts; factory, a place beyond seas where the factors of merchants resided for the convenience of trade; farrago, a mixture of several sorts of grain; novelist, a newsmonger; saucer, a little dish to hold sauce; politician, a statesman; and "the people," the whole body of persons who live in a country, instead of just that part of them happening to be of one mind with the individual using that noun of multitude.

Philosophers are rarely masters of the art of definition, their efforts that way, as often as not, tending to bewilder rather than enlighten. What a clear notion of "common sense" does one of these afford us by describing it as "the immediate or instinctive response that is given in psychological language, by the automatic action of the mind; or in other words, by the reflex action of the brain, to any question which can be answered by such a direct appeal to self-evident truth." Still better or worse is the definition of the mysterious process called "evolution," as a change from an indefinite incoherent homogeneity to a definite coherent heterogenity, through continuous differentiations and integrations; which an eminent mathematician has thus rendered for the benefit of English-speaking folk: "Evolution is a change from a no-howish untalkaboutable all-likeness to a some-howish and in-general talkaboutable not-at-all likeness, by continuous somethingelseifications and sticktogetherations." Putting this and that together, he who does not comprehend exactly what evolution is must be as obtuse as the playgoer, who, sitting out a play, does not know he is witnessing "a congeries of delineations and scenes co-ordinary into a vivid and harmonious picture of the genuine features of life."

Impromptu definitions have often the merit of being amusing, whatever may be said as to their correctness. "What on earth can that mean?" asked Hicks of Thackeray, pointing to the inscription over a doorway, "Mutual Loan Office." "I don't know," answered the novelist, "unless it means that two men who have nothing, agree to lend it to one another." Said Lord Wellesley to Plunket: "One of my aides-de-camp has written a personal narrative of his travels; pray, what is your definition of 'personal'?" "Well, my lord," was Plunket's reply, "we lawyers always consider personal as opposed to real"; an explanation as suggestive as that of the London magistrate who interpreted a "housekeeper" as meaning "a sort of a wife." "Pray, my lord," queried a gentleman of a judge, "what is the difference between common law and equity?" "Very little in the end," responded his lordship; "at common law you are done for at once; in equity, you are not so easily disposed of. The former is a bullet which is instantaneously and charmingly effective; the latter, an angler's hook, which plays with the victim before it kills him. Common law is prussic acid; equity is laudanum." An American contemplating setting a lawsuit going, his solicitor said he would undertake the matter for a contingent fee. Meeting Mr. Burleigh soon afterward, the would-be litigant asked that gentleman what a contingent fee might be. "A contingent fee," quoth Mr. Burleigh, "is this—if the lawyer loses the case, *he* gets nothing; if he wins it, *you* get nothing." "Then I don't get anything, win or lose?" said his questioner. "Well," was the consolatory rejoinder, "that's about the size of a contingent fee." So Brough was not very much out in defining a lawyer as a learned gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemies and keeps it himself.

"What is a nobleman's chaplain?" inquired a legal luminary, perhaps over-fond of professing ignorance. "A nobleman's chaplain, my lord," said Dr. Phillimore, "is a spiritual luxury." It is astonishing how innocent gentlemen learned in the law are, by their own account. Addressing a matronly witness in a breach of promise case, counsel for the defense said: "I am an old bachelor, and do not understand such things. What *is* courtship?" "Looking at each other, taking hold of one another's hands, and all that kind of thing," was the comprehensive answer.

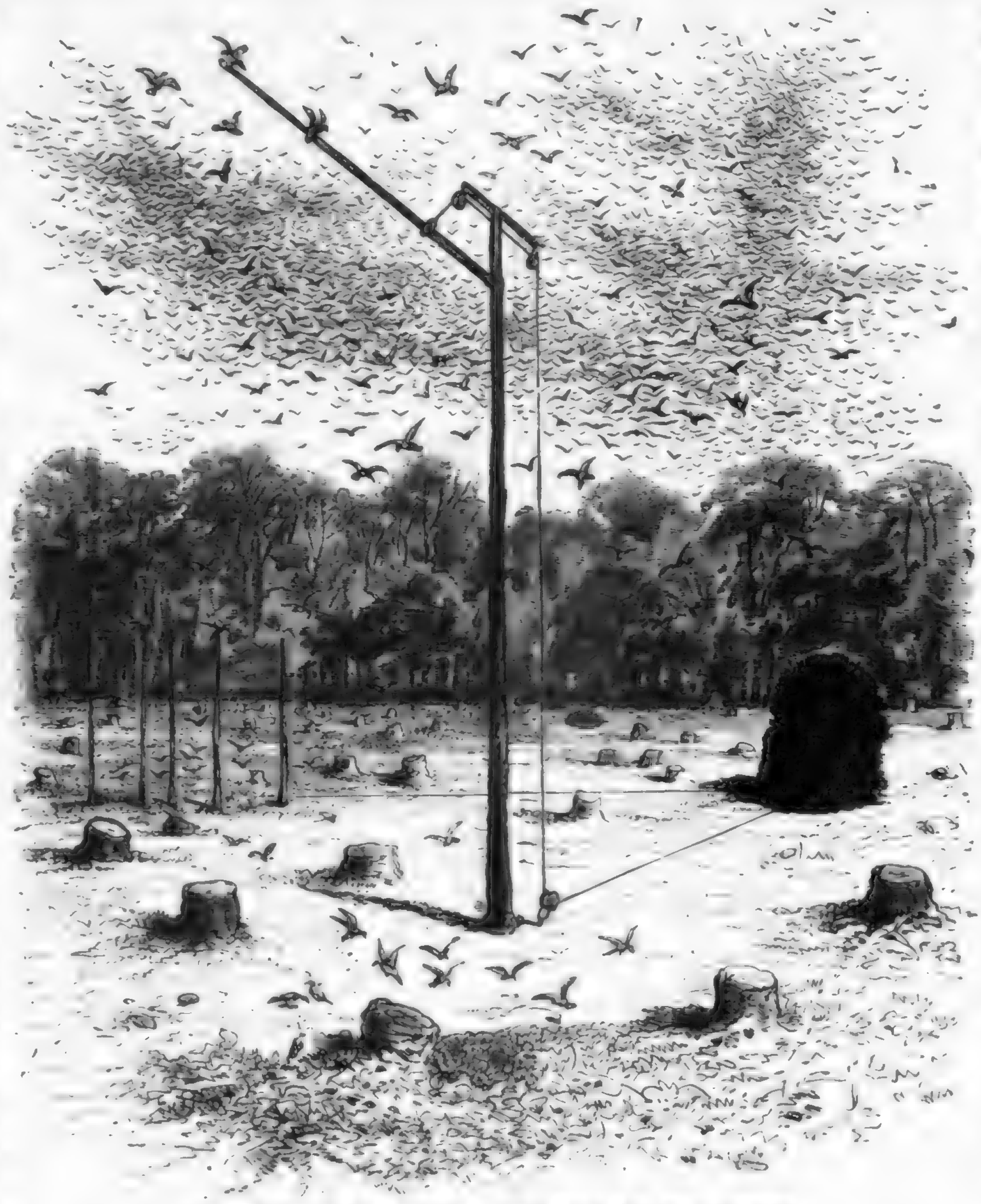
An Ohio school-committee must have been puzzled to decide which of two candidates for a schoolmarmship was the better fitted for the post—the young woman who averred that "respiration" was the perspiring of the body, or her rival, who believed "emphasis" was the putting more distress on one word than another; definitions worthy of a place beside those achieved by the English medical student responsible for: "Hypothesis, something that happens to a man after death"; and "Irony, a substance found in mineral wells, which is carefully preserved in bottles, and sold by chemists as tincture of iron." All abroad, too, was the intelligent New York "health-officer," who, having testified that his district was afflicted with highjinnicks, being pressed as to what he understood "hygienics" to mean, answered: "a bad smell arising from dirty water."

At one of Sheridan's dinner-parties, the conversation turned upon the difficulty of satisfactorily defining "wit." Forgetting that he was expected to hear, see, but say nothing, Master Tom informed the company: "Wit is that which sparkles and cuts." "Very good, Tom," said his father. "Then, as you have sparkled, you can cut!" and poor Tom had to leave his dinner unfinished. Probably a worse fate awaited the Brooklyn boy, who, called upon to explain the meaning of "Quaker," wrote: "A Quaker is one of a sect who never quarrel, never get into a fight, never claw each other, and never jaw back. Pa's a Quaker; but ma isn't"! The youngsters sometimes hit upon very quaint definitions, such as: Ice, water that staid out in the cold and went to sleep; dust, mud with juice squeezed out; fan, a thing to brush warm off with; sob, when a fellow doesn't want to cry and it bursts out of itself; wakefulness, eyes

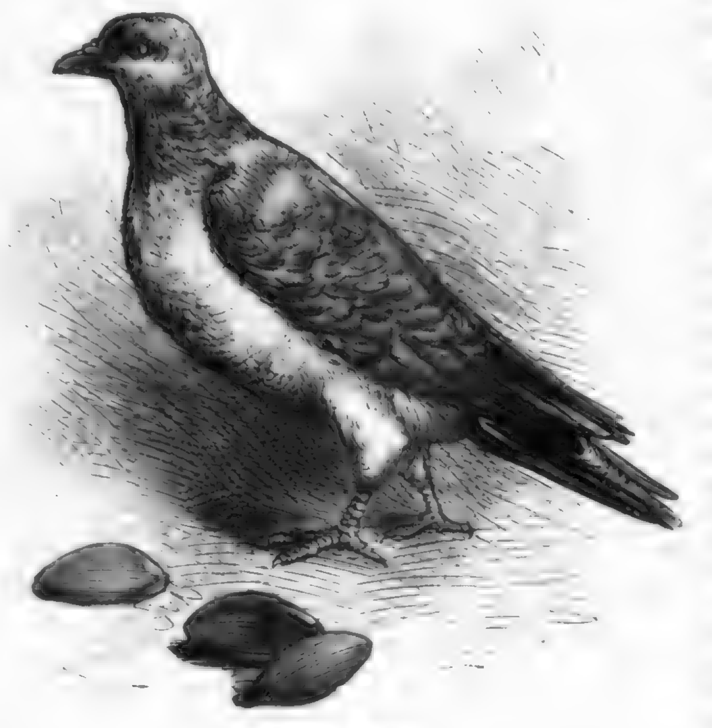
XUM

all the time coming unbuttoned; chaos, a great pile of nothing and no place to put it in.

When the French Academicians were busy with their famous Dictionary, the members of the committee were at odds as to defining *de suite* and *tout de suite*. Bois-Robert suggested that they should adjourn to a restaurant and discuss some oysters and the question together. On arriving there, Bois-Robert asked the attendant to open *de suite* six dozen oysters, and Courart chimed in with: "And serve them to us *tout de suite*." "But, gentlemen," the woman said, "how can I open your oysters *de suite* and serve them *tout de suite?*" "Easily enough," answered one of the party; "open them *de suite*—that is, one after another—and serve them *tout de suite*—that is, as soon as you have opened them." His definition of the two phrases was adopted by acclamation. There is nothing like practical illustration to bring home the meaning of things. Puzzled by hearing a deal of talk about contracting and expanding the currency, an American lass asked her sweetheart: "What is the difference, John, between contraction and expansion, and how do circumstances affect them?" John was quite equal to the occasion. "Well, dear," said he, "when we are alone we both sit on one chair, don't we?" "Yes, dear." "That's contraction. But when we hear your pa or ma coming, we get on two chairs, don't we?" "I should say we did." "Well, love, that's expansion, and it is seen according to circumstances." "John," said the satisfied maiden, "we are contracting now, ain't we?" "You are right!" said John; and then was performed an operation which a great mathematician defined as consisting "in the approach of two curves which have the same bend as far as the points of contact."

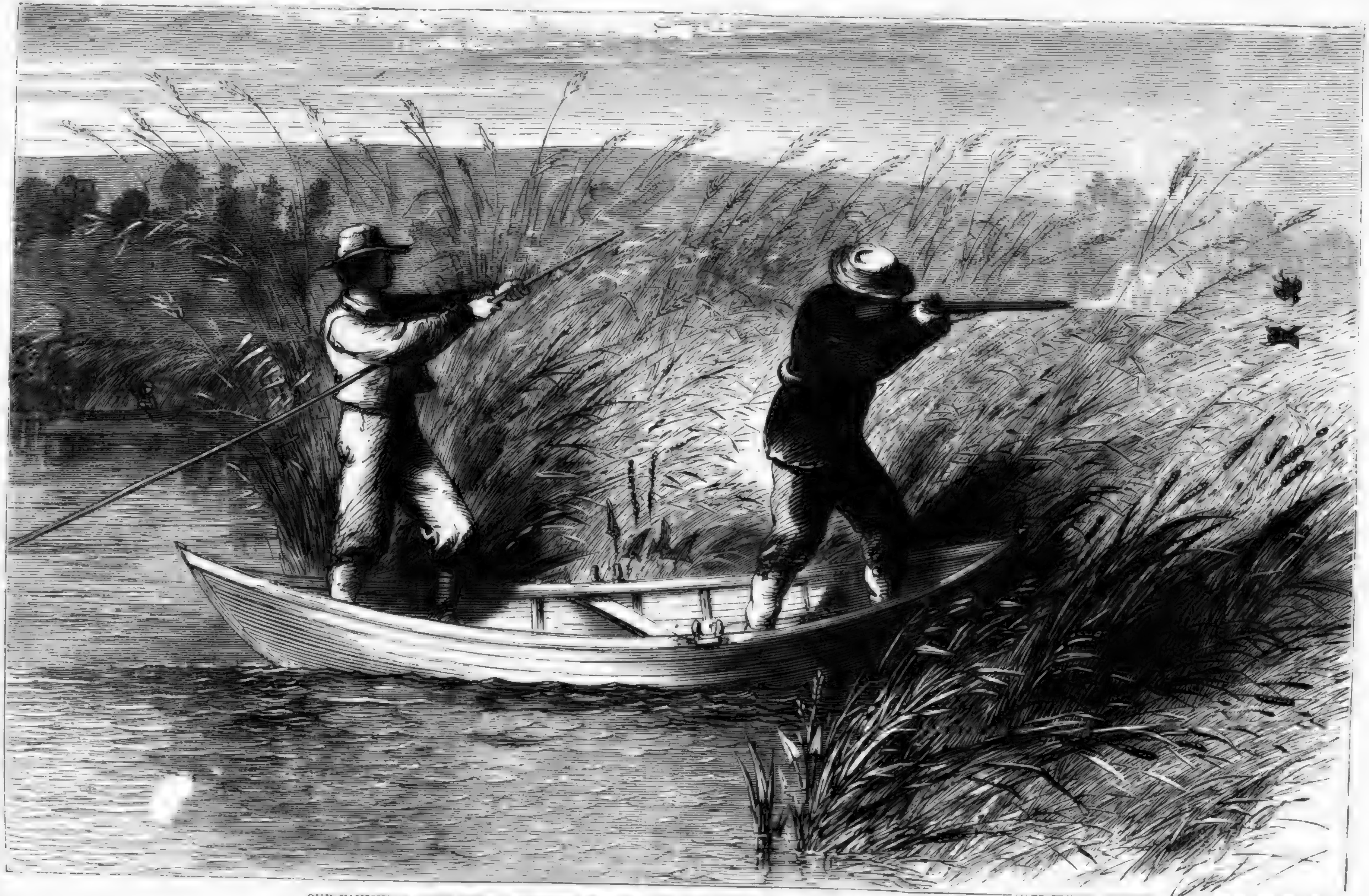


OUR VANISHING GAME-BIRDS.—DECOY TRAP FOR WILD PIGEONS.



THE WILD PIGEON.

Doubt is the vestibule which *all* must pass before they can enter into the temple of wisdom; therefore, when we are in doubt, and puzzle out the truth by our own exertions, we have gained a something that will stay by us, and which will serve us again. But if to avoid the trouble of the search, we avail ourselves of the superior information of a friend, such knowledge will not remain with us; we have not *bought* but *borrowed* it.



OUR VANISHING GAME-BIRDS.—SHOOTING RAIL ON THE HACKENSACK MEADOWS, NEW JERSEY.—SEE PAGE 36.

MAY COLVIN.

AN AYRSHIRE BALLAD.

FALSE Sir John a-wooing came
To a maid of beauty fair:
May Colvin was the lady's name,
Her father's only heir.

He's courted her butt and he's courted her ben,
And he's courted her into the ha',
Till once he got his lady's consent
To mount and ride awa'.

She's gane to her father's coffers,
Where all his money lay;
And she's taken the red, and she's left the white,
And so lightly has she tripped away.

She's gane down to her father's stable,
Where all his steeds did stand,
And she's taken the best and she's left the worst
That was in her father's land.

He rode on and she rode on,
They rode a long Summer's day,
Until they came to a broad river,
An arm of a lonesome sea.

"Loup off thy steed," says false Sir John,
"Your bridal bed you see,
For it's seven kings' daughters I've drowned here,
And the eighth I'll make out with thee.

"Cast off, cast off your silks sae fine,
And lay them on a stone,
For they're o'er good and o'er costly
To rot in the salt sea foam.

"Cast off, cast off your holland smock,
And lay it on this stone,
For it's too fine and o'er costly
To rot in the salt sea foam."

"O turn you about, thou fause Sir John,
And look to the leaf o' the tree;
For it never becomes a gentleman
A woman thus to see."

He turned himself straight round about,
To look to the leaf o' the tree;
She's twined her arms about his waist
And thrown him into the sea.

"O hold a grip, May Colvin,
For fear that I should drown;
I'll take you hame to your father's gate,
And safely I'll set you down."

"O lie you there, thou fause Sir John—
O lie you there!" said she;
"For you lie not in a caulder bed
Than the ane you intended for me."

So she went on her father's steed,
As swift as she could flee;
And she came hame to her father's gate
At the breaking of the day.

Up then spake the pretty parrot:
"May Colvin, where have you been?
What has become of fause Sir John,
That wooed you so late yestreen?"

Up then spake the pretty parrot:
In the bonny cage where it lay:
"O what ha' ye done with the fause Sir John,
That he behind you does stay?

"He wooed you butt and he wooed you ben,
He wooed you into the ha',
Until he got your own consent
For to mount and gang awa'."

"O hold your tongue, my pretty parrot,
Lay not the blame upon me;
Your cage shall be made of beaten gold,
And the spokes of ivorie."

Up then spake the king himself,
In the chamber where he lay:
"O what ails the pretty parrot,
That prattles so long ere day?"

"It was a cat cam' to my cage-door,
I thought 'twould have worried me,
And I was calling on fair May Colvin
To take the cat from me."

FRED'S RETURN.

THE STORY OF A HAPPY SUMMER.

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

"ONLY one day more and Fred will be with us, and we shall be happy as the day is long!" said pretty Nora Thurlow, as she laid her wedding-dress out upon the white coverlet of her bed and made a step backward, trying its effect. "Are you not glad that the time is so near, mamma?"

"Yes; I hope that nothing may happen in this last four-and-twenty hours to turn your joy into sorrow, Nora," was the low reply.

Mrs. Thurlow's mourning-garments, as well as certain traces of sorrow on her worn but still fair face, showed that her own experience of life had been a bitter one.

Yet there was a deeper cause for her words—the memory of past troubles; and, leaving her daughter to her absorbed contemplation of her bridal garments, she presently rose and went into the kitchen, where their one domestic was busily engaged about dinner.

"Lucretia, please tell me once more what that man said to you," she remarked, with apparent carelessness, after she had given a few directions about household concerns.

Lucretia Abey, a tall, gaunt spinster from New England, looked up from the potato that she was paring, with a keen expression of interest in her gray eyes.

"Do you mean the insane man that I met out on the waste land yesterday, ma'am?" she asked, pointing with her knife to the dreary, unoccupied flats that stretched between these distant suburbs and the great City of New York.

"Yes," said Mrs. Thurlow, evading that direct gaze. "You really *do* think he was insane, Lucretia?"

"Certain," avowed Lucretia, emphatically, wondering at the almost pleading tone in which the question was asked. "You would never have doubted that, Mrs. Thurlow, if you could have seen him. To be sure, he was dressed like a gentleman, and he had a handsome watch and chain, for he was looking at the time just before he met me. But his eyes would have told the story to any one, ma'am! Black as jet, but as burning as two coals of living fire. I can see them now!"

"And he said," inquired Mrs. Thurlow, whose soul died within her as she recognized this description—"he said that you were to tell me that he had traced me out, after a long and expensive search, and that I and my daughter might be sure that he would make one among the guests upon her wedding-day?"

"That's just it, Mrs. Thurlow, word for word. It struck me as such a strange thing, you know, because people generally wait to be asked to a wedding, instead of inviting themselves. But there! no one can answer for anything that a crazy person may do. And he seemed to me to have some kind of a grudge against you and Miss Nora by the way he looked and spoke."

"He has, Lucretia. He is the worst enemy that we have—the only enemy, I hope—in this world. Take great care not to let him get into this house if he appears in the neighborhood again. I believe him to be capable of any crime in his present distracted state."

Mrs. Thurlow left the kitchen, preserving her usual outward quiet demeanor. But when she was in the hall alone, she clasped her hands and wrung them to pain.

"Robert Clifford free!" she exclaimed, aloud. "What can it mean? He must have bribed the keepers of the asylum, or else he has escaped. From what Lucretia says, he is evidently quite as insane as ever. And what may not my poor child have to dread from him, now that he has discovered our home. I cannot feel safe in this lonely place; at least, I could not if Lucretia was not here. But I have put her on her guard, and the police are constantly at hand. If we remain within doors I doubt if he can harm us. But, oh, how glad I shall be to see Fred's honest face once more, and to know that my darling is safe in his care!"

She went into the pleasant sitting-room, and found Nora there before her.

The fair young girl was standing before her writing-desk. She held a package of letters and a photograph in her hand, and was looking rather sorrowfully upon the picture.

"Here are the letters that poor Mr. Clifford wrote to me, and here is his picture," she said, turning to her mother. "I had entirely forgotten them, till, in emptying this desk, I came upon them in a drawer. Poor man! I was not to blame in that matter, *was* I, mamma?"

"How could you be, my dear? You were engaged to Fred Lathier before you met Robert Clifford at Cape May. He chose to persecute you with an unwelcome admiration, and you very properly deputed me to tell him that your affections were engaged."

"It seemed so sad. That he should be sent to the asylum, I mean," said Nora, her blue eyes still resting dreamily on the picture. "I *hope* it was not through me."

"My dear, he inherited madness from his mother's family," said Mrs. Thurlow, in an odd, strained voice. "Surely you might find some pleasanter occupation for your time and thoughts than this upon the eve of your wedding-day."

"Oh, yes. Only one feels more sorry for others, perhaps, when one is very happy," said Nora, with a sigh. "And this is such a strange, dark, powerful face. I can scarcely imagine any woman loving that man, although many might fear him. I suppose I had better destroy these, mamma?"

"Of course, my dear. Burn them—let me burn them at once. They should never have been kept," said Mrs. Thurlow, taking the packet from her daughter's hand. and thrusting it deep down into the fire.

The flame curled up around the package of letters, and in a moment more they were consumed. But the photograph writhed almost like a living thing within the blaze, and Mrs. Thurlow, watching it, saw, with a shudder, those fierce black eyes from amid a sea of fire, looking, with the threatening glance which she remembered so well, up into her own.

Dinner was served at four o'clock in that lonely cottage, and Lucretia, who was a born cook and housekeeper, prided herself on keeping up something of the style and state in those repasts to which she had become accustomed, in other days, in a pretty villa on the Hudson, before Mrs. Thurlow had lost her husband, and with him the fortune that had brightened and embellished life.

But on this day all the pains that she had taken were thrown away, as far as her mistress was concerned.

Not one morsel of food could Mrs. Thurlow touch. The cup of black coffee which she took after dinner acted as a stimulant upon her already excited brain.

Not daring to confide to her daughter or her servant the cause of her uneasiness, she was debarred from the comfort of sending for a local policeman and requesting that a watch more close than usual should be kept over her house for that one night.

"It would frighten Nora, and increase the remorse that she evidently feels for that wretch's doom, although she is innocent of having caused it," she thought, while she debated the question within her own mind. "No—I dare not apply to the police! This one night I must watch over her myself. But, oh, if Fred was only here!"

She could only retreat within the feminine fortification of "a headache," when lovingly questioned by Nora as to her silence and her gloom.

Lucretia, who had occasion in her own life to invent a headache when trouble and anxiety pressed her sore, yet had to be concealed from other eyes, cleared away the untasted dinner, and went grumblingly to her own room.

"Why can't she tell me outright if anything is hanging over her?" she muttered to herself. "I've lived with her ten years or more, and now I'm not fit to be trusted; it seems——"

"Are you Miss Abey?" asked a shock-headed boy, appearing at the outer door of the kitchen, as she entered it by the inner one.

"Yes—what's wanted now?" asked Lucretia, crossly.

"*I* don't want nothing," said the boy. "But your sister sent me here—Mrs. Samantha Peters, at No. 14 Doolittle Court."

"What on earth? Speak out, can't you? What has she sent you here for, in the name of goodness!" exclaimed the startled housekeeper.

"She's fell down the stairs and broke her arm. And she wants you to come right away, if you only stay five minutes."

The boy departed before Lucretia could sufficiently recover herself to send a message by him. She reflected that her mistress, in her present uneasy and excited state, would scarcely consent to her leaving the house. On the other hand, her sister, the most nervous creature in existence, would certainly "worry" herself into a high fever before nightfall if she failed to make her appearance.

"Least said is soonest mended," thought Lucretia, making a rapid toilet. "I'll lock up the lower part of the house, and take the key with me. And I shall be back before tea-time, so no harm will be done."

Half an hour later a shock-headed boy ran up to a tall, dark, foreign-looking gentleman, who was pacing about a lonely quarter of the waste land.

"It's done sir," he said, touching his cap.

"Have you seen her fairly out of the house?" inquired the gentleman, his black eyes all aglow.

"Yes, sir. And a good way on her road to the city. I followed after her, so as to be sure," said the boy.

The gentleman threw him a silver dollar in payment of the service he had rendered, and strode away in the direction of Mrs. Thurlow's cottage.

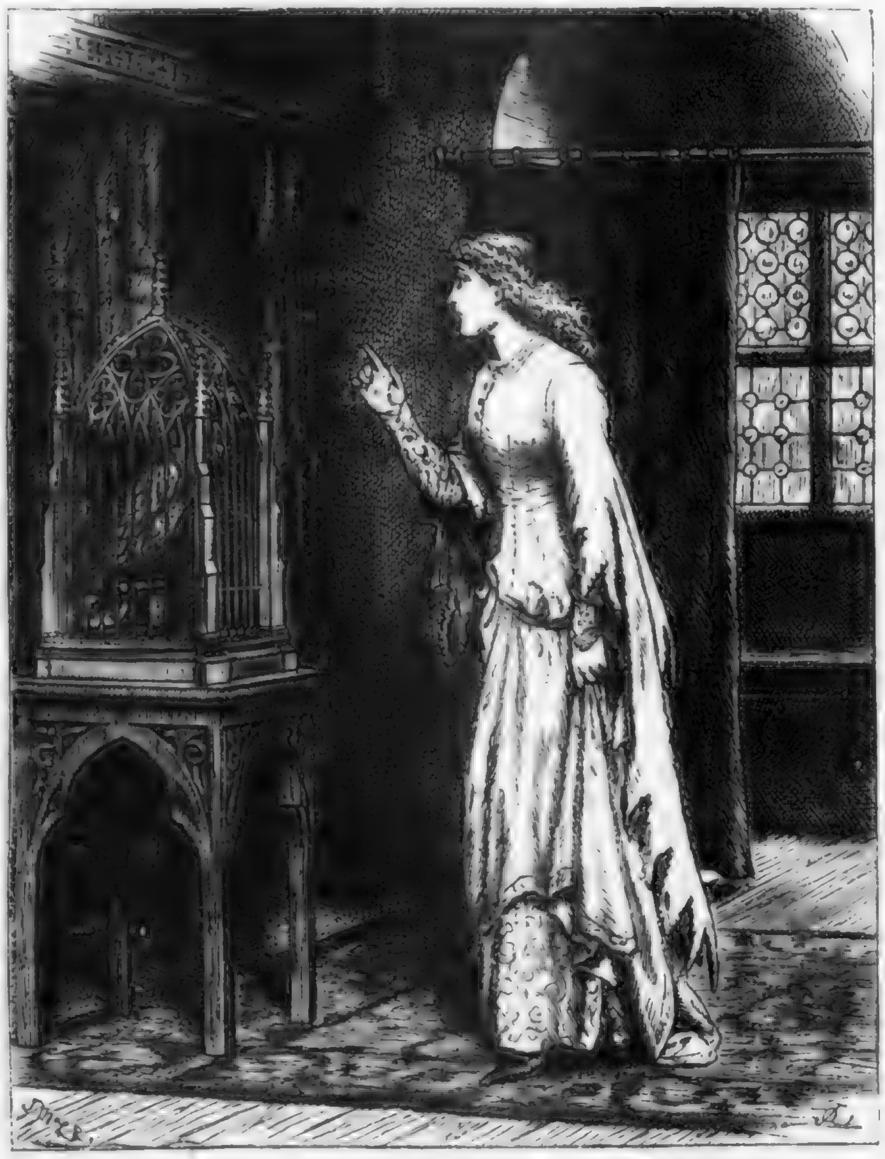
"It was well that I discovered the housekeeper's friends and connections from my pretty Nora's artless

XUM

talk about her early home," he thought, with a smile of gratified malice. "And Nora is not for me. Nora has been pledged to another almost from her childhood. Very well—gold, that has broken the bars of a maniac's cell for me—we will see what power gold has here to break a woman's vow!"

The shadows of the night were drawing in, and the full moon was shining brightly down upon the waste land, when Mrs. Thurlow awoke from a troubled, restless sleep, to find Nora watching somewhat anxiously beside her.

"You cried out several times, mamma, and I was just going to wake you, when you opened your eyes," she said.



MAY COLVIN.—"'O HOLD YOUR TONGUE, MY PRETTY PARROT.'" SEE BALLAD ON PAGE 46.

"I thought your father was alive—that he was coming back to me," said her mother, sadly. "But there were enemies between us; it was all trouble and horror. I am glad I woke."

"Oh, if papa *could* come back. It is so dreadful, not to be *certain* in such cases. To feel that he *may* be living."

"Hush!" said her mother. "A year has gone since we heard that he was lost at sea. He would have come to us long, long ago, if he had been alive!"

"Poor mamma! Oh, how I wish—"

The words died on the girl's lips. For the hall-door opened, and Robert Clifford, with an evil smile on his pale face, stood before them.

"I have managed to decoy your faithful domestic away," he said, as they started to their feet and clung to each other in mute horror and despair. "We three are alone in this wild and lonely place, and you are at my mercy. Aha, Mrs. Thurlow, I beg to inform you that I am the master here!"

"Not yet!" she gasped, seizing Nora by the arm, and whispering something in her ear.

The next instant they both rushed from the room. Robert Clifford dashed after them with a savage oath.

As they sped up the stairs three balls from a revolver whistled around their path, but, happily, failed to hit either.

"Quick, Nora! The roof—the roof!" cried Mrs. Thurlow.

He could not gain upon their flying steps.

The last short, dark staircase was gained, the heavy trap-door was lifted, they were through, and it was securely battened down from the outside just as he reached the place.

Safe and unharmed, the two frightened women stood on the flat roof and listened to his muttered curses below.

Presently they heard him go down into the yard and outbuildings. He was searching for a ladder. But he searched in vain.

"All right!" he cried, seeing them fearfully watching his movements over the edge of the roof. "I will make a burnt-offering of you, my pretty bride—a holocaust you shall be, my dear. No escape for you."

"What does he mean, mamma?" wept Nora.

And her mother only clasped her closer, mingling her own tears with those that fell from the bright-blue eyes.

"God help us! God forgive me!" she thought. "If she dies here, it is I who, from neglect and carelessness, will have killed my child!"

From below they soon heard the crash of furniture, as the maniac roamed from room to room, destroying as he went.

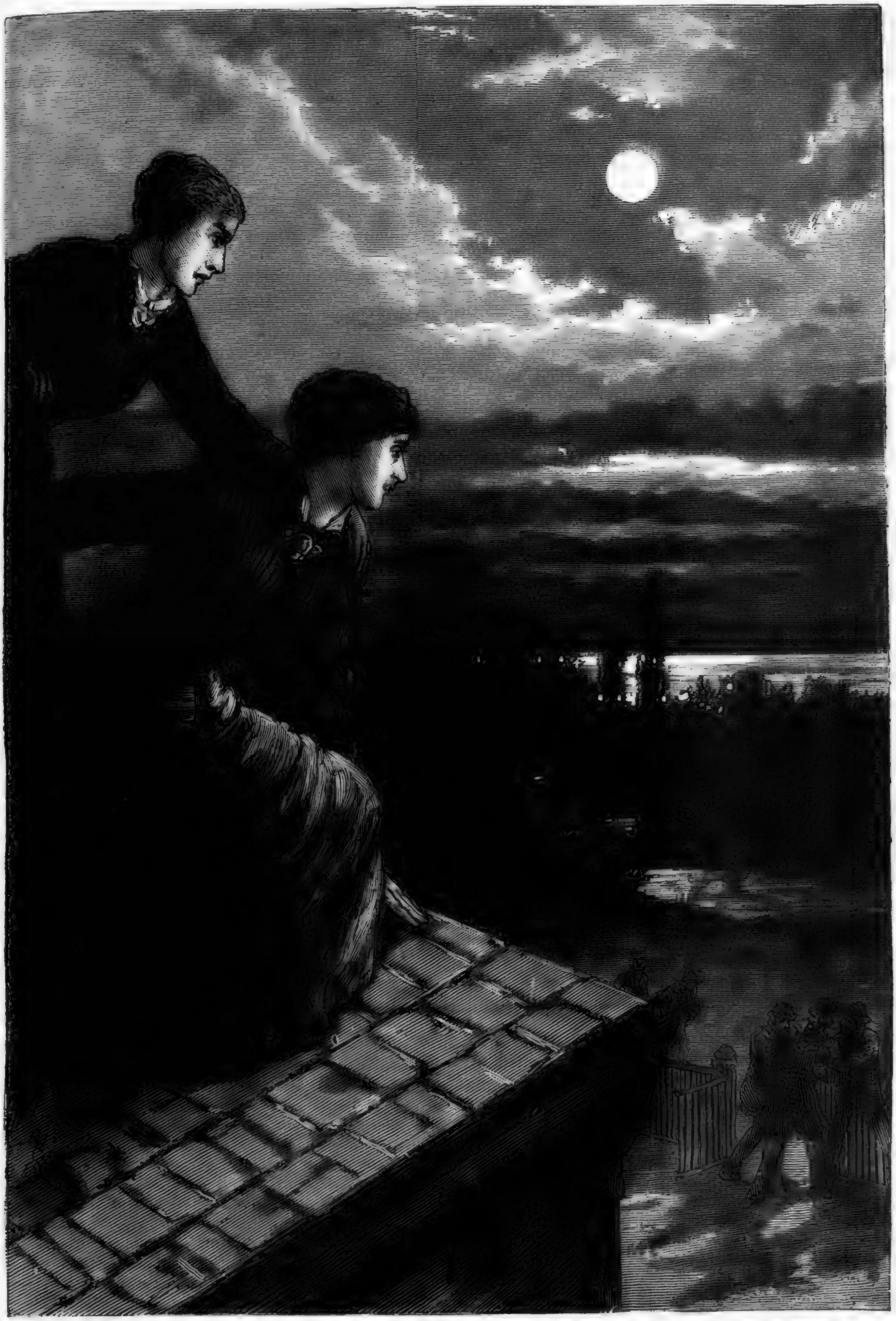
"Your bridal dress, my beauty!" he shouted. "I have found it, and laid it on your funeral pile. Adieu, my bride!"

There was no need now to ask his meaning. The dull roaring of flames below was an answer full of horror. How soon or how far off their doom might be, they knew not. They only felt that it was certain. And, kneeling, they prayed silently, each for the other, that the end might be sudden when it came.

"Farewell, my lovely Nora!" cried Robert Clifford, turning at the garden-gate for one last look at his victims. "You have brought your fate upon yourself. Robert Clifford disputes with no living man for the hand of his bride."

"Don't he? Then what does Robert Clifford think of this?" said a rough voice in his ear, as strong arms seized him, and strong hands slipped a pair of handcuffs over his wrists.

He turned, his livid face full of hate and fury, to confront his captors. But the look of wrath gave place to one of abject fear and submission as a smooth-faced



FRED'S RETURN.—"STRONG ARMS SEIZED HIM AND STRONG HANDS SLIPPED A PAIR OF HANDCUFFS OVER HIS WRISTS.
SEE PAGE 46.

XUM

gentleman in black glided out from the group of policemen and stood beside him.

"Escaped from my asylum, Mr. Clifford!" said the physician, blandly. "Bribing my keepers! Oh, that will never do, you know. You must go back with me at once."

Clifford's furtive gaze, avoiding the doctor's eye, fell upon the shock-headed boy, who stood near the gate.

"You, *you* have betrayed me!" he hissed. "Oh, if I was free!"

"None of that, mister!" responded the boy. "I did your errand, and you paid me. Then comes this gentleman, a-hunting for you, and I got scared, and told him where you were, for he said you was too dangerous to be at large. And what did you want me to get that woman out of the way for? What have you been a-doing here? My gracious, sir! look up yonder!"

The excited boy caught sight just then of a pale face peering from behind the stack of chimneys on the roof.

At the same moment fire burst from every nook and cranny of the doomed house.

The maniac gave a loud yell of triumph.

"You came too late to balk me of my vengeance, gentlemen!" he said. "You never will save my pretty Nora's life!"

"Nora, did he say?" asked some one, as two gentlemen rushed up the path to the gate.

"Nora! Mr. Thurlow—look there!"

* * * * * *

Some hours later Nora and her mother, rescued by almost superhuman exertions from their peril, sat in the private parlor of a city hotel, listening to Fred Lathier's story and to the self-reproaches of the housekeeper, who had found her sister perfectly well, and had hurried back to the cottage, only to see it a smoking ruin.

"Robert Clifford is safe once more in the doctor's custody, and you may be sure the wretched man will never be allowed to escape again," concluded Fred. "And now—are you strong enough to bear a little joy, my dear mother?"

"I thought I saw Henry—my husband—in the midst of that fearful flame!" said Mrs. Thurlow, looking piteously at him. "I thought I heard his voice."

"He carried you from that burning roof in his own arms," replied Fred. "He *was* lost at sea, as we heard, but was picked up by an outward-bound vessel. He has been round the world and through three months of illness in a foreign port since you saw him last; but here he is, alive and well, thank God! and we will all be happy now."

He closed the door upon the reunion of the long-parted husband and wife, and sought Nora for his own reward.

The wedding-day was very quietly celebrated, and Mr. and Mrs. Lathier are still dwelling in the Hudson villa with their parents, instead of taking the European voyage which they once contemplated.

Very happy was the Summer which had so terrible a beginning. But to this day Mrs. Thurlow can scarcely be prevailed upon to trust her daughter out of her sight. Nor do they ever venture in her presence to speak of the dreadful events of that last evening at the lonely cottage on the waste.

Intimacy has been the source of the deadliest enmity, no less than of the firmest friendship, like some mighty rivers, which rise on the same mountain, but pursue a quite contrary course.

A STROLL THROUGH THE ISLAND OF JERSEY.

By Professor Charles A. Joy, Ph.D.

In order to obtain a thorough knowledge of Jersey, it is necessary to make the "round of the island," an excursion which can be safely undertaken in the Summer, under the guidance of an experienced boatman. An enthusiastic traveler thus speaks of the effects produced by such a tour:

"To describe such an excursion fully would obviously be impossible in the narrow limits to which we are here confined, though it would be pleasant to linger in each picturesque nook and sheltered cove, where the blue waters shine with a peculiar radiance over their bed of golden sand, or ripple against the rocks in long, undulating lines of foam, or play with the fantastic tangles of the seaweed in constant eddies and gyrations; murmuring here a music as soft as that of Apollo's lute; deepening there into a sullen roar, like that of thunder in far mountain glens. We might enlarge on the strange combinations often assumed by rugged masses of rock—on the ever-changing aspect of the coast, now dipping down to the sea margin in gentle slopes of greensward; now rearing a seemingly impregnable barrier against the assault of the vexed and turbulent billows. We might speak of quiet little glens, with fern-clad sides, opening suddenly on breadths of ribbed sand, or of sheltered bays, receding, as it were, from the turmoil of the outer ocean, and throwing themselves into the embrace of the everlasting hills. Much, too, might be said of the strange forms of life which haunt the encircling waters—of gleaming jellyfish and radiant sea-anemones; of the asterias thrown adrift on every weedy crag. But all this is beyond our province, and we must, perforce, content ourselves with indicating the principal localities, and objects of interest which successfully present themselves to the voyager, as he coasts the romantic Isle of Jersey."

In making the circuit of the island, starting from St. Helier's, we first cross Saumarez Bay to Saumarez Point, which forms the eastern boundary of the spacious curve or semicircle, marked on the west by Noirmont Point, and inclosing the beautiful recess of St. Aubin's Bay, previously mentioned as so much frequented for its smooth beach and fine opportunities for bathing. Rounding Saumarez Point, we enter St. Clement's Bay, which is skirted by a well-kept military road. Out at sea are several rocky islets and dangerous reefs. It is supposed that a shoal bottom extends from this point to the coast of France, and the island is said to have been here dislocated from the mainland by some great natural convulsion in the eighth century. The soundings between Jersey and the French shore seldom exceed eight fathoms, and are frequently as low as five. The shore of St. Clement's Bay is dotted with houses and gardens, and at low water the scene is very curious, the surface of the sea for miles being covered with weed-strewn crags, rocks, islets, and broken reefs. Rounding La Roque Point, we enter upon Grouville Bay, with its oyster-fisheries, and on the crest of a rocky headland the battlements of Mont Orgueil Castle. This castle crowns the crest of a lofty rock, which is connected with the mainland by a narrow isthmus, lined on either side by massive walls. Though no longer occupied as a fortress, it retains a military aspect, and its hoary battlements and ivy-shrouded walls combine to form a majestic and impressive ruin. It is supposed to have been erected on Roman foundations by Robert, the eldest son of William the Conqueror, and to have been much enlarged and strengthened during the reign of John. It was anciently used as a prison, and also as an asylum to illustrious fugitives. In Queen Elizabeth's time George Poullett resided here; in Charles I.'s, Philip de Carteret; and at a later date, Prince Charles, afterward Charles II., remained here for some months after the death of his father, and before he accepted the invitation of the Scots to return to England. The room he occupied is still shown. During his residence here, he made himself so well acquainted with every part of the island, that he is related to have drawn a map of it, which is supposed to be still in existence in a cabinet of curiosities at Leipsic. William Prynne, the Puritan author of the "Histriomastix," was imprisoned within its walls between August, 1637, and November, 1640, solacing his captivity with the composition of a "Poetic Description of Mont Orgueil Castle, in the Isle of Jersey, Interlaced with some Brief Meditations from its Rocky, Steep, and Lofty Situation." It was dedicated to one of the daughters of the governor—to

> "Sweet mistress, douce, fair Margaret,
> Prime flower of the House of Carteret;"

and opens thus:

> "Mont Orgueil Castle is a lofty pile,
> Within the eastern part of Jersey Isle;
> Seated upon a rock full large and high,
> Close by the seashore, next to Normandie;
> Near to a sandy bay where boats do ride,
> Within a peere, safe from both winds and tide."

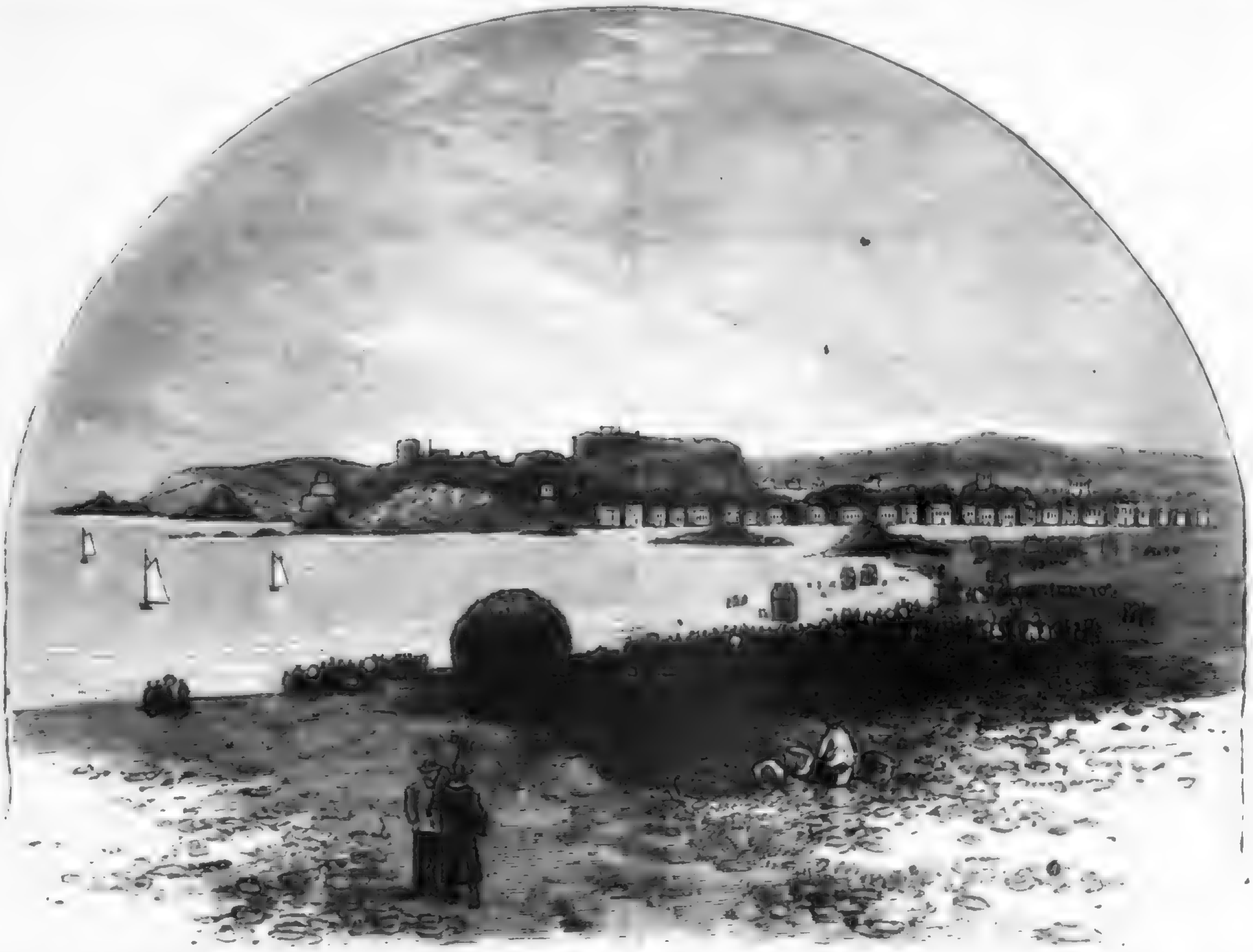
From this specimen it is easy to see what would have become of the original manuscript if waste-baskets had been invented in that day and paper-mills were in full operation. The view from the summit of the castle is very lovely, including Grouville Bay on the right, and St. Catherine's on the left; inland, a magnificently varied expanse of meadow, grove, plain and dell; beneath, the fishing-village of Gorey, with its church, harbor, oyster-beds, hotels and fishing-smacks; and to the east, the coast of France and the Cathedral of Coutances. After leaving Orgueil Castle and rounding several points, we come to Rozel Creek, one of the most romantic spots on the island. Up the creek, many narrow and woody glens offer a succession of charming "bits," which will keep the sketcher's pencil in constant occupation. The cliffs are of considerable elevation and mostly precipitous, and the little fishing-harbor and its few boats increase the picturesqueness of the scene. Bouley Bay, the next in order, is semi-circular in shape, and the cliffs which line it are bold, rugged, lofty and steep, and the scenery of the interior is wild and romantic. There is a pier here, and a battery for the defense of the island. Passing the cliffs of Chert and Norastone, and the narrow gorge of Crabbé, with its frowning precipices and bare walls of granite, we reach Grève de Lecq, notoriously one of the most interesting localities in Jersey. "The coast is broken up by ravines, gorges, gullies, and penetrated by numerous caverns. Into deep and dark abysses the ocean flings its waters with a kind of despairing wail; and in one remarkable fiord a streamlet leaps in spray and foam with a sheer descent of 100 feet. The precipices are dizzy; the crags dislocated into a thousand strange and fanciful forms; the tiny coves and inlets seem to invite you to play the lotus-eater's part; and while the caverns are all of them different in character, there is one so romantic and so beautiful that a visit to it "fills the mind with new and charming images." This cavern does not extend to any great depth, probably not more than fifty or sixty feet from the entrance; the aperture is about fifteen feet high; the roof of the interior, upward of twenty feet. The tide eats and penetrates to its remotest extremity, but does not fill the cavity. From the end of this cave a beautiful and singular picture is presented to the eye. The darkness of the position occupied by the observer, and the effect of the sides of the cave in cutting off the extremely divergent rays, so as to limit the field of vision, are of great value in giving depth and tone to the picture. During sunshine the prospect is extremely beautiful. Cape Grosnez, with its granite cliffs and deep inlets, forms the northwestern extremity of the island. Through an arch of a ruin on its summit an exquisite sea-picture is presented. The sea is studded with islands—Sark, Herm, Jethou and Guernsey—and on the northeast, sky and land seem to dissolve away on the coast of France. The southwestern extremity of the island is marked by a cluster of romantic rocks called the Corbières, from the flocks of sea-cormorants (*corbière*) which frequent them. At low water they form a kind of vertebrate causeway, and stretch across the sea to the island-coast; their strange and varied configuration rendering them a singularly interesting spectacle. St. Brelade's Bay and St. Aubin's will now be passed, and we return once more in safety to our starting-point, having made the round of the island by the coast line, a distance of about forty-five miles. The exploration of the coast cannot fail to create an appetite to see and enjoy the lovely scenery of the interior, and we were well repaid for the days we spent in walking and driving through the shady lanes and over the hard, smooth roads which run in every direction. Behind Anne Port, and about five miles from St. Helier's, is a fine Druidical monument, called the Cromlech, which testifies to the superstitious customs that prevailed on the island even before the invasion of the Romans. It is composed of nine stones supporting a flat one, all of granite, the largest measuring fifteen feet in length, ten in breadth, and about three in thickness, and is estimated to weigh twenty tons. Beneath it, a few years ago, some pottery and bones were found, besides flint implements; in stone coffins, under the Cromlech, were three skeletons, two males and a female, unfortunately without heads, but evidently belonging to a race of small stature. Other cromlechs have been found on the island, but generally smaller than those occurring in England and Brittany. One small one was removed to England and set up in a private park.

The village of Gorey, consisting of a well-built street, extending from the beach to Grouville, was at one time noted for its oyster-fisheries, but the beds have become unproductive, and the trade is now insignificant, although there is a prospect of improvement. The oyster-ground lies toward France, but the Jersey boats are not allowed to fish within three miles of the French shore. Besides the boats belonging to Jersey, many others come from the southern coast of England. The quantity of oysters fished was formerly very large, employing 400 cat-rigged vessels and upward of 2,000 men, besides many women and children. The average annual yield was at one time 300,000 bushels.

The road to Gorey passes by St. Saviour's Church, an edifice consecrated in 1154, and occupying a site from whence there is a superb view. The old graveyard, with its venerable tombs, and the ivy-clad walls of the church, afford a sombre and peculiar picture. The churchyard is a favorite resort of the English residents of St. Helier's, as it is within walking distance of the city, and affords ample shade from which to enjoy the view.

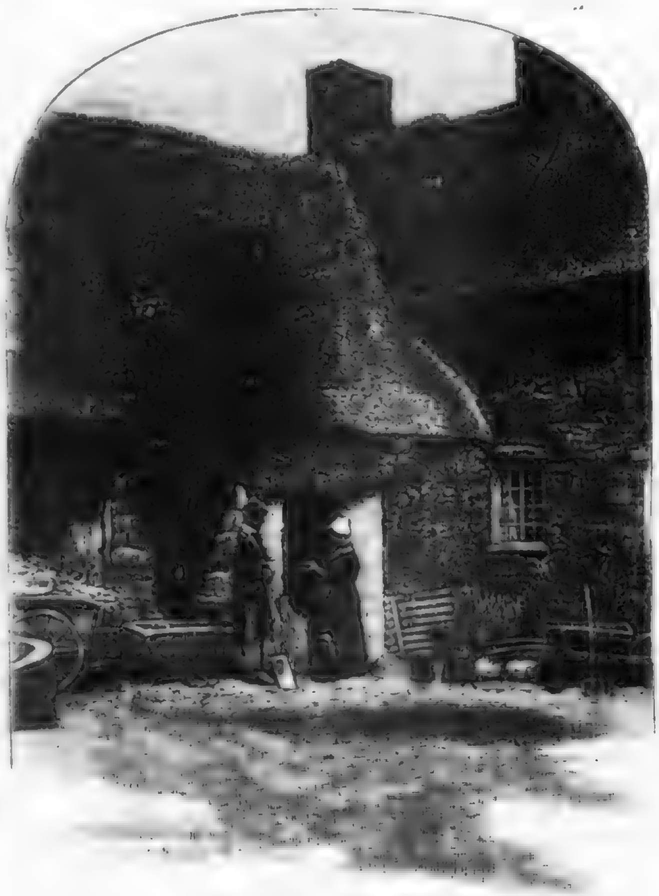
One of the favorite points in Jersey is the Prince's Tower, built upon an artificial hill, very probably

XUM



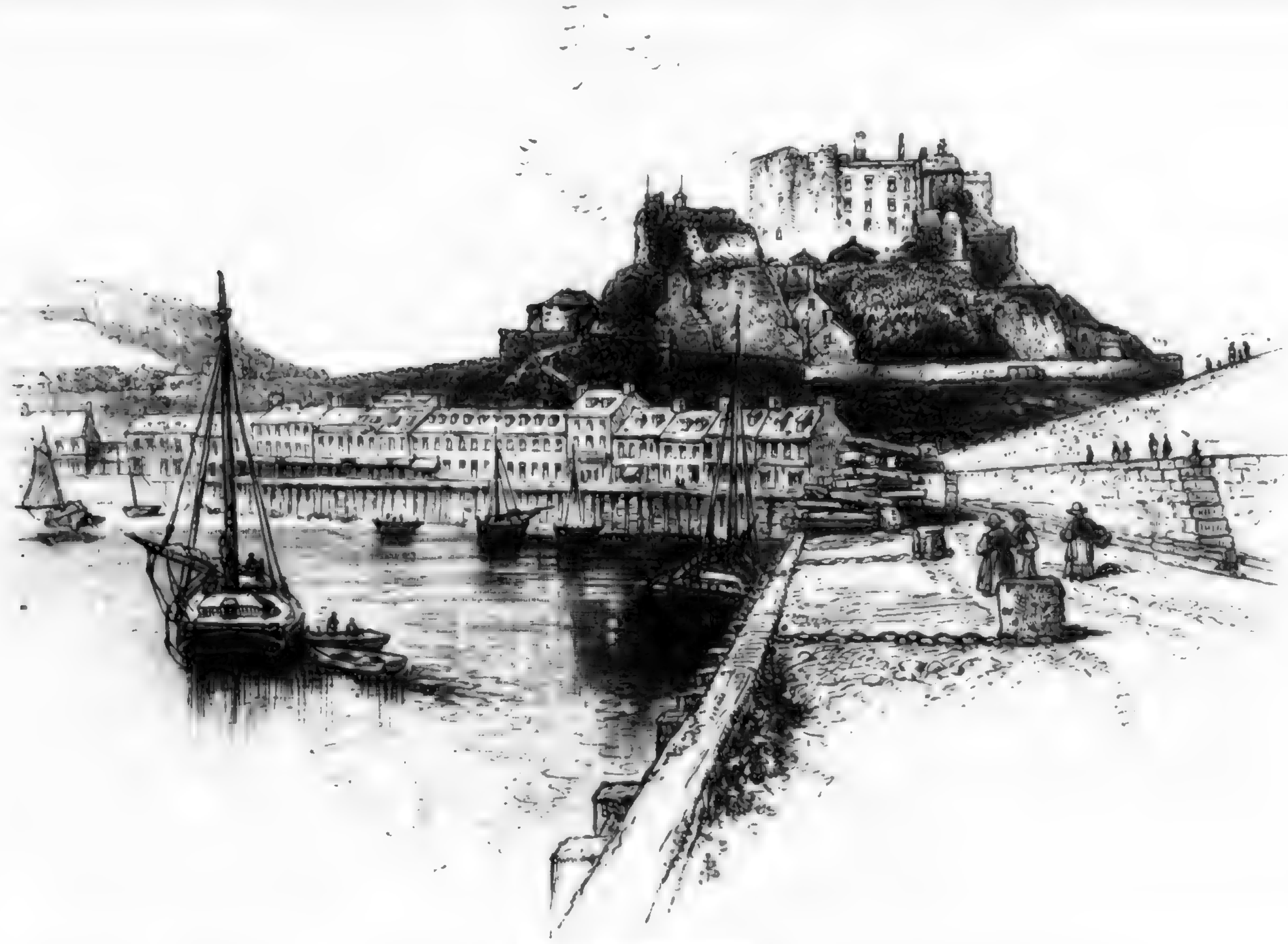
ST. CLEMENT'S BAY, JERSEY.

covering a cromlech, from which a large part of the island and some of its peculiar beauties may be seen. The tower itself is modern, but the site is very ancient. There was once a chapel here, and a legend concerning the place possesses some interest, as it is similar to the miraculous performances of saints as related in connection with several churches on the Continent. The legend tells that once on a time a great serpent made terrible havoc among the flocks and inhabitants of Jersey. No one had the courage to attack it until the Lord of Hambey, clothed in his armor, succeeded in cutting off the monster's head. Fatigued by his exertions, he laid down and fell asleep. He was found in this condition by his squire, who was in love with the Lady of Hambey, and thought the present a good opportunity to be rid of a rival; so the master was slain, and a lying message was sent to the widow, purporting to come from the dying Lord of Hambey, to the effect that the squire had killed the serpent, and beseeching the lady to marry the hero, which, of course, she does; but in a dream the truth comes out, and the squire is punished according to his deserts. The disconsolate widow erected a monument to her first and true liege lord, which has now disappeared, and has been replaced by a very humble tower. This legend is out of the ordinary line, in that the dragon was killed by a knight, who was not afterward to be regarded as a saint. St. George and the Dragon and St. Michael and the Dragon were very different personages from the humble knight of Hambey, and have had the advantage of greater renown.



A THATCHED COTTAGE IN JERSEY.

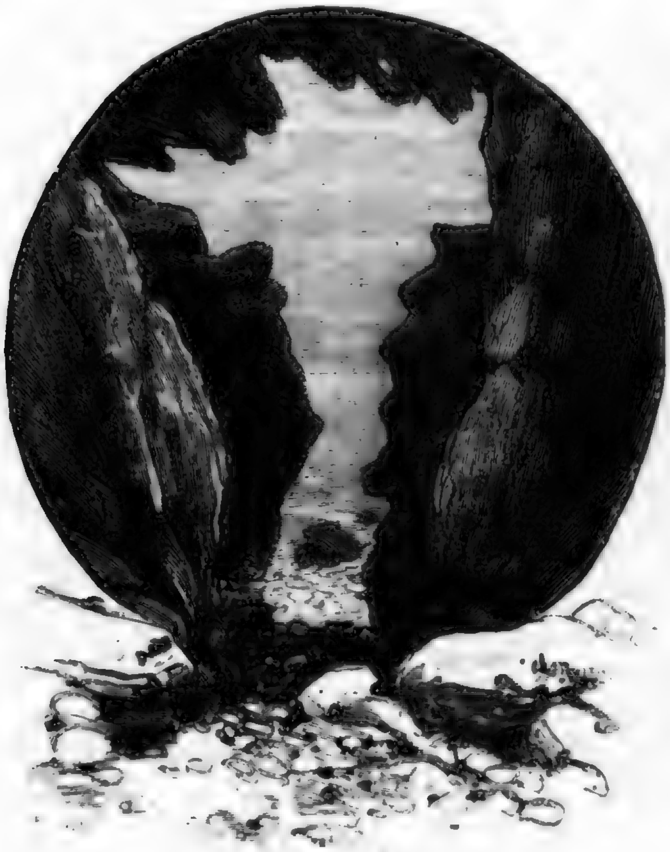
The approach to Prince's Tower is through hydrangeas, fuchsias and other flowering plants and shrubs, which have attained a very unusual size. From the summit of the tower the sea is seen on three sides, and the numerous rocks that bristle up around the island form a curious fringe to the green clothing of its surface. Inland the eye rests on a rich alternation of wooded and cultivated patches, which toward



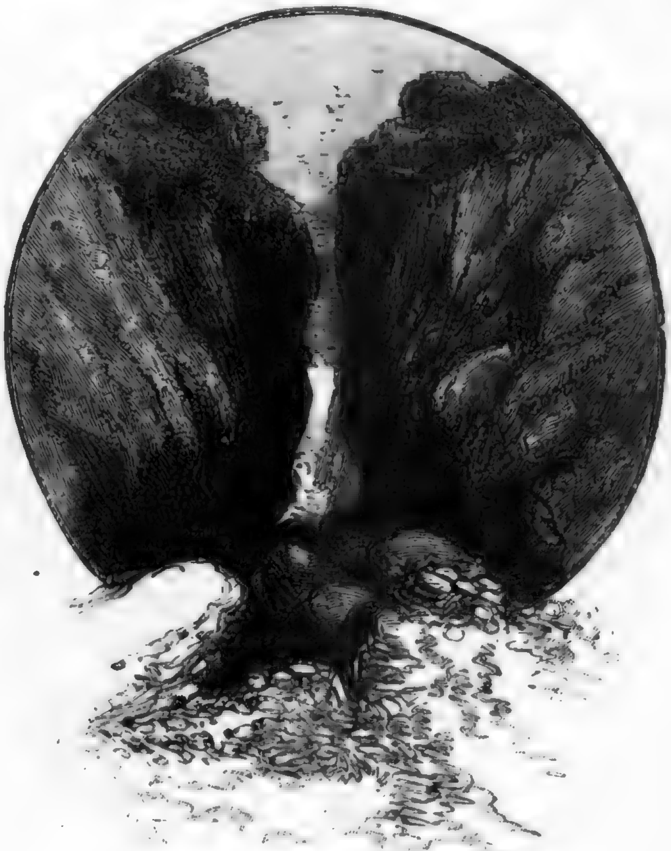
MONT ORGUEIL CASTLE.

the west form a fine horizon. It is difficult to convey a proper idea of this view, for "words cannot embody the shifting effects of light and shade, the varying depth and play of color, the infinite diversity of outline, the glow, and the splendor, and the luxuriance, which invest the prospect with a magical attraction."

In contrast with all this beauty we drove over a tract of land in the southwestern part of Jersey, called Quenvais, which has now become a sandy waste. The sand has gradually lifted above the high bank and penetrated to a considerable distance inland. It is believed that the actual destruction of the old farms took place only about



THE CAVE AT GRÈVE DE LECQ.



THE GORGE AT CRABBÉ.

the end of the fifteenth century, but there is a tradition among the people that the sand was sent as a punishment to the inhabitants, who, many years ago, inhospitably declined to assist some shipwrecked mariners, in the hope of securing plunder from the wreck. The priests besought them to go to the rescue, but they declined to obey, and were properly punished by having their lands made desolate.

The manor-houses of Jersey are an important feature in the history of the island. The lord of the manor was entitled to certain rents, which had to be paid in grain, or its equivalent, and these rents still continue in some of the parishes. Some of the manor-houses are very large, and are surrounded by fine grounds with magnificent old trees. The one at St. Ouen's is a castellated structure, overgrown with ivy, consisting of a centre and two wings, the latter of comparatively modern date. We quote Mr. Durell's description of its interior, as we were not able ourselves to visit it:

"The door opens in a spacious hall, at the bottom of which is a large oaken staircase, which, for its antiquity and high preservation, has nothing to equal it on the island. The railing is of carved oak, and particularly elegant. From this hall there are doors which open into several spacious rooms. On the right-hand side going up the staircase there hangs the picture of a large and spirited horse, in the background of which there is a sketch of St. Ouen's Manor, such as it may be supposed to have been before the addition of its wings. It is not known by whom, or at what time, it was painted, though it is not so ancient as the incident to which it refers—an incident that occurred in the fifteenth century, while the French had the partial occupation of the island. The story rests on a tradition that the then Seigneur of St. Ouen's (Philip de Carteret) had gone out one day to fish in the pond, or rather small lake, which lies close to the beach of St. Ouen's Bay. While thus employed, he was surprised by a body of French troops, whom he had not perceived coming along the sands, below high-water mark. He had, nevertheless, sufficient time and sufficient presence of mind to mount his horse and gallop away from his pursuers. Being, however, closed pressed before and behind, he had no other resource but a desperate leap over a deep, hollow lane between two high banks. The noble-spirited animal, rallying all his strength, succeeded in this extraordinary attempt, and saved his master's liberty, if not his life. As to the pursuers, they either dared not to venture on the perilous leap, or else they failed in the attempt. The lord reached in safety the gate of his manorial mansion, but the spirit and the lifeblood of the generous courser had been expended in the great exertion. He sank under his lord as he alighted, and gasped his last. Such is the tradition; it is possible that it may have been embellished and exaggerated, but there is every probability that the substance of it is true."

The Philip de Carteret alluded to in the story was the father-in-law of Margaret de Harleston, a celebrated Jersey heroine in the time of Henry VII. It is reported of her that she went alone to England, very shortly after her confinement, to appeal to the King against the treachery of one Matthew Baker, the Governor of Jersey, who had falsely accused her husband of traitorous correspondence with the French. The intercession of this heroic lady is said to have been as successful as it deserved to be.

A FACE that cannot smile is never good

TROUBADOURS ANCIENT AND MODERN.

BY F. HUEFFER.

THE good old-fashioned idea of the troubadour—as the minstrel of love going from land to land singing his song and twanging his guitar with no object in view but the praise of beauty, and no rule to entrammel his passionate effusion—has by this time been pretty generally abandoned. It is, or should be, known to all students of literature, that Provençal poets, so far from being wholly wrapt up in their love-thought, took on the contrary a keen and active interest in the affairs of their day; that indeed their literary, as well as their social, importance, depends quite as much on their slashing and bitter satire as on their always sweet but frequently monotonous and conventional love-songs. But still more mistaken is the notion that the troubadour, as the singer of pure passion, was unfettered by any rules and canons of art. It may indeed be said that he was the representative of art, or, if the reader prefers it, artificiality, in its strictest and most highly developed sense. The metres invented and used with consummate skill by the poets of mediæval Provence remain a wonder of symmetry and technical perfection in the history of literature, unequaled by the poets of other nations who successively tried to imitate them.

For it may truly be said that in matters metrical the troubadours became the schoolmasters of Europe. In that capacity they were acknowledged and revered by the great poets of Italy, by Dante and Petrarch, while the singers of Northern France, the *trouvères*, although submitting more or less consciously to the same influence, observed a discreet silence on the point. Through the medium of French, and in a more limited degree, of Italian, literature, the metrical lore of Provence was transmitted to those singers of our own time and country, whom, in the heading of this essay, I have ventured to designate as modern troubadours. Amongst the latest school of English poetry, the adoption of complicated foreign metres has become a passion and a creed. Rondeaus and rondels, vilanelles and triolets, have been naturalized, and in a certain sense acclimatized, by our younger bards; and conservative critics have lamented over the degeneracy of modern days, ruefully pointing to the good old times when English poets would have scorned to borrow their metres from the foreigner. There, however, the critics were wrong—historically wrong at least. There had been a previous invasion of the same foreign element infinitely more important than the one which we are witnessing at present, and in an age to which patriotic lovers of literature regard as the acme of English poetry—I mean, of course, the reign of Elizabeth. That great time not only gave us the romantic epic and the drama, but it also introduced us to the sonnet and many other Italian verse-forms: and through the same sources, too. Spenser and Shakespeare, the two representative names of the time, also stand at the head of the revival of form inaugurated by the foreign movement above mentioned. It is true that neither of them adopted the strange importation with slavish accuracy. They recast the beauty of Italian rhyme in accordance with the genius of the language and their own. In this manner we see the Spenserian stanza grow out of the ottava-rima of Ariosto, and the Shakespearean sonnet out of that of Dante and of Petrarch. For that origin it does not belie, although it must be owned that Shakespeare, in his remodeling process, has used the utmost liberty—one might say, license.

It is curious that Shakespeare and Shakespeare Societies have never thought it worth while to investigate, or, at least, have never succeeded in fathoming, the true relations between the so-called sonnet of Shakespeare and the Italian verse-form of the same name. To accomplish such a task one must understand the structural principle of the sonnet, and for that purpose it is necessary to study Dante's treatise "De Vulgari Eloquentia," which, apart from being very little known, is, I must confess, anything but lively reading. At the same time it is the fountain-head from which alone a true insight into the metrical system of the Romance languages—which in most essential points is also that of our own—can be derived. Dante, who was what every lyrical poet by rights should be—a musician—was fully aware of the identity of musical and metrical laws; and many of the expressions he uses with regard to the latter had in his, and have even in our own, time, a musical significance.

Dante divides a stanza, if it is divisible at all, into two sections, which again may be subdivided in various ways. The chief cæsura of the stanza always coinciding with a pause in the sentence is called the volta, and the subdivisions, before or after it, are created by the repetition of certain metrical and melodic forms. If these groups occur before the volta they are called "pedes"; if after, they are called "versus." On the other hand, if the opening part is not subdivided at all, it is called "frons"; and if the final portion is sung to one continuous tune it receives the name "cauda," which survives in our "coda." An example will best illustrate the meaning of these terms. Let us take a stanza from "Don Juan," written, the reader is aware, in the ottava-rima:

"How long in this damp trance young Juan lay
He knew not, for the earth was gone from him,
And Time had nothing more of night nor day
For his congealing blood and senses dim:
And how this heavy faintness passed away
He knew not till each painful pulse and limb,
And tingling vein seemed throbbing back to life,
For Death, though vanished, still retired with strife."

The chief break or volta in this stanza occurs after the sixth verse, and according to strict rule it would require a stronger mark of punctuation than the comma Byron has vouchsafed. The six verses before this volta are divided into three couplets exactly corresponding with each other as regards rhyme, and sung—as the old poems in similar metres no doubt were sung—to one and the same melodic phrase, ending most probably in the dominant key so as to facilitate the repetition. The final couplet introduces a new rhyme, and, it may be concluded, a new melodic phrase which serves by way of climax and conclusion. The stanza, therefore, consists in Dante's terminology of three pedes of two lines each, and of a cauda of the same number of lines. Applying the same rule to the sonnet in its regular form, we find that its volta occurs after the eighth line; that it has two pedes of four lines each, and a cauda of six. Shakespeare, for reasons best known to himself, was not pleased with this correct form of the Italian sonnet, which he accordingly remodeled in his own autocratic fashion. In the first instance he does not think it necessary to adhere to the number of rhymes which, in the orthodox sonnet, are repeated in the two pedes; the order of these rhymes also he changes with equal freedom. More than this, he has added one to the number of these pedes, and therefore transferred the volta or chief pause from the eighth to the twelfth line, leaving only the final couplet for the cauda. His sonnet, therefore, instead of two pedes of four lines each and a cauda of six, contains three pedes of four lines each and a cauda of two. In other words, the structural principle of the original sonnet has been entirely changed, only the number of lines of the Italian being retained. The reader will at once perceive the difference if he will compare any one of the immortal 154 with Milton's "*Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints,*" or the famous sonnet penned by Keats, "*On first looking into Chapman's Homer.*" And the matter is of greater importance than would appear at first sight. It is too frequently said that Shakespeare [*] wrote "irregular" sonnets; in other words, that he bungled, instead of which he enriched poetic literature by a new form of his own creation as capable of harmonious development as the original itself.

It is different with a great many other English sonneteers, both before Shakespeare and after him. The original position of the rhyme in the first section has been changed, and one or even two new rhymes have been introduced into the second quatrain for no better reason than that consonant final syllables are more scarce in English than in Italian. Such an excuse appears extremely weak. There is no necessity for writing sonnets, and those who cannot find the necessary rhyme-words had infinitely better refrain. So, at least, one would think but for the undeniable fact that some of the finest sonnets in the language show the defect alluded to. It would be easy to cite many cases in point from the works of modern poets, not excepting Keats, who, in the lines addressed to Reynolds, "*O thou whose face,*" has actually accomplished a sonnet without any rhymes, and, *mirabile dictu!* D. G. Rossetti. But perhaps it will serve the reader's purpose better to listen to an earlier and less known, but by no means despicable, sonneteer, Drummond of Hawthornden. The following lines deviate in every respect from the orthodox form of the sonnet adhered to, for example, by Milton, who, besides being a mighty poet, was also a profound metrical scholar. At the same time it would be impossible to deny that they show the peculiarities of Drummond's style in a favorable light:

SONNET.

With grief in heart, and tears in swooning eyes,
When I to her had giv'n a sad farewell,
Close sealed with a kiss, and dew which fell
On my else-moistened face from beauty's skies,
So strange amazement did my mind surprise
That at each pace I fainting turned again,
Like one whom a torpedo stupefies,
Not feeling honor's bit, nor reason's rein.
But when fierce stars to part me did constrain
With back-cast looks I envied both and bless'd
The happy walls and place did her contain,
Till that sight's shafts their flying object miss'd.
So wailing parted Ganymede the fair
When eagles' talons bare him through the air."

Anything more misshapen than the construction of this stanza cannot well be imagined. It is a kind of cross between the Shakespearean and the Italian sonnet, indicating the principles of both only sufficiently to let us feel their collapse in a hopeless confusion of rhymes. It

---

[*] I am, of course, aware that the form of the Shakespearean sonnet in its essential features had previously been used by the Earl of Surrey, who, most probably, was its inventor. At the same time these early attempts are metrically so crude and inaccurate that the establishment of the form and its permanent place in literature are undoubtedly due to Shakespeare, who, if not the earliest, is at least infinitely the greatest representative of the form of the sonnet generally called after him. Conscientious readers, however, may, if they prefer, put the name of Surrey instead of Shakespeare in the above remarks.

XUM

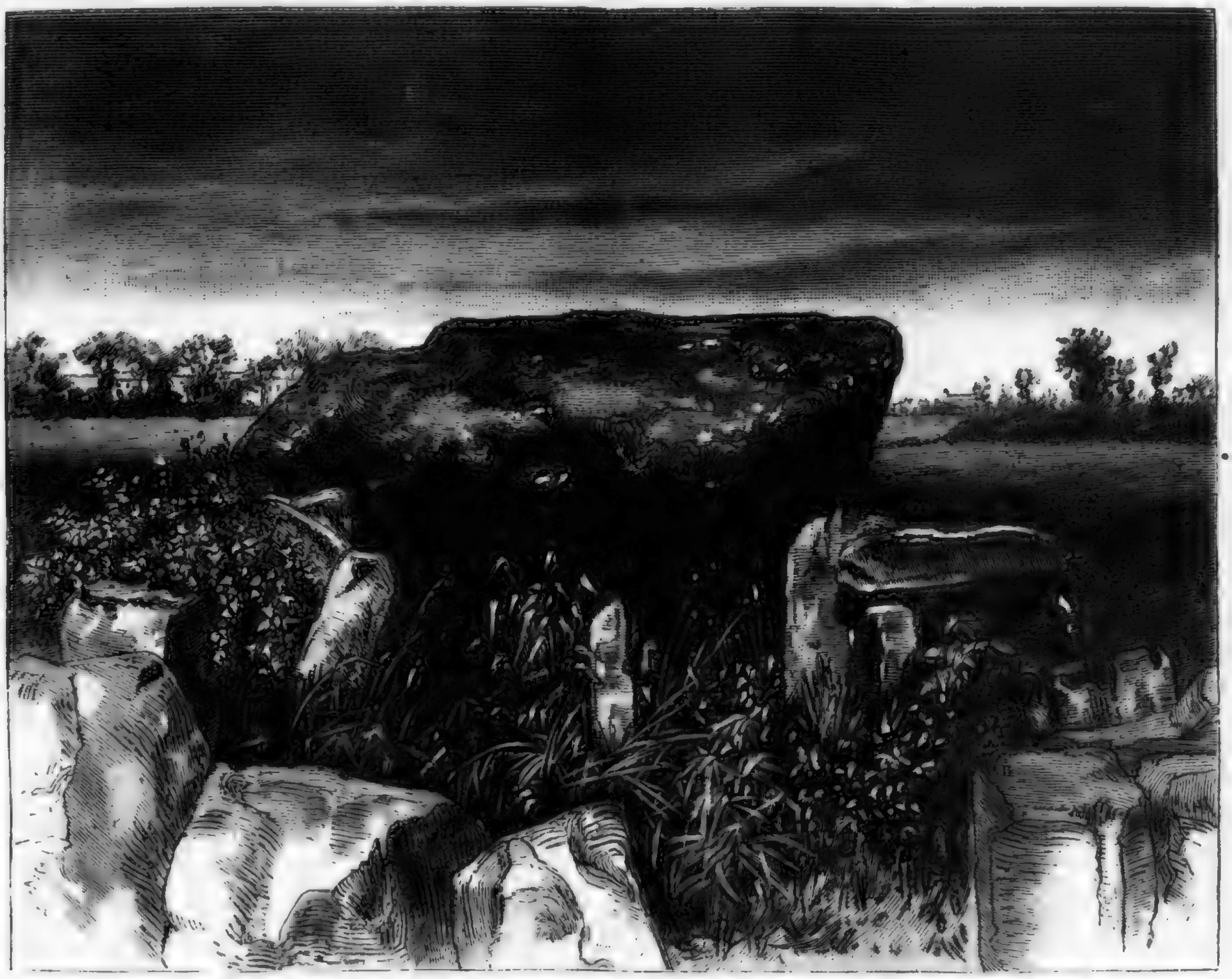
A PLEASANT LANE NEAR ST. JOHN'S, IN THE ISLAND OF JERSEY.—SEE PAGE 50.

may be added, although by no means in excuse of Drummond's negligence, that when so minded he was quite capable of turning out a very fair specimen of the orthodox sonnet. The name of Drummond of Hawthornden suggests another foreign verse-form, of which he also is amongst the earliest and most prominent representatives in England. This is the sestina. The sestina, like the sonnet, comes to us from Italy; but, unlike the sonnet, it is not of Italian origin. Unlike the sonnet, also, it can trace its birth to a well-known poet, Arnaut Daniel, one of the most celebrated troubadours of the thirteenth century. Arnaut's fame rests on a far safer basis than his own works, as far as they have been preserved to us, could furnish. Dante has introduced him in the "Purgatorio," where the Italian poet Guido Gunicelli speaks of his Provençal brother bard in terms of highest praise, calling him a "great smith of his mother-tongue, unsurpassed in love-song or romance." As very little of Arnaut Daniel is known in this country, a short account of his life, as transmitted by the old manuscripts, will probably be welcome to the reader, were it only as a brief respite from the technical disquisitions to which he has been treated.

ANNE PORT, JERSEY.

"Arnaut Daniel," his Provençal biographer says, "was born at Castle Ribeyrac, in the diocese of Périgord, and he was gentle born. He was a good student, and took delight in writing poetry, and he left his studies and became a joglar (wandering minstrel). And he acquired a certain manner of writing in difficult rhymes, for which reason his songs are by no means easy to understand or to learn by heart. And he loved a high-born lady of Gascony, the wife of Lord William of Boville; but it was thought that the lady never granted him any favor of love, for which reason he says, 'I am Arnaut who loves the air, and I hunt the hare with the ox, and swim against the stream.'

"And it happened that he was at the court of King Richard of England; and there being also at the court another joglar, the latter boasted that he could invent rhymes as scarce as could Arnaut. Arnaut thought this good fun, and each gave his horse as a pledge to the king in case he should lose the bet. And the king locked them up each in a room. And Sir Arnaut, being tired of the matter, was unable to string one word to another; the joglar made his song with ease and speedily. And they had only ten days allowed to them. And the king was to judge at the end of five days. When the joglar asked Sir Arnaut if he had finished, 'Oh, yes,' said Sir Arnaut, 'three days ago.' But he had not given the matter a thought. And the joglar sang his song every night, so as to know it well. And Arnaut thought how he could draw him into ridicule; so one night, while the joglar was singing, Arnaut took care to remember the whole song and the tune. And when they were before the king, Arnaut declared that he wished to sing his song first, and began to sing in excellent style the song the joglar had made. And the joglar, when he heard this, stared him in the face and declared that he himself had made the song. And the king asked how that was possible; but the joglar implored him to inquire into the truth of the matter. The king then asked Sir Arnaut how it had happened, and Sir Arnaut told him the whole story. And the king had great joy at this, and thought it most excellent fun. And the pledges were returned, and to each he made rich presents."



A STROLL THROUGH THE ISLAND OF JERSEY.— CROMLECH, NEAR MONT ORGUEIL CASTLE.— SEE PAGE 50.

The amusing anecdote just related, which, in a modified way, and no doubt by mere coincidence, is part of the plot of Wagner's "Meistersinger," is little in accord with the general tenor of Arnaut's life, as far, at least, as it is reflected in his poetry. He has been called the Browning of Provençal literature; his train of thought is severe, his language purposely obscure, and his rhymes fully deserve the term "cars"—scarce or unusual—which the old critics apply to them. Arnaut himself was fully aware of all this, and he gives an excellent reason for it. It is the unkindness of his lady, he says, which makes his speech harsh, and his metre difficult. Should she incline her ear to him he would soon sing the gayest love-song in the most harmonious measure.

However that may be, his peculiarity of style brought him such literary fame as must, to some extent, have atoned for the cruelty of his mistress. The way in which he is mentioned by contemporary poets and satirists plainly shows the esteem in which he was held, and that esteem was not limited to his own time or country. Dante, as has already been mentioned, places him above all other troubadours; and, moreover, has paid him the practical compliment of imitating one of his favorite metres, viz.: the sestina, or sextain, above referred to. Dante's example was followed by Petrarch, and it is no doubt through their means that the sestina reached this country.

Sir Philip Sidney, one of the earliest representatives of the sonnet, is, as far as I am aware, responsible for the introduction of the sestina, of which there are several specimens in his works. He even improved on his models by writing what he calls a "dizain" (showing the principle of the sestina applied to stanzas of ten instead of six lines), also a double sestina, the difficulties of the achievement being, of course, considerably increased in this manner. Drummond of Hawthornden, as it has already been indicated, is another early writer of sestinas, which he also modifies according to his own taste. After him the sestina seems to have sunk into neglect until the modern foreign revival, when it was restored to its old honors by Mr. Swinburne, and more recently still by Mr. E. W. Gosse. A form of poetry which has attracted so many writers in so many countries—for in France and Germany also it is naturalized—cannot be altogether without merits, and therefore well deserves our passing attention.

The sestina is a dangerous experiment, on which only poets of the first rank should venture. It is a man-trap well adapted to keep irresponsible intruders from the garden of poetry. Only in the first stanza is the poet a free agent; after that he is held by his own selection as in a vise; he has signed his bond, and by that he must abide. To speak without metaphor, the sestina is founded on the principle of what the French call *bouts-rimés*, or given rhymes, with the difference, however, that the poet is permitted in the first stanza to select his own rhymes, or, rather, ends of verse, which he has to repeat in all the subsequent stanzas according to a certain scheme. There are, as the name indicates, six lines to a stanza and six stanzas to a poem, not counting the tornada or envoi of three lines, in which all the six verse-ends of the preceding stanzas have to occur. To illustrate the order in which the repetition of the rhymes takes place, it will be advisable to quote at least two stanzas from what is most likely the first sestina in the English language. It is named "Agelastus's Sestine," and occurs in the Countess of Pembroke's "Arcadia," by Sir Philip Sidney:

> "Since wayling is a bud of causefull sorrow,
> Since sorrow is the follower of ill-fortune,
> Since no ill-fortune equals publike damage;
> Now Prince's loss hath made our damage publike
> Sorrow pay we to thee the rights of Nature,
> And inward grief seal up with outward wayling.
>
> "Why should we spare our voice from endlesse wayling
> Who justly make our hearts the seate of sorrow
> In such a case, where it appears that Nature
> Doth add her force unto the sting of Fortune!
> Choosing, alas, this our theatre publike
> Where they would leave trophees of cruell damage."

The ends of the lines are, the reader will perceive, identical in the two stanzas, but their sequence is, of course, entirely different. On comparison we find that

Sorrow, the 1st verse-end in the 1st stanza is the 2d in the 2d.
Fortune, the 2d " " " 4th "
Damage, the 3d " " " 6th "
Publike, the 4th " " " 5th "
Nature, the 5th " " " 3d "
Wayling, the 6th " " " 1st "

By reducing the result of this comparison to a formula we have the following:

1 first stanza = 2 second stanza.
2 " = 4 "
3 " = 6 "
4 " = 5 "
5 " = 3 "
6 " = 1 "

And this formula expresses exactly the relation of each stanza in the sestina to its predecessor, of the third to the second, of the fourth to the third, of the fifth to the fourth, and of the sixth to the fifth. The reader, therefore, has here a complete receipt for composing a sestina, to which he has only to add the slight ingredient of genius to make it a beautiful poem. That ingredient is by no means wanting in some of the English specimens. Mr. Swinburne has written some lovely sestinas, both in English and French, the latter, I have no doubt, being by far the finest and most melodious examples in that language. Unfortunately, however, I cannot but add that he has looked for his model, not in the works of Dante or the troubadours, but in some more modern source.

The lines in the original sestina do, as the reader will have observed, not rhyme with each other in the same stanza. They have to wait for their consonance till the next following stanza, and in this continual playing at hide-and-seek of the rhyme-words the charm of the sestina—the "humor of it"— consists. By matching them in each stanza, and thus making that stanza a whole in itself, you destroy the principle of reciprocity and interdependence, which is in this case simply indispensable. This course, however, has been followed by Mr. Swinburne, and not by him alone. Many years ago M. de Gramont, a learned French poet, published a sestina of this kind in the *Revue Parisienne*, edited by Balzac, who turned critic for the nonce, and expounded to his readers the beauties of the ancient form and of its modern adaptation. Théodore de Banville, in his "Petit Traité de la Poésie Française," quotes De Gramont's poem, and adds that this particular treatment of the sestina is borrowed from Petrarch, proving in that manner that he has never read that poet. There was, however, another and a very good precedent of whose existence neither Balzac nor De Banville ever dreamt. This is none other than our friend Drummond of Hawthornden, who has left us a very pretty sextain with rhyming verse-ends. One stanza at least may be quoted by way of illustration:

> "The heaven doth not contain so many stars,
> So many leaves not prostrate lie in woods,
> When Autumn's old and Boreas sounds his wars,
> So many waves have not the ocean floods,
> As my rent heart hath torments all the night
> And heart-spent sighs when Phœbus brings the light."

Whether Mr. Swinburne, in his treatment of the sestina, has followed Drummond or Gramont, or has acted independently of either, certain it is that, by introducing the rhyme into the single stanzas, he has sacrificed structural consistency to beauty of sound. The only modern poet who, as far as I am aware, has written a correct sestina after the manner of Arnaut Daniel is Mr. E. W. Gosse, who, in his recent volume ("New Poems," Kegan Paul), has given welcome proof that mastery of foreign form may coexist with simple and genuine English feeling. To his sestina the honor of a quotation in full is justly due.

> "In fair Provence, the land of lute and rose,
> Arnaut, great master of the lore of love,
> First wrought sestines to win his lady's heart,
> For she was deaf when simpler staves he sang,
> And for her sake he broke the bonds of rhyme,
> And in this subtler measure hid his woe.
>
> "'Harsh be my lines,' cried Arnaut. 'Harsh the woe—
> My lady, that enthroned and cruel rose,
> Inflicts on him that made her live in rhyme.'
> But through the metre spake the voice of Love,
> And like a wild-wood nightingale he sang,
> Who thought in crabbed lays to ease his heart.
>
> "It is not told if her untoward heart
> Was melted by her poet's lyric woe,
> Or if in vain so amorously he sang;
> Perchance through cloud of dark conceits he rose
> To nobler heights of philosophic love,
> And crowned his later years with sterner rhyme.

'This thing alone we know: the triple rhyme
Of him who bared his vast and passionate heart
To all the crossing flames of hate and love,
Wears in the midst of all its storm of woe—
As some loud morn of March may bear a rose—
The impress of a song that Arnaut sang.

'Smith of his mother tongue,' the Frenchman sang
Of Lancelot and of Galahad, the rhyme
That beat so bloodlike at its core of rose,
It stirred the sweet Francesca's gentle heart
To take that kiss that brought her so much woe,
And sealed in fire her martyrdom of love.

And Dante, full of her immortal love,
Stayed his drear song, and softly, fondly sang
As though his voice broke with that weight of woe;
And to this day we think of Arnaut's rhyme
Whenever pity at the laboring heart
On fair Francesca's memory drops the rose.

"Ah! sovereign Love, forgive this weaker rhyme!
The men of old who sang were great at heart,
Yet have we too known woe, and worn thy rose."

We have hitherto considered the three important verse-forms which English poetry owes to Italy—the ottava-rima, the sonnet, and the sestina; for the latter also, although of Provençal origin, came to us, as we have seen, through the medium of Italian genius. To make this essay complete, it would now be incumbent on me to speak of the metrical acquisitions we owe to the mediæval poets of Northern France, the *trouvères*. Fortunately it is unnecessary to put the reader's patience to so severe a test. The triolet, the rondeau and rondel, the chant royal, and whatever their names may be, have been written about so much of late, that any one interested in the subject may easily inform himself of all that is needful. There is, for example—to mention only the most accessible sources—the very excellent "Petit Traité" of Théodore de Banville already referred to; and, still more handy, an able article in the *Cornhill Magazine*, which contains in a concise form the substance of the French book, with the addition of some English examples. The short essay, "On Some Foreign Forms of Verse," by Mr. Austin Dobson (himself an adept), printed in Mr. Davenport Adams's collection of "Latter Day Lyrics," will also be found useful.

The grace and neatness of these dainty metres I am the last to deny. They are useful also as a practical lesson of the value of strict form. Even an irregular sonnet, as we have seen, may be a fine poem; but every one will admit that a halting rondel or virelai is simply an abomination. Moreover, Villon and others have shown that even for the reception of pathos and sentiment these forms are by no means unadapted. It is further agreeable to mention that our English poets have not been surpassed by their French rivals as regards both the accuracy and the consummate skill with which the metrical resources, placed at their disposal, have been turned to account. Such a poem as the following triolet, by Mr. Robert Bridges, is perfect of its kind. Note especially the subtle *nuance* which gives a slightly different meaning to each occurrence of the refrain:

"When first we met we did not guess
That Love would prove so hard a master;
Of more than common friendliness
When first we met we did not guess.
Who could foretell this sore distress,
This irretrievable disaster,
When first we met? We did not guess
That Love would prove so hard a master."

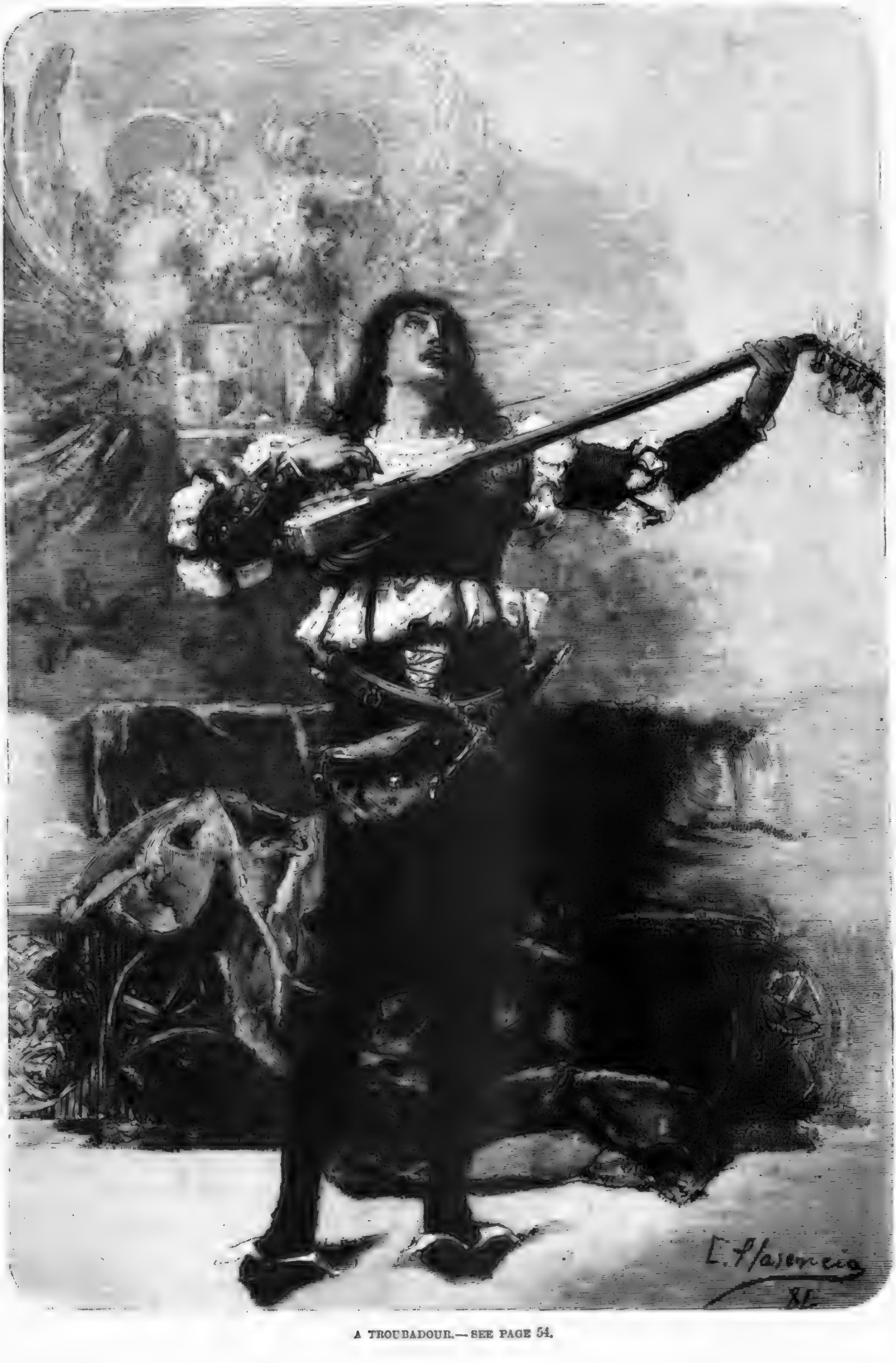
And this is by no means a solitary instance of skill. The names of some of the best of our younger poets, Arthur O'Shaughnessy, John Payne, E. W. Gosse, T. Marzials, Andrew Lang, Austin Dobson, and Miss Mary Robinson, immediately suggest themselves in this connection. These and others may claim to be the worthy successors of Charles d'Orleans, who, centuries ago, beguiled the weary hours of his English captivity with rondels and rondeaux full of tender sweetness. Scarcely less quaint than the broken English of the French prince is the Scotch rondel in which Mr. Lang celebrates the good old-fashioned game of golf (XXII. "Ballades in Blue China"; Kegan Paul, 1880).

But, admitting all this and more, it cannot be said that the gain to be derived from trifles of this kind amounts to much. The stanzas of the troubadours, and of the great Italian poets, are organically developed; they are as rich and as varied as the musical ideas from which originally they were inseparable. The canzoniere of Dante, or Petrarch, or Boccaccio, reveal metrical ideas which, in the hands of a modern poet, might be still further developed, and bear rich fruit. But no such development is possible where not rhythms but words are repeated, and where the principle from which it is derived is as monotonous as that prevailing in all the poems we are now speaking of. For it is easy to see, although M. de Banville and his disciples fail to see it, that the triolet, the rondeau, the rondel, and even the much-venerated chant royal, are but variations of one and the same metrical them, namely, the refrain. The refrain, that is, the repetition of the same verse at the end of each stanza, is of great importance in mediæval French poetry, which owes some of its sweetest and simplest effects to it. In the late Middle Ages, when the poetry of France and the world generally had lost much of its raciness and freshness, artificialities began to take the place of inspiration; for it must be remembered that the verse-forms so popular in the time of Villon were unknown to the genuine *trouvères*. The later poets soon discovered the resources of the refrain, and turned it to further account with much ingenuity. It will indeed be seen on closer investigation that in all these late French forms the repetition of a word or words, or entire lines, is a *sine quâ non*. There is besides this, also, a certain rule as to the length of the stanza, the sequence of the rhymes, and so forth; but all that is more or less incidental. The essential and permanent principle remains the refrain: that is, the repetition of certain words in certain parts of the stanza according to a given scheme. Now such a repetition may, in certain circumstances, be of excellent effect; but it may also prove a very serious impediment, and one for which there is no real organic necessity. In other words, the verse-forms we are speaking of are little more than playthings, which only the genius of certain poets has been able to lift to the sphere of serious literature. They rank at best with the sestina, certainly not with the sonnet, the ottava-rima, or the beautiful stanzas which some of the troubadours have left us.

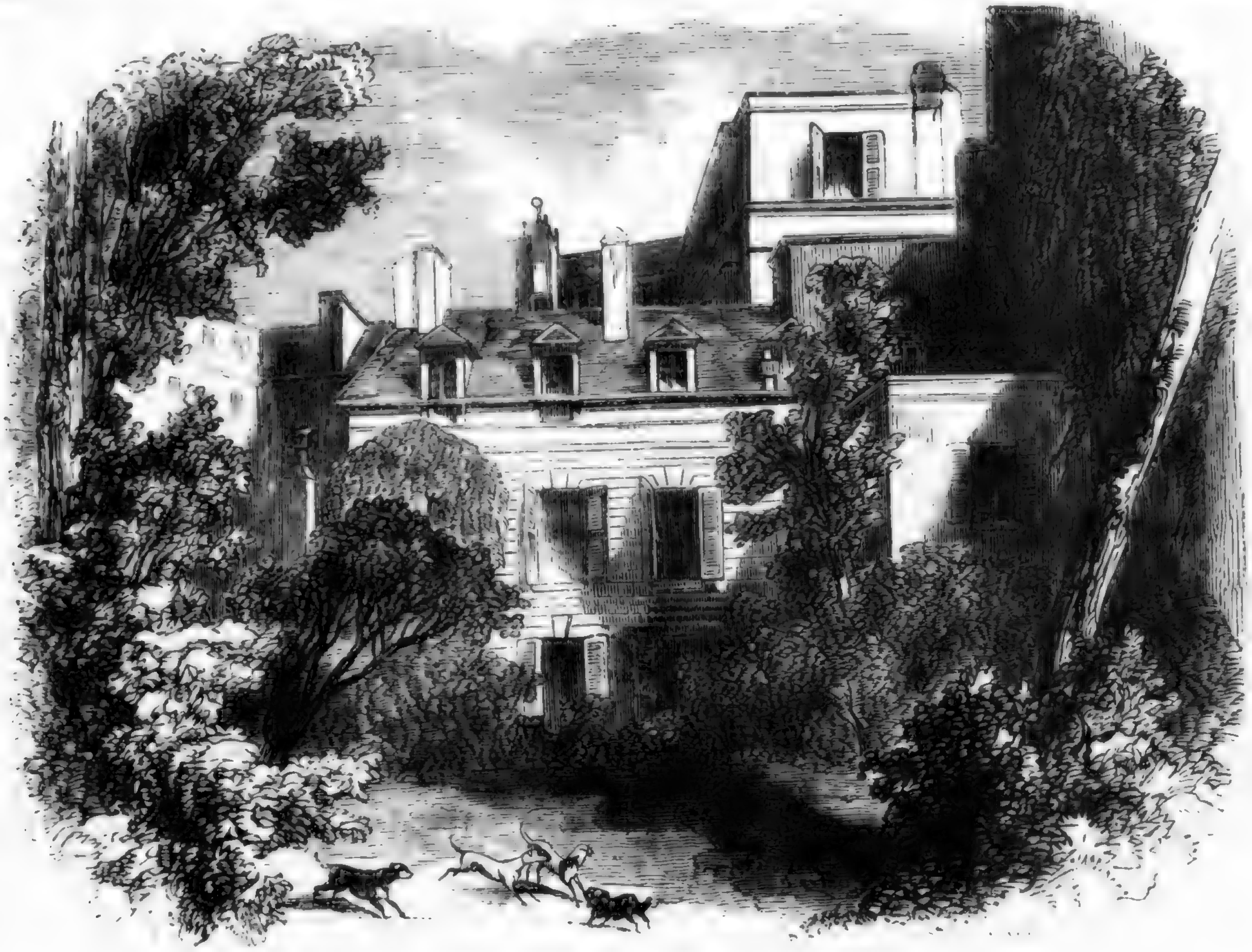
HOW SMALL a portion of our life it is that we really enjoy. In youth we are looking forward to things that are to come; in old age we are looking backward to things that are gone past; in manhood, although we appear to be more occupied in things that are present, yet even that is too often absorbed in vague determinations to be vastly happy on some future day when we have time.

To RECEIVE honestly is the best thanks for a good thing.

XUM


E. Plasencia
81

A TROUBADOUR.—SEE PAGE 54.



LAMARTINE'S RESIDENCE, RUE LA VILLE EVÊQUE, PARIS.

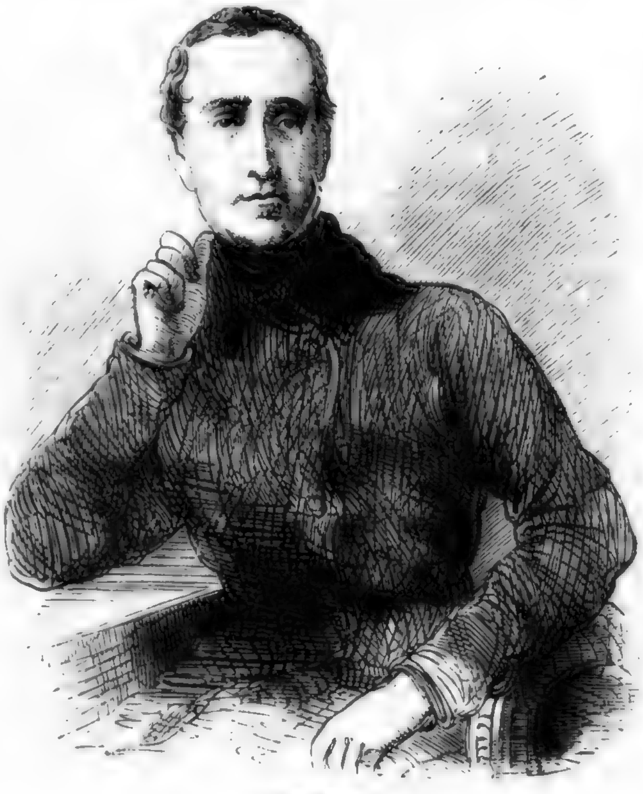
REMINISCENCES OF LAMARTINE.

By Richard B. Kimball, LL.D.

I first met Lamartine at one of his wife's receptions, in the *Rue la Ville Evêque*, where he resided when in Paris. This was in 1856. He was at that time sixty-four years old. The war with Russia was at an end. France having reaped all the laurels, arranged terms of peace with little regard to the wishes of her English allies. Louis Napoleon was in the plenitude of his power, and the *mot* went forth to the world that "not a gun could be fired to disturb the peace of Europe without the consent of the Tuileries." Bismarck was not then so prominent as to be regarded a chief factor in continental politics. For at that time the great man of Europe was Cavour, Victor Emmanuel's famous minister, and his influence over Louis Napoleon was becoming the talk of diplomatic circles.

Louis Napoleon never ranked Lamartine among the dangerous elements which might threaten the stability of the Empire. He looked upon him as a poet and a dreamer. So that he was permitted to hold his charming levées in Paris quite undisturbed, when such men as Changarnier, Cavaignac and Victor Hugo were expatriated.

The persons I encountered at these receptions were principally men of letters of different nationalities, with a generous proportion of fine women, who were a compromise between the *Quartier St. Germain* and the *Elysée*. Lamartine himself was not perfectly at his ease. I judged so by what appeared to me an air of affected freedom of manner. He walked restlessly about his *salons*, conversing briefly with his visitors, and addressing himself to the ladies with the manner of a *preux chevalier*. He wore on his head a small velvet cap, something like a smoking-cap. In his hand he carried a delicate



LAMARTINE.

riding-whip, with which he nervously switched himself with but slight intermission. His manner was amiable, but charged with egotism and vanity. He did not utter a word of politics. Doubtless there were *mouchards* in the room ready to report to the police if he had done so. In fact, he was really in Paris on sufferance, and he knew it. I had frequent brief conversations with him. It was suggested to me that I, as an American, ought to speak to him about his works, which I did, referring especially to his poetry. This would be a delicate way of informing him that we in America were familiar with his writings. He was evidently gratified, but after a little replied, "*Oh, je ne suis pas poète, je suis paysan*" (I am not a poet, I am a peasant). He soon began talking of the United States with much enthusiasm, and I was presently to learn why. Up to this period the Emperor had endeavored to placate the *ci-devant* provisional head of the nation by offers of a generous pension; for Louis Napoleon, like the great Emperor, would gladly have secured the adherence of the old families. These offers Lamartine could not bring himself to accept, though his affairs were in a most desperate condition. A scheme had now been devised to pay his debts and replenish his empty treasury, by starting subscriptions on a grand scale in various countries, including France, for a new and very fine edition of Lamartine's works. It was estimated that from the United States alone he would be able to touch, net, half a million of francs—$100,000—which would serve to liquidate his most pressing debts! Indeed, he expressed his confidence that our country would yield him a much larger sum; as he believed, in short, that there would be a rising of the people of our land to lift him out of his unhappy pecuniary troubles.

It was at this first reception that Lamartine, apropos of the proposed American subscription, introduced his bosom-friend, Jean Baptiste Desplace, to me. Desplace was on the point of setting out for New York, on his remarkable mission to wake up our country to an appreciative sense of Lamartine's distressed situation, and start a gigantic plan for subscriptions for the new edition of his works. A better man could not have been secured. Desplace had been the editor of the *Courrier de l'Europe* for ten years in London, and spoke and wrote English perfectly. He was a ripe scholar, a polished gentleman of handsome means and ancient family, living close by Lamartine, near Mâcon, and as I have said, his devoted friend. I was myself about returning home, and Desplace arranged his plans so that we could sail together. This will doubless explain the praises bestowed on our countrymen by the author of the "Confidences," and his readiness to converse with me.

There are many who will recall the visit of Desplace to this country, and the energetic efforts made to create a popular movement. A committee was organized, of which George Bancroft, the historian, was chairman. It consisted of many of the leading men of letters and in affairs through the country. Bancroft himself wrote a stirring appeal to the people to come to the rescue of the man whose eloquence and patriotism had done so much for his country and the world. Notwithstanding Desplace made energetic efforts to arouse popular feeling, the attempt proved almost a complete failure. The volumes were in an unknown tongue to the mass of the people, and they declined the investment. The result was exceedingly mortifying to Lamartine, and his expressed appreciation of the people of the United States was emphatically changed. The subscription even in France met with a very moderate success, and at last Lamartine accepted a Government pension of $5,000 per annum. This wretched stipend, as he regarded it, while it compromised his dignity, left him as deep in debt as ever.

A word more of personal reminiscence. I was in Paris on New Year's Day, 1859. On that memorable 1st of January, Louis Napoleon astounded Europe by a few words addressed to the Austrian ambassador, on occasion of the New Year's reception at the Tuileries. "I regret," he said, "that my relations with the Emperor of Austria are not more satisfactory." It was a thunderbolt from a clear sky, and Cavour was its inspiration.

It was about this time that, in a conversation with Lamartine, he remarked: "We are on the eve of a war with Austria in the cause of Italian unity. I dread the ultimate results. So fully have I been impressed with this, that, through one of my intimate friends, who is high in favor with Louis Napoleon, I sent him this message. Say to him, I said, 'If you bring about Italian unity you humiliate Austria. If you humiliate Austria you aggrandize Prussia. If you aggrandize Prussia you weaken France.'" "And what did Louis Napoleon reply to this?" I asked, with excited interest. "My friend told me," said Lamartine, "that the Emperor remained in deep thought for a moment, and then remarked, in a low voice: '*Peut être il a raison, mais c'est trop tard.*'" ("Perhaps he is right; but it is too late.")

It is a matter of history how, after the battle of Solferino, the French Emperor made a peace with Austria by which the larger part of Italy was restored to Victor Emmanuel, but which left the fair province of Venetia still in the hands of Austria. How, seven years later, in 1866, Italy, for the sake of getting Venetia, joined Prussia in a war against Austria. How, at Sadowa, Prussia dictated terms to the prostrate Austrians by which Louis Napoleon was humiliated in the eyes of all France. Then came the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, and the warning of Lamartine was fulfilled to the letter.

It may be appropriate to add to these reminiscences a brief account of, in many respects, the extraordinary man to whom they relate, and whose influence, touching the destinies of France, was for a time paramount.

Alphonse de Lamartine de Prat (he had, besides, an affluence of what we call middle names) was born in Mâcon, October 21st, 1792. His father was of the French aristocracy, and, as such, was condemned to the guillotine during the bloody scenes of the French Revolution. The death of Robespierre released him. Alphonse was launched upon the world with every possible fanning breeze. He was very handsome, with a fine, tall, erect frame, a large intellect, and a soul filled with the finest emotions. He had every advantage of education and of travel. At the age of twenty-three he entered the army; but the sudden return of Napoleon from Elba dispelled any illusions he might have entertained about the poetry of a soldier's life; so he quitted it. At twenty-eight he published his "Poetical Meditations," which brought him extensively into notice. He soon after received the appointment of Secretary of Legation at Naples.

With his journey thither is connected a very romantic history. Lamartine had already traveled in Italy—travel was his passion—and the year before his appointment to Naples, while in Savoy, he had encountered an English party, of whose number was Miss Birch (she indulged in four or five supernumerary names) a young English heiress of large means. Love passages ensued between them; but there was little opportunity for a *dénouement*, and "so they parted." Now, it happened as the young Alphonse was on his way to Naples, to commence the career of a diplomatist, he encountered, at Geneva, the identical Miss Birch, who was the heroine of the previous year. The result was a marriage *en route;* and this was the lady whose charming receptions I attended thirty-six years later in the *Rue la Ville Evêque* at Paris. The married life of these two was essentially a happy one, speaking volumes for both. I ought to mention that Lamartine's uncle had died, leaving to him a large fortune, on condition of his dropping "De Prat" from his name, and leaving it "Lamartine." From Naples Lamartine was sent to Florence as Secretary of Legation, and afterward to London. He next published his "New Meditations," and, in 1829, his "Religious Harmonies," which was so enthusiastically received, that he was, at the age of thirty-seven, elected a member of the French Academy, an extraordinary honor, since the Academy can consist of but forty members. He now began an active political career, with but little intermission, however, to his literary labors. He took his seat in the Assembly as a Conservative, but did little to distinguish himself. Somewhat discomfited, he determined on a grand, striking and original performance. This was a tour in the East. Lamartine started on it in 1832, at the age of forty. He made the most elaborate preparations to travel like a sovereign. He sailed in his own vessel, with numerous attendants and an overflowing treasury. He declared that this voyage had been the dream of his life. The Sultan was taken aback at the display of so much magnificence, and, in return for his princely gifts, made him illusory grants estimated at millions, but which turned out to be *nil.* The Arabs called him the "French Emir," and worshiped him as a sovereign potentate.

A grim messenger, "surnamed the Destroyer," stopped the excursion. His only child, his beloved daughter Julia, was taken ill of a fever, at Smyrna, and died, and all the glamour and glory and romance of the tour was at an end. Lamartine, with his wife, returned to their desolate home; then followed his book, "A Tour in the Orient." Finding himself returned to the Assembly, he re-entered political life. Although an aristocrat, his conservatism was gradually giving way to the fine, clear inspirations of the poet and man of letters. It was now he commenced his really famous "History of the Girondins," published in 1847, in eight volumes. It had an enormous circulation, and created an immense sensation. The *Edinburgh Review* declared that many of its pages equaled the finest vivid descriptions of Carlyle. The work produced a tremendous impression in France. To its influence must unquestionably be attributed the Revolution of 1848, which drove Louis Philippe from the throne, and for a short period gave a republic to France. Lamartine came at once to the front as the leading and controlling spirit of the movement. When the young Queen presented the Count de Paris to the Assembly, and asked that he be recognized as King since Louis Philippe had abdicated, it was the eloquence of Lamartine which closed the hearts of the members against the suggestion. The revolution was successful, and the King fled for refuge to England. Then a fresh trouble threatened the young republic. The "reds" mustered in force, resolved upon a reign of terror under the bloody (red) flag. Lamartine was the only man who had the courage to go forth with boldness and harangue the mob—for mob it was. On this occasion the oration of Lamartine, in face of the fierce, determined, brutal populace, may be compared with the finest efforts of the great Greek or Roman orator. It was a French mob, and Lamartine was a Frenchman overflowing with poetic fire. He declared boldly that he would have none of the red flag. It represented all that was dark and disastrous in the life of France. He then described the career of the "tri-color," how that flag was identified with all that was grand and triumphant in the nation's history. Would they now abandon it? His eloquence prevailed, the tumult was suppressed, the "tri-color" waved in security, and Lamartine became the idol of the people over all France.

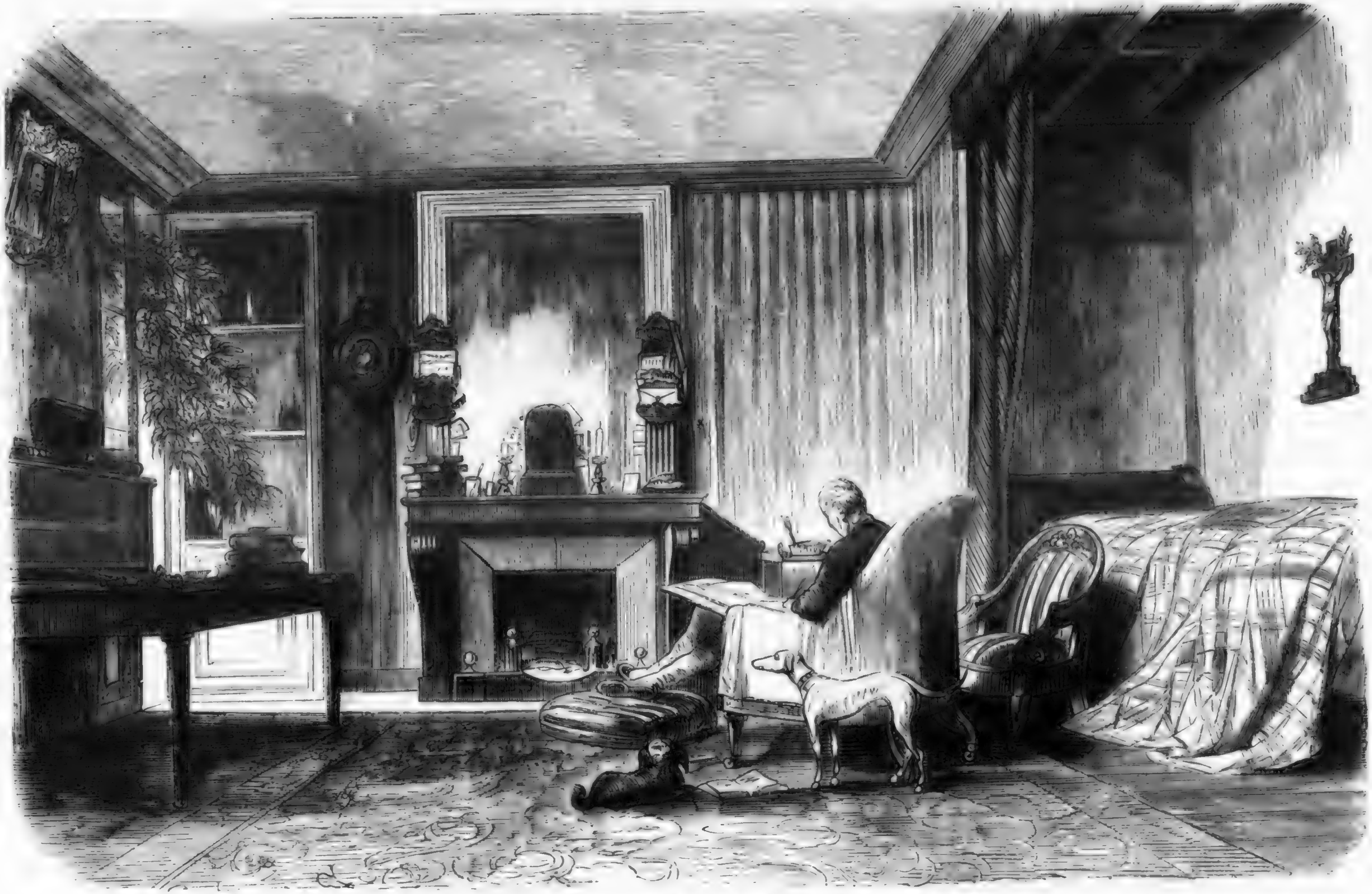
The remainder of this man's history is a melancholy one. He had now to enter on a career of statesmanship, and it proved a lamentable failure. The qualities which enabled him in his writings to thrill the hearts of his readers, and in his speeches to carry all before him, were of no avail in the Cabinet, where he was forced to encounter deep, scheming, astute politicians, selfishly laboring, each for his own aggrandizement. As for Lamartine, he was an egotist, and vain to the last degree; but he had not a spark of selfishness in his composition. He had no worldly wisdom whatever. The result was, he became the tool of the designing men by whom he was surrounded (especially of Ledru Rollin), who, by flattering his vanity, were enabled to use his popularity to further their own schemes. The people are not very long deceived. It was soon discovered that their idol had become a mere puppet in the hands of some of his associates. His fall from popular favor was sudden and final. It was with difficulty he was returned to the Assembly by one obscure district, when, a short time before, ten districts had returned him. It was now that Louis Napoleon, coming over from London, presented himself as a candidate for the Assembly, to which he was triumphantly chosen. The election for President was at hand. Time was when Lamartine would have been chosen by an overwhelming vote. Now he scarcely figured as a candidate. Cavaignac and Louis Napoleon headed the two parties, and the latter came in by a tremendous majority.

Meanwhile Lamartine, more deeply in debt than ever, labored manfully with his pen to raise money to discharge his obligations. He did receive very large sums for his writings; but these were entirely inadequate for his purposes. He insisted to the last in keeping up certain pensions to old servants, secretaries, and employés, and denied himself much, so that these could be paid. The Coup d'État of 1851 found him powerless to resist the schemes of Louis Napoleon, and as I remarked at the commencement of this brief notice, the Emperor not only did not banish him from the country, but sought to placate him by offers of assistance.

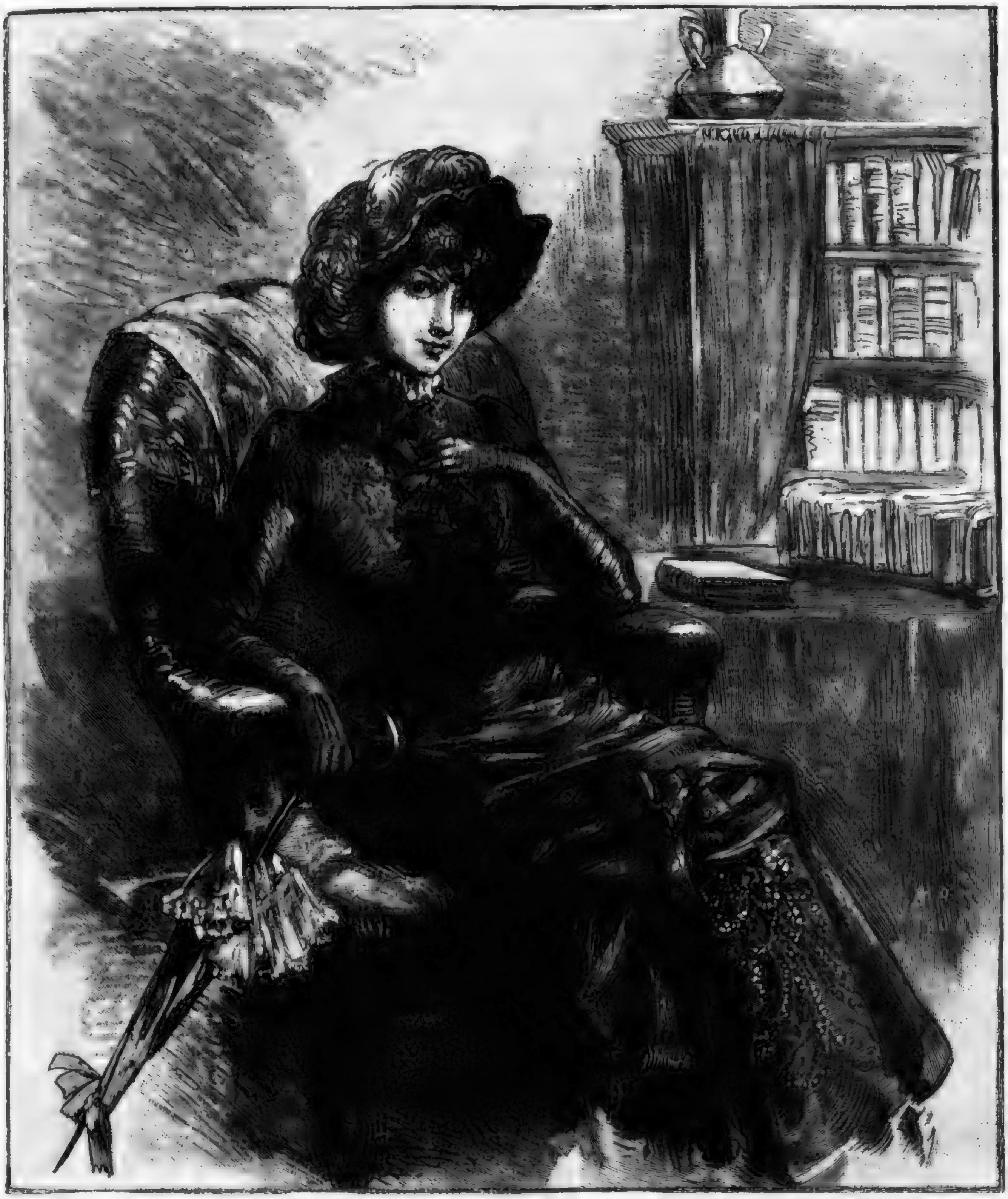
Lamartine died in Paris on the 1st of March, 1869, harassed to the last by debts and pressing obligations, and entertaining a bitter feeling of disappointment and chagrin. His works are very numerous, and they have been largely translated, and were very remunerative. His style was rich, and a fine flow of inspiration gave life and lustre to what he touched. Above all, he was a writer of unalloyed purity of thought and sentiment, and no one can read his writings without being lifted away from the gross materialism which pervades so much of French literature.

In 1870, a year after Lamartine's death, I visited France and Germany, witnessing many scenes of the war then raging between the two countries. I went to see my friend Desplace in his old château (it had belonged the family of the Noailles) near Mâcon. It was on the day the terrible battle of Gravelotte was fought, not very far distant. On that day Desplace took me to see the house where Lamartine was born, and, while standing before it, some words of his message to Louis Napoleon rose to my lips: "*If you aggrandize Prussia you weaken France!*"

XUM



LAMARTINE IN HIS STUDY.



THE DEATH-MARK.—"THE LADY, WITH THE MOST NONCHALANT MANNER POSSIBLE, TOOK POSESSION OF THE COMFORTABLE CHAIR THUS RESIGNED, SPREAD OUT HER SKIRTS, AND CROSSED HER SLENDER FEET ON THE PHILOSOPHER'S FOOTSTOOL."

THE DEATH-MARK.

By GARRETT WALKER.

Chapter XIII.

"And now, Monsieur Vis," said the judge, when the volatile Aglae had disappeared, "I repeat to you the question of my friend Claude: What think you, now, of this affair?"

"And I reply to you, monsieur, as I replied to him, that my opinion is still unchanged. You will remember that I admitted the presence of this poor woman at the *fête* as possible. It is now a certainty."

"But it seems to me that there is something more proved than the mere presence of this woman at the *fête*. The costume described by Pichaud as worn by her tallies very closely with that worn by the masked woman who committed this horrible crime. Here, then, we have a cause; a woman and a costume which is, to say the least, very suspicious."

"But in spite of all this," said Vis, "my mind is still unchanged. I look at this Stephanie, I listen to her voice, and these satisfy me that she never committed

XUM

this crime. You must acknowledge, Monsieur le Juge, that this murder was premeditated, was fully planned in advance. It is not usual, here at least, for women to go to balls carrying with them on their persons poisoned weapons. Nor is it supposable that any one planning such a deed as this would be so unutterably foolish as to place her secret in the keeping of such a chatterer as that Aglae Pichaud. And then, do you think the murderer would have courted public attention by thus boldly claiming the estate of her victim? No; no; monsieur, this woman is innocent."

"You plead well for your client," said Duquesnay; "but I will now recall Madame Marrois, and we shall see what she will say."

When the woman entered the room for the second time, her step was firmer than upon the occasion of her first appearance in the judge's office. There were signs of deep emotion on her face. Her eyelids were red and swollen, and traces of recent tears were visible upon the lashes; her hand still trembled nervously as she played with her little sacque; but she came foward and took the chair just deserted by the voluble Aglae in a manner that bespoke a mind nerved to action

"You have considered my advice, madame," said the judge, "and will answer my questions?"

"Yes, monsieur," she replied, almost in a whisper. The answer was not given without great effort. The voice of the speaker was low, and she was compelled to moisten her lips before she could ennunciate these words: "Yes, monsieur, I see now the mistake I was making: but I am only a weak, weak woman, and I was frightened. I thank you for your kindness in allowing me to explain. Yes; I will answer all your questions."

"This note, then, which you received from your husband, is it really destroyed?"

"I told you the truth, Monsieur le Juge. I burned it myself, day before yesterday."

"Ah!" exclaimed Duquesnay.

"I burned it in a moment of terror, when I first learned that my husband's assassin was supposed to be a woman."

"Well, then, this place of rendezvous, at which you met Monsieur Marrois, where was it? Was it not the public garden, on the night of the *fête* given to the Hussars?"

"Yes, monsieur; that was the time and place."

Duquesney paused a moment, and then said:

"Madame, you will please to relate to me all that took place upon the occasion of that meeting."

After a moment's hesitation, during which she seemed busy collecting her thoughts, Stephanie began:

"I was much surprised at the strange request contained in my husband's note—that I should meet him at this *fête*. At first I did not know what to do, and felt strongly inclined to refuse this request; but after thinking it over, I became convinced that it would be extremely foolish to disobey him. Besides, having come all the way from Lyons, I did not think it right to return without seeing him. Well, I obtained, through the assistance of Madame Pichaud, a costume and a card of admittance, and proceeded to the garden."

"Stop, madame, for a moment. Did you go on foot or in a vehicle?"

"On foot. I had inquired the direction to the garden, and I had no difficulty in finding my way there. Indeed, there were very few people on the street at that late hour."

"And at what hour did you reach the garden?"

"Some time before twelve o'clock. The first person I met on entering the gate was my husband, who was apparently waiting for me at the entrance. I knew him at the first glance, although so many years had passed since I last saw him, and in spite of his changed costume—for he was dressed like a fine gentleman. As I approached and spoke his name, he offered me his arm and led me into a side alley or walk. I found myself in a strange position, meeting my husband under such circumstances and after so long an absence, and I was so nervous I could not speak. Monsieur Marrois, however, did not seem to experience the same emotion, and appeared little affected. He began at once to speak of our past life. How unsuited we were to each other, and how much misery would have been spared us had we never met. He went on to say that he supposed I had no desire to renew our connection. He waited for an answer from me, but I was still too excited to speak. Seeing this, he continued. No one in Abois, he said, knew that he was a married man. He had accumulated a fortune, and was desirous of forming new ties. In short, monsieur, he ended by saying that he wished to marry again, and that, if I consented to surrender my papers, and promise never to claim him, he would settle 100,000 francs on me. It was a strange proposal, and while I was hesitating what answer to give, we were interrupted by one of the maskers, who came forward and touched my husband on the shoulder and whispered a few words in his ear which I did not hear Immediately Monsieur Marrois turned to me and said, 'I will leave you now. Think over what I have proposed, and send your answer to the same address.' The next moment he had offered his arm to the masker and was gone."

"And this masker, madame. What was she like? I say 'she,' for I understood you to say it was a woman."

"Yes, Monsieur le Juge, it was a woman. Her costume I saw but indistinctly—a gray domino and mask. She seemed young, and must have been a woman of rank or position, for I could not help noticing the exquisite shape of the hand that rested on Monsieur Marrois's shoulder."

"And that is all you noticed?"

"All, monsieur. The masker was on the other side of Monsieur Marrois, and almost concealed from my sight. I remained for some time after the departure of my husband, walking up and down the alley, trying to reach some decision on his strange offer. At last I concluded not to decide until I had slept upon the proposition, and I left the garden and returned to my house. Madame Pichaud was asleep as I entered the lodge. I awakened her, gave her my costume and retired. Judge of my horror when, on descending, next morning, the first thing I heard was the news of my husband's murder?"

"And from whom did you hear this, madame?"

"From Madame Pichaud. I was overcome by the frightful tidings, and so prostrated with nervous excitement, that it was some days before I could crawl from my room. My first wild desire was to return to Lyons at once, and escape from this horrid place; but a strange chance prevented it. Some words that fell from the portress led me to confess that I was Monsieur Marrois's wife. She told me that my husband was a very rich man, and insisted upon my going to see the notary, to find what claims I had to his estate. She bothered me so much about the matter that I at last foolishly consented. When he had examined my papers he said that they were all in due form, and that I could claim half of my husband's property. I left the papers with him and returned to my room. And then, monsieur, I heard for the first time that it was supposed that the murder had been committed by a woman. I saw at once all the danger I had run into by my precipitate action in claiming a portion of the estate. I was terrified, and when the summons came to me to appear at this office, I gave myself up for lost. It was then that I destroyed the note, which I feared might be regarded as suspicious. And now, monsieur, as God is my judge, I have told you the whole truth. I cannot believe that *le Bon Dieu* will permit an innocent woman to suffer for the guilty."

And with these words Stephanie finished her story, and fixing her dark eyes on the judge, sought to read the effect of her words.

There was a ring of truth in the poor woman's voice that could not fail to produce a deep impression upon the three gentlemen. The sternness had disappeared from Monsieur Duquesnay's manner when he spoke again:

"That will do, madame; I have no further questions to ask you. But, stop——" he continued, as if suddenly recalling something. He raised the lid of the desk, searched for a moment in the interior, and produced a small object, which he handed to the witness. "You will do me the favor, madame, to put on that glove."

The woman appeared surprised and somewhat alarmed at this request, but did not hesitate. Her fingers, however, trembled so violently that it was with difficulty she removed her own glove and substituted the one handed her by the judge. When the exchange had been made, and she held forth her hand, it was with the utmost difficulty that even Duquesnay, accustomed as he was to judicial surprises, could repress the exclamation that rose to his lips. The fatal glove fitted exactly the hand it now incased.

"Madame," said Duquesnay, when he was able to speak without betraying his intense excitement, "you can now retire."

Poor Stephanie's fingers trembled still more violently as, without a word, she removed the glove, for she could see that there was some strange connection between it and the murder, and, bowing to them, she left the room.

A prolonged silence followed her departure, a silence so deep and oppressive that a heavy knock on the door startled the gentlemen like a clap of thunder, and it was with difficulty that Duquesnay uttered the word "Enter."

It was Guimand, who announced the arrival of Baptiste Ducorneau. This interruption was evidently a welcome one, and the judge gave an order to admit the man at once. The fat, round face of the *garçon* showed signs of alarm that were not decreased when the judge demanded, in a stern voice, whether he remembered the testimony he had given at the former examination. He stammered, "Yes, mo'sieu," evidently still more alarmed.

"I warned you then," Duquesnay said, "not to reveal that testimony to any one. Have you obeyed my injunction?"

The *garçon* stood, first on one foot, then on the other. The perspiration which gathered on his forehead poured down his fat cheeks as he trembled in a pitiful manner. Duquesnay repeated the question, and upon a third repetition Baptiste at length confessed that he had betrayed the whole story of the gray domino to his cousin, Aglae Pichaud.

The examination had reached this point when it was interrupted by a loud exclamation from Vis. Seated by the side of the magistrate's desk, Aristide, while listening to the witness, had been turning over in a careless manner the accusing glove, which Stephanie had just taken from her hand. Suddenly an idea seemed to strike him, and he glanced at the glove more closely, and this scrutiny resulted in the exclamation that attracted the attention of the judge.

In response to the look of inquiry from the magistrate, Vis indicated that he did not care to speak before the *garçon*.

"You can go, Ducorneau," said the judge; "and be careful what you do in the future."

The trembling *garçon* gladly seized on the order of dismissal. The door had scarcely closed on him when Aristide, unable any longer to contain himself, burst forth:

"Monsieur le Juge! Monsieur le Juge! I have made a strange discovery. Do you see this glove?" he cried, touching it with his fingers—"this glove which we all saw just now, so exactly the hand of this woman who calls herself Madame Marrois. Well, sir, I swear to you this glove is not the one picked up by Lejeune in the arbor of the public garden; not the one left by the gray domino, the murderess of Pierre Marrois."

"What are you saying?" exclaimed Duquesnay and the mayor simultaneously, with an expression of great astonishment on both their faces.

"The truth—nothing but the truth. Some frightful trick is being played upon justice."

"But look, monsieur, look," said the judge. "See, the marks of blood are on the glove. Surely you must be mistaken."

"No; I tell you, no; this is not the glove. It is the same color, I admit; but it is several sizes larger, and there is not the slightest trace of the perfume I noticed on the other, a perfume that would still be there."

"But this is impossible," said Duquesnay. "This glove has never been out of my possession since it was handed to me. Yes; I remember now. I gave it to you, Leon. What do you say to this story?"

"I cannot tell. I do not know what to think," Monsieur Dantan replied, in a bewildered manner. "This story appears so wild, so utterly incredible, and yet Monsieur Vis speaks so confidently."

"I will swear to what I have said before any court in France," cried Aristide. "Monsieur le Juge, I beg of you, in the name of justice, to give me a chance to prove the truth of my assertion. Join with me, Monsieur Dantan, and entreat him to allow this delay."

"Claude," said Dantan, as his friend hesitated, irresolute what to reply. "I think you should consent to this request."

"Be it so," replied Duquesnay, who appeared to be considerably relieved by this proposal to postpone the case. I will adjourn the examination, as you ask."

"And now let us try to forget this terrible affair," said Leon Dantan. It is near the hour of dinner, Claude. You and Monsieur Vis must come and dine with me. No; no; I will take no refusal."

After some attempts at excuses, the two gentlemen accepted the invitation, and Duquesnay, having secured the mysterious glove in an iron safe, the three left the office together.

CHAPTER XIV.

As UPON the occasion of his former visit, the full, rich notes of the piano were the first sounds that greeted Aristide's ear as he crossed the threshold of the mayor's residence; the delicious strains fell like grateful and refreshing balm on the over-excited nerves of the three gentlemen, who during their walk from the "Hotel de Ville" had remained almost entirely silent, wrapped in their gloomy thoughts. Upon Leon Dantan, especially, the effect of the music was almost magical. The careworn and anxious look which had stolen over his face faded as rapidly as the snow melts under the ardent glances of the Spring sun.

In the little music-room, which appeared to be the favorite resort of the family, the visitors found not only the two cousins, but Mademoiselle Zortichoff. Henri and Henriette, at the piano, were absorbed in some new music which the young lady was practicing; whilst Valiska, seated on a sofa, near one of the windows, was turning over a large portfolio of engravings which was supported on an easel of carved wood; she was the first to observe the visitors, and greeted them with a charming smile and a graceful inclination of her lovely head.

Some irresistible impulse drew Aristide's eyes to Leon Dantan as he acknowledged the young lady's salute, and he was surprised to watch the *empressement* visible in the mayor's manner. His cheek flushed and his eyes grew so bright, as he gazed on the charming figure of the young girl, that it began to dawn upon Aristide's mind that something more than a feeling of paternal kindness or benevolence attracted Leon Dantan to the young Russian.

He had little time, however, to think over his discovery, for Henriette came forward and greeted him with her usual teasing manner, inquiring with an air of well-assumed gravity after the condition of his health, and whether he did not find fasting and prayer calculated to injure his appetite for Pierre Dubois's delicacies.

While replying, in his solemn manner, to Mademoiselle Rousel's raillery, Aristide did not fail to notice that Monsieur Dantan had approached Valiska, and engaged the young lady in conversation. The suspicion which had arisen in his mind gathered strength each moment, and he wondered if any of the others had the slightest idea of what he now looked upon as a foregone conclusion. Hazarding some hints and insinuations, he soon found out from Henriette's reply that she at least was innocent of any thought that her uncle's attention to Valiska was dictated by anything but friendship.

Urged by a feeling of uncontrollable curiosity, he took advantage of the approach of Captain and Claude Duquesnay, who now came forward and joined in the conversation, to draw away toward the sofa upon which Mademoiselle Zortichoff was seated. She glanced up with a pleasant smile as he drew near, and, as *he* thought, made an almost imperceptible motion, as if to invite him to assume a place by her side.

Sinking down upon the sofa, he said, with a complimentary bow, that he was glad to see she had recovered from the indisposition of the day before.

"Ah, monsieur," Valiska replied, in her soft, musical voice, "I fear it is my destiny always to make a bad impression upon you. We have met now but three times, and on both of the former occasions my foolish weakness must have led you to form a poor opinion of my strength of mind."

"Excuse me, mademoiselle. On the occasions of which you speak, the exhibition of weakness on your part was rather due to the mistake of others than to yourself. The first time *I* was the guilty party, and yesterday your brother's persistence, and that melancholy story of your parent's——"

"Yes; yes!" interrupted Mademoiselle Zortichoff; "but you must make allowance for my poor Sergius. He has been an invalid ever since my mother's death, and his nerves are so shattered and destroyed, that the slightest contradiction is apt to bring on the most frightful convulsions."

"I fear, mademoiselle," said Leon Dantan, who was idly turning the leaves of the portfolio—"I fear that you are imperiling your health for your brother's sake."

"Ah, no," Valiska eagerly answered; "and if I were, it would be no more than my duty. Consider all that my poor Sergius suffers, and remember that I am the only one left to care for him."

The generous expression of the young girl brought a look of intense admiration to the countenance of the mayor, and so preoccupied was he in his study of the beautiful face before him, that he absolutely started when Claude Duquesnay called to him from the other side of the room.

"Monsieur," said Mademoiselle Zortichoff, turning to Vis, when they were left alone, "I hope that poor woman has been able to prove her innocence?"

Observing Aristide's evident astonishment at her words, she went on:

"I see you are surprised that I should know anything of the affair, but it is very simple. Monsieur Dantan mentioned it to Henriette, and my friend has no secrets from me. Surely, monsieur, you cannot think that poor woman guilty?"

The dark eyes which were fixed so intently upon his face produced such an effect upon the young man, that it was some time before he could frame the answer, for which the girl seemed eagerly to wait.

But it was not alone admiration for those lovely eyes that kept him silent so long; other feelings, other thoughts sprang up quickly in his mind. "Was this anxiety of Valiska's due to another cause than the innocent disbelief in the guilt of a fellow-being? Was she perhaps seeking to find out from him the result of the morning's examination? The old suspicion, which her beautiful face had almost allayed, again arose as the glamour of her loveliness lost its hold upon him; and when he replied to her, his voice was as grave and solemn as on the occasion of their first meeting.

"I am sorry to say, mademoiselle, that this poor Marrois did not create a favorable impression—at least upon Messieurs Duquesnay and Dantan."

"But you, monsieur?"

"Ah! as for me, mademoiselle, they look on me as a dreamer."

"I am truly grieved to hear that any such suspicion should still attach to this unfortunate Madame Marrois, for I conclude, monsieur, she was really the wife of Pierre Marrois."

"Of that there cannot be the slightest doubt."

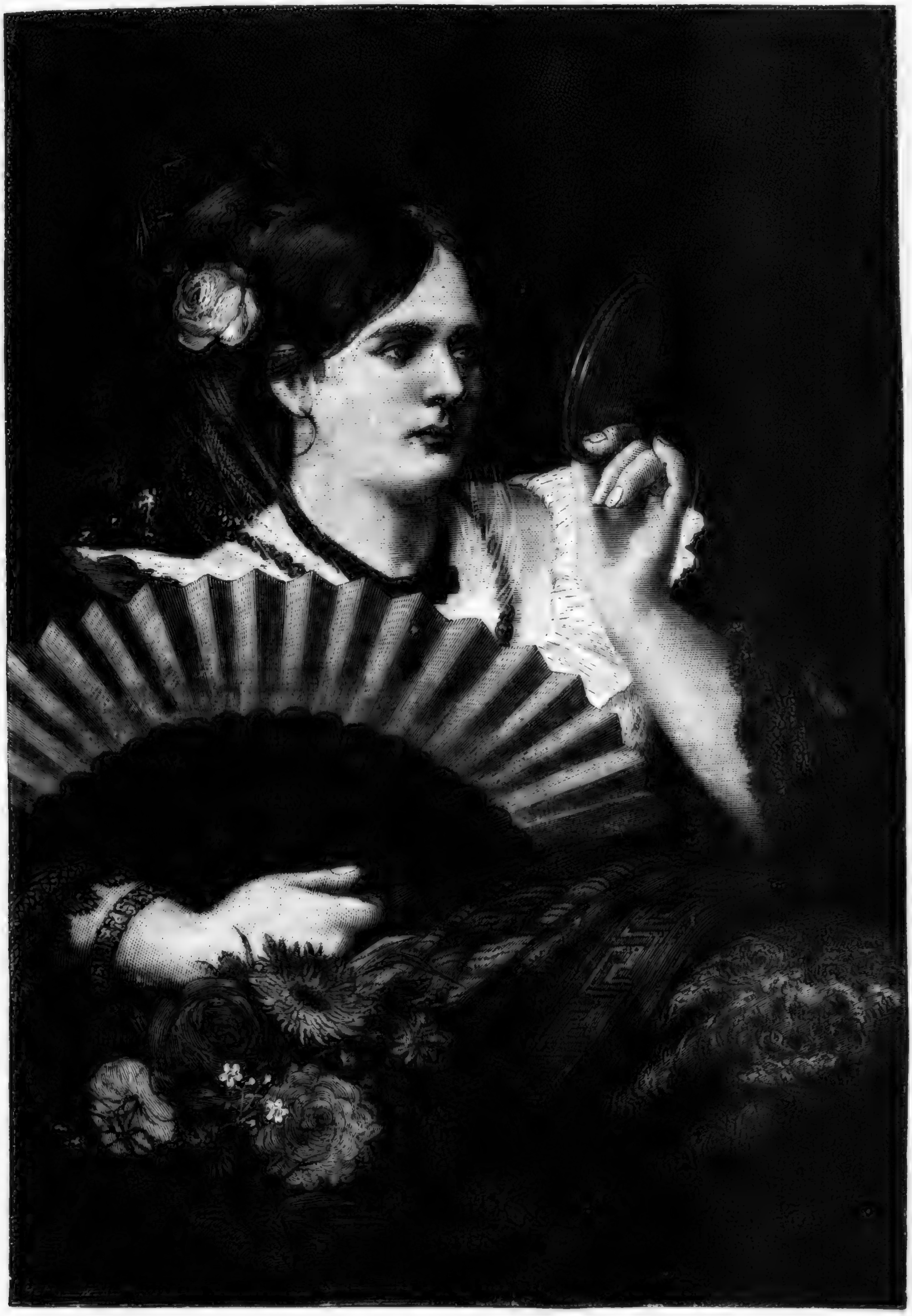
"And may I ask," Valiska inquired, after a moment's silence, seeing that Aristide was absorbed in thought and showed no disposition to continue the conversation—"may I ask what is the evidence against this woman?"

Aristide recovered himself with an effort, and fixing his eyes intently on the charming face of the questioner, he replied:

"Apparently the evidence is very strong. This Stephanie Marrois arrived in Abois the day before the murder, communicated with her husband by note, and afterward met him at the *fête*. Now, perhaps you have not heard, mademoiselle, that Pierre Marrois's murderer was a woman?"

He paused to mark the effect of his words, and observing no trace of the slightest emotion on the calm face before him, he continued:

"A woman who wore a gray silk domino and mask, and had a small scarlet bow upon her shoulder. Now, unfortunately, it has been proven that when Stephanie went to the *fête* she was dressed in a costume almost



A SPANISH BEAUTY.—BY F. X. SPECHT.

identical with that which I have just described to you as worn by the murderess."

"But how, monsieur, was it possible to obtain such an accurate description of the woman who, you say, is suspected of this terrible crime?"

"In the simplest manner possible, mademoiselle," answered Aristide, again narrowly observing the countenance of the young girl; "we have the testimony of the *garçon* who waited on Marrois, and who observed the gray domino intently; and we have besides"—he paused a moment to give force to his words—"we have besides a glove which she left behind her, stained with the blood of her victim."

For one second Aristide fancied he could detect a faint and almost imperceptible quiver in the full red lips. The next he was obliged to confess himself mistaken; the only sign of emotion visible in the pale, statuesque features, was a slight smile, and the tone of Valiska's voice when she spoke was as soft and musical in its modulations as before.

"How dramatic! how very dramatic! Upon my word, Monsieur Vis, you have missed your vocation in life. You should have been in the East, and there you might have become a professional adventurer or story-teller! How Ispahan and Bagdad would have resounded with your praises! But to return to what you were saying. Surely this blood-stained glove did not belong to Madame Marrois—you would not have me believe that?"

"It, however, fits her hand *now*, mademoiselle."

"Excuse me, but you say that 'now' with a very curious emphasis."

"Everything about the affair is curious. Would you believe, mademoiselle, that this glove which the murderess dropped in her hasty flight and which was the only positive evidence against her—well, this glove has been stolen, and a substitute left in its place. A substitute upon which the thief has taken pains to impress the blood-marks that marred the original."

"That seems almost incredible, monsieur. If I understand correctly, this Madame Marrois is a perfect stranger in Abois. Surely she could not possess an enemy capable of doing her such an injury?"

"The desire to injure Madame Marrois was not the cause of this exchange; the poor woman is merely a scapegoat at whom suspicion is directed in order to shield the real criminal."

"It is not possible, monsieur, that you could be mistaken?"

"Entirely impossible; the glove that was found near Marrois's corpse was altogether too remarkable to be forgotten. Fancy to yourself that every one who saw this masked woman particularly noticed the beauty of her hand. I myself examined the glove with the greatest attention, and am satisfied that the hand which it covered must have been as perfect—as perfect—as your own, mademoiselle!"

The slender white fingers swaying so deftly the large fan did not tremble in the slightest degree as Aristide struck this sudden blow.

"Upon my word, monsieur," cried Mademoiselle Zortichoff, with a merry laugh, "you appear in a new *rôle*. I did not know you could be a flatterer."

"How can you imagine a hermit guilty of such an offense as flattery? I spoke but the truth, and I am sure this is not the first time that you have heard the same compliment. Surely Captain Dantan or my uncle, Monsieur Leon——"

He stopped; for the first time a slight change was apparent in the calm countenance; a faint flush stole over the pale cheeks, and an anxious, inquiring expression appeared in the dark gray eyes. The change was but momentary, but, short as it was, it did not escape the quick eye of Aristide, who quietly resumed the conversation, satisfied that he had at least made one discovery.

"Ah, yes, mademoiselle, the theft of that glove has, I fear, deprived justice of the only chance of ever finding the real culprit."

"Your words would imply a suspicion of some one, monsieur."

"It is true. That glove was the foundation upon which I had built the hope of discovering the murderess."

"A very frail foundation, you must acknowledge."

"True; but trifles even apparently more insignificant have sometimes been the first link in the chain which has led to the conviction of the guilty. Well, mademoiselle, as Cuvier, from the smallest fossil, constructed the most immense mastodon, so I, from the slender palm and tapering fingers of that morsel of kid, evolved a portrait of the woman whose hand it once clothed."

"How interesting! And this portrait, this evolution of your brain, may I inquire what it is like?"

"Certainly! A tall, slender, graceful figure; a pale, perfect face, with large dark eyes."

"Black eyes, monsieur?"

"Ah, no, mademoiselle—gray, dark gray; and a mouth and chin as delicately molded as a sculptor's dream."

"The hair? Oh, I can imagine the hair. Blonde, is it not?"

"As you say, of the purest blonde hue."

"Nay, faith. You are, perhaps, not aware of it, but this photograph that you have drawn of your ideal murderess is almost identical with the reflection which my mirror shows me each morning. Are you, perhaps, about to accuse me, monsieur?"

"What a question! *You* cannot imagine it. Besides, remember you were not at the *fête*."

"That is true; but there is no knowing," continued Valiska, with a laugh, "what wild ideas will sometimes steal into the brains of you gentlemen. I consider myself very fortunate in being able to prove—what do you call it?—ah, yes, an alibi, I believe. Is not that the term? I shall have to be very attentive to Captain Dantan, for I must rely upon him and old Orloff as my witnesses."

"I fear, mademoiselle," replied Aristide, in the same light, jesting tone employed by the young lady—"I fear Captain Dantan would be of little use to you, for I understood him to say he left you at your cottage at half-past eleven. Now, the masked woman did not reach the *fête* until after midnight."

"And how could you know that, monsieur?"

"Ah, those pretty hands betrayed her! The man who drove her to the garden might have forgotten her costume, but he did not forget her hands, and from him we learned the fact that it was after twelve when she entered his carriage, at the corner of the Rue d'Orville and Magenta."

"Go on, go on, monsieur. You cannot imagine how interested I am."

"Interested? I should think so."

So absorbed were the two in this conversation, that the merry voice of Henriette, breaking in upon them, produced a mutual start of surprise.

"So much interested, that you have had ears and eyes for no one else for the last hour. I declare, my dear, it is wrong to monopolize Monsieur Vis in this way. You forget that I am anxious to cross-question him about Henri's escapades in Paris, and there are my uncle and Monsieur Duquesnay, who have been looking anxiously in this direction for some time—too polite, of course, to interrupt you; but, as I can plainly see, both wishing themselves in monsieur's place. So now you must surrender him to me. Come, Monsieur Vis, I expect you to tell me all the wonderful exploits that you performed during the siege."

"That is it," replied Captain Dantan, approaching the sofa; "you must make Aristide tell you his story. He was a famous man in Paris."

"Famous, indeed," said Aristide, relapsing into his ordinary quaint, melancholy style; "famous as the inventor of a wonderful sauce, which I assure you, Mademoiselle Henriette, would make even horseflesh palatable. This was was my only claim to greatness."

The gay laugh with which Henriette received this information, made more humorous by the mock-heroic manner of the speaker, attracted the attention of the other two gentlemen, who came forward and joined in the conversation, which now became general, turning chiefly upon incidents of the late war, and especially the siege of Paris.

"Ah, monsieur," said Leon Dantan, as Aristide Vis concluded one of his episodes, illustrative of the heroism displayed by the defenders of the capital, "we, too, have our heroes; but, surely since you have been in Abois you must have heard of the Abbé Marteau? Such deeds as *his* cannot be too widely known."

Aristide, confessing his ignorance, the mayor was about to speak, when he was interrupted by the entrance of a servant, announcing that dinner was served.

The evening passed only too rapidly. Mademoiselle was prodigal in her efforts to please, and her talent as a musician was so extraordinary as to charm her hearers, and make them entirely oblivious of the lapse of time, so that it was really a matter of surprise to all when the domestic brought the information that Mademoiselle Zortichoff's servant was in waiting. The young lady arose instantly and prepared to depart.

Throughout the entire evening Aristide had sought in vain to renew the conversation interrupted by Henriette, but, without making it noticeable, Valiska managed to evade all his efforts; he now, however, saw a way to accomplish his design, and stepping forward, he said, with a smile, that, as he and mademoiselle were neighbors, he trusted he might be allowed the privilege of seeing her to her cottage.

After a slight hesitation the young lady accepted with a gracious inclination of her head.

But Aristide had expected a *tête-à-tête.* He was doomed to disappointment, for Capatin Dantan declared that it was altogether too early to think of sleep, and proposed that he and his cousin should join them in their walk. Vis accepted his defeat with a good grace.

"What was it I said to Monsieur Duquesnay?" muttered the young man to himself, falling, as if by instinct, into his habit of self-communion, when he separated from his friends at Mademoiselle Zortichoff's cottage. "If Justice ever finds this woman, she will be found ready and prepared with a full and complete defense; there will be no fear of tears or alarm. This affair grows more and more dark. I wish to God I was well out of it."

CHAPTER XV.

SEVERAL days had passed since Aristide had taken voluntarily upon himself the defense of Stephanie Marrois, and, in spite of all his efforts, he was fain to admit that so far, at least, he had accomplished nothing.

No new discoveries came to reward the hours of toilsome thought that he had devoted to the study of the case. His first idea had been that the clue to the mystery could only be unraveled by finding the thief who had exchanged the gloves; but it did not take him long to come to the conclusion that this was by no means an easy task.

Claude Duquesnay positively declared that the glove had been locked up in his desk ever since it came into his possession; and Leon Dantan was equally as positive in his assertion that it remained untouched in his pocket from the moment when he had placed it there on the night of the murder, until next morning, when he handed it to the judge.

"Who could be the thief? Who could be the thief?" This was the one thought that now had possession of Aristide's brain; but the more he dwelt upon the matter the more difficult the solution appeared, especially when the affair was viewed in connection with the suspicion which had taken hold upon him on the occasion of his first visit to the mayor's house. Now he could not doubt the correctness of what he had said to Mademoiselle Zortichoff, namely, that this exchange of gloves had been made to draw all attention away from the real criminal.

Could there then be another person who shared in his suspicion, and who was plotting as earnestly to defeat justice and protect the guilty, as he (Vis) was laboring in the cause of the law and innocence?

He began to think that Stephanie Marrois had a very poor champion indeed. He had catechized Madame Pichaud, but all that resulted from a number of interviews and a liberal outlay of five-franc pieces had been several long and voluble descriptions which, in the end, amounted to no more than the same testimony which the loquacious Aglae had given to the judge.

He had called on Stephanie, but while acknowledging with the liveliest gratitude her thanks for his kindness and sympathy, the poor woman admitted that the whole affair was to her a complete mystery.

The brigadier of gendarmes had also been interviewed with equal want of success. The man, in return for the profuse *douceurs* of Vis, was equally profuse in his offers of assistance, but as it soon appeared that he knew nothing that could be of any service, his offer amounted to very little.

To sum up the whole matter, the more Aristide thought over the affair, the more was he obliged to acknowledge that, as far as he could see, the game was blocked.

This was by no means a pleasant or encouraging thought, especially to a man who had not exactly a poor opinion of himself.

Aristide, seated in his comfortable armchair in the little saloon of his cottage, surrounded by his books and pictures, seemed a man to be envied, but had any one at that moment asked him his own opinion of himself, he would, without hesitation, have declared that he was the most miserable and unfortunate creature in the world.

For more than two hours he had been sitting there, turning over and over in his mind the insoluble mystery, looking at it now from this point, now from that, trying to recall the expression of this one's face, or to remember that person's words, until his brain was fairly dazed with the tumult and conflict of ideas.

The sound of some one opening the door dimly forced itself in amongst this tangle of thought; he was vaguely conscious of the patter of light footsteps, and the soft rustling of skirts.

"Well, well, what is it, Jeanne?" he inquired, in a dreamy, abstracted manner, as the disturber of his solitude stopped behind his chair.

"But it is not Jeanne!" a merry, mocking voice replied, with a low, silvery laugh; a voice which aroused Aristide Vis from his dreamy abstraction, and sent his misty ideas and confused thoughts flying to the four winds of heaven, as suddenly as if a charge of dynamite had exploded beneath his feet; a voice which made him spin around in his chair with electrical rapidity, and gaze in helpless and bewildered wonder on the lovely Vision which stood before him. A Vision—all scarlet and black, as light and gay as a tropical bird. A Vision of big brown eyes under delicately arched brows; eyes at one moment sparkling with malicious mirth—the next, soft and tender as those of a dove. Cheeks glowing with blushes, warmly tinted as a moss-rose bud; the straight Grecian nose, exquisite mouth, and dimpled chin. A profusion of dark chestnut curls, falling so low, as to almost hide the white forehead; crowning this charming head, a large straw hat crushed into the latest mad caprice of fashion, adorned with long drooping ostrich feathers of scarlet and black, and further embellished with a hideously natural green lizard, which seemed to be peeping down at the lovely face below. The costume, of black satin and Spanish lace, with its bunches of scarlet and crimson flowers, had been artistically fashioned, to make more apparent the perfect form which it clothed; and the small hands in their long black kid gloves, which rested so familiarly on the young man's chair, were dainty enough for Titania herself.

"Well," said the visitor, after some moments of silence, seeing that Aristide was too much overcome to speak—"well, *mon cher*, when you succeed in recovering control of that erratic brain of yours, perhaps you will have the courtesy to offer me a chair, for you surely do not intend to sit there staring at me in that ridiculous manner all day?"

The young man arose in mechanical obedience at this reproof, and the lady, with the most nonchalant manner possible, took possession of the comfortable chair thus resigned, spread out her skirts, and crossed her slender feet on the philosopher's footstool, as if her presence in the hermit's sanctuary was the most natural thing in the world.

"And so I have found you, my friend," continued the beauty, as she nestled herself snugly in the luxurious cushion; "and now, perhaps, you will explain to me what induced you to run away from Paris in that mad fashion, and leave me to be looked on as a forsaken Ariadne. I declare I can scarcely forgive you for your stupid conduct. There! for mercy's sake, don't look at me in that melancholy way. You forget that there is such a thing as a law of Interdiction in France, and if you continue in your eccentricities, your friends will certainly have to lock you up for safety."

"Angelique!"

"Oh, yes, I am really angry with you! Only fancy, exposing me in the manner you did to the mock sympathy of my friends. Why, you had not been gone twenty-four hours before Lucie de Veilleurs was at my house shedding her crocodile tears over what she called 'my desertion.' Desertion, indeed! I told her very quickly that this was no case of a lost lover, like her affair with Charles de Rivière; that my bad sou was only mislaid, and liable to turn up at any moment—and you see I was right; but do, for heaven's sake, banish that look of stupidity from your face."

"Excuse me, my dear Madame d'Aubrac," replied Vis, who had managed at length to recover from the mental whirl into which he had been thrown by this startling and unexpected visitation. "Excuse me, madame, but really, I am so surprised, so completely overwhelmed, by the honor which you have done me, that you should not be astonished at my inability to find words to express my sense of gratitude. You will, however, permit me to say that I cannot imagine to what I am indebted for this distinguished favor."

"Ah, my friend, that sounds very grave and fine indeed; but, as long ago I had determined that, when I was tired of balls and *fêtes*, and disposed to look for a successor to my poor general, you should be the man, I was not willing to allow you to escape me so easily."

"Madame! I am surprised."

"Surprised? There is no reason for that. It seems to me that the last time I had the pleasure of seeing you, you did me the honor to ask for my hand."

"And perhaps, madame," replied Aristide, stiffly, "since your memory is so good, you may remember the answer you gave me?"

"Why, yes! of course!" cried Madame d'Aubrac, with a gay laugh. "I told you then that you were my Fate, but that I was not willing as yet to surrender myself to destiny."

"That is to say, madame, you laughed at my proposal."

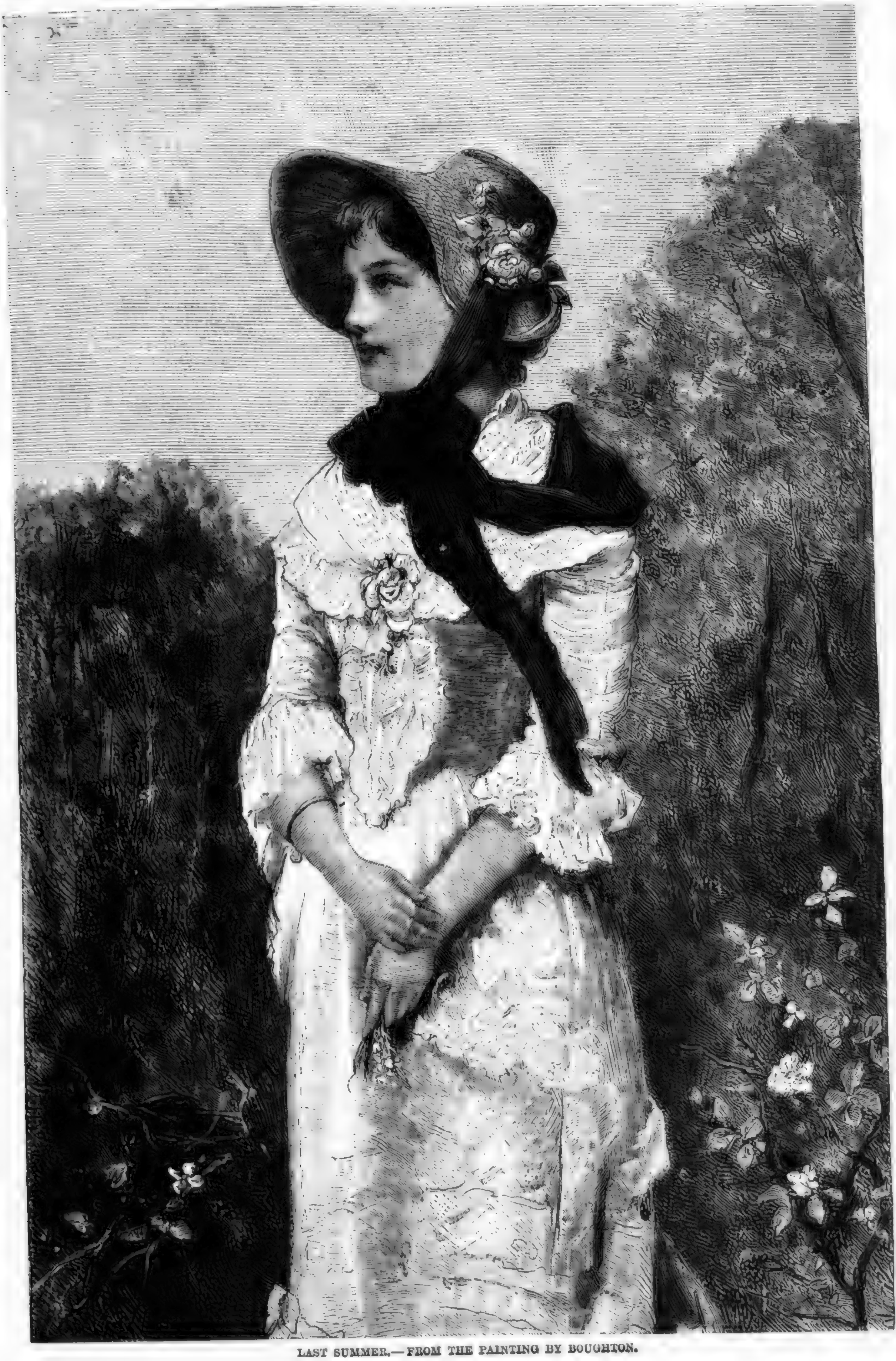
"By no means, monsieur; but you were foolish enough to take my jest in earnest, and without giving me a chance for explanation, you ran away from Paris like a veritable schoolboy trying to escape punishment. Of course I did not pay you the compliment to hunt for you. I said to myself, I will hear of him sooner or later, and as Paris was getting dull and hot, I accepted old Madame Vidaumont's invitation to form one of a party of young people whom the good old lady was to chaperon at Monte Carlo. Well, *mon cher*, it did not take me long to grow heartily sick of all the noisy gayety and life of that wicked place; and just when I had gone through my wardrobe, just when my last new dress had been worn, chance threw into my hand a newspaper with a long and thrilling account of a mysterious and blood-curdling murder at Abois. I cannot imagine what induced me to read it, for, as you know, my friend, I am not given to that style of literature. But only conceive my astonishment when the first name I saw in connection with the terrible affair was your own. So I was right, I said to myself; here is my bad sou at last. I was sick to death of Monte Carlo, and sicker still, I believe, of Trouville and all the other fashionable places, so I said to myself, Why not go down to Abois? It is in the country, and possesses the charm of novelty at least; and so you see, my dear, here I am! And now perhaps you will be equally open in your confession, and tell me how you have been employed since the day you deserted me so shamefully?"

"Oh, quietly enough, madame," answered Aristide, who had now recovered fully his calm and placid manner. "There is just a sufficiency of the country here to please a man of my pastoral taste, and enough of civilization to assure me a perfectly cooked meal."

"Oh! you sybarite! and your Paradise has perchance an Eve who has taken my place in your fickle affection?"

"Two or three, madame."

"You surprise me, monsieur! I thought you cultivated the character of a misogamist."



LAST SUMMER.—FROM THE PAINTING BY BOUGHTON.

XUM

"I did in Paris; but here in the country, you know, it is all so different. In the first place, the young ladies are not flirts."

"Is that, perhaps, an insinuation, monsieur?"

"Oh, by no means; merely a statement of fact."

"And among these charming ladies that do not flirt, may I ask if you have found one to suit your fastidious taste?"

With an air of pretended confusion that was well feigned, Aristide muttered an affirmative:

"Perhaps, madame."

"Would it be indiscreet to ask the name of your new inamorata?" said Madame d'Aubrac, with a slight deepening of the rosy flush upon her cheek.

"You know my candid nature, madame. I could never conceal anything from you. It is a Mademoiselle Valiska Zortichoff."

"A Russian? An adventuress, of course; all Russian ladies are that, I believe."

"Can't say," replied Aristide, with an airy move of his hand; "all I know is, that the young lady is perfectly irresistible."

"A brunette?"

"Oh! by no means. You know I could never learn to admire brunettes. A blonde, tall and slender, with lovely soft blue eyes, full of innocence and truth."

"Why, upon my word, monsieur, you are becoming absolutely poetical."

"The subject, madame, might give an inspiration to even a more prosaical, matter-of-fact person than myself."

"You know that I do not like blondes, they are always deceitful," replied the lady, tapping her little foot impatiently on the floor.

"In that case perhaps you would be better pleased with Mademoiselle Henriette Rousel. Mademoiselle is a brunette, with brown hair and eyes."

"Rousel!—Henriette Rousel!—where have I heard that name before?" inquired Madame d'Aubrac. "Oh! I remember now; that is the name of the *fiancée* of your friend, Monsieur Dantan, that charming gentleman whom you introduced to me. And pray, what has become of him?"

"Since you remember him so well, you will doubtless be pleased to know that he is here in Abois."

"Delighted, upon my word! *Mon cher*, you must present him to me at once, otherwise I fear I shall find it dull in this pastoral Eden of yours, as you say we brunettes cannot do without our flirtations. And now," continued the lady, as she languidly arose from her comfortable seat—"now, my dear, I think I have done you enough honor for one day; besides, I fear this country life is making you just a trifle dull and uninteresting. Adieu. You will find me at the Hotel de Belfort; but do not come unless you bring Monsieur Dantan. My best wishes to your blonde. Adieu and *au revoir*."

And with a bewitching smile and the same gentle rustling of her silken skirts which had heralded her approach, the lady swept from the chamber.

"Angelique!" murmured Aristide to himself. "Angelique, indeed! Diabolique would have been better!" and with this consoling sarcasm, the philosopher sank into his chair with a grunt of satisfaction, and sought in vain to turn his thoughts again to the subject of Marrois's murder.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE freedom which the hermit of Abois had won by his ignoble flight from Paris was lost and gone. That ideal life of calm and placid philosophical abstraction, pleasantly enlivened by the discussion of some magnificent work of art from the fertile imagination of Père Dubois, had come to an untimely end. Madame d'Aubrac was a despotic little tyrant, who demanded from her liege subjects the utmost prodigality in the way of courtship and adulation, and poor Aristide very rapidly found himself relegated to his former condition of servile submission and passive obedience. It is true that he did not submit without an effort, and even went the length of trying to arouse his sovereign's jealousy by the most marked and open attention to Valiska Zortichoff. But this attempted diversion proved a lamentable failure, and each day he found himself more and more completely involved in the meshes of the net which had formerly ensnared him.

As for Madame d'Aubrac, she declared herself charmed with her new surroundings. Abois was simply delicious; the scenery, a marvel of beauty; and the gentlemen, really adorable. She was like a child just escaped from school: she plunged with the utmost zest and enthusiasm into all the amusements which Abois afforded; dazzled the provincials with her brilliant toilets; the splendor of her jewels, her wonderful gloves, and marvelous *bottines*; and rapidly gathered around her a gay coterie of young people, as careless and light-hearted as herself, who made her *salon* re-echo with their zest and merriment. She was soon involved in a number of flirtations, more or less serious.

A similarity of taste and disposition between the baroness and Henriette produced an instantaneous friendship, which rapidly grew into such fervid intensity that the pair were not satisfied to be separated from each other for even the shortest time.

Two only of his new acquaintances, whom Aristide hastened to present, failed to find favor in Angelique's eyes. These were Mademoiselle Zortichoff and Leon Dantan.

"It is no use, my friend," said the baroness, when, taking advantage of a *tête-à-tête* with the gay lady, Aristide was pleading for the forty-second time the cause of his friends; "all your arguments will never make me like your Russian. I am sure I cannot see what you men find to admire in those blonde-haired girls, with their pale, expressionless features; and just let me tell you, that for all their look of saintly innocence, they are far worse than we brunettes. Icicles, with a devouring flame always burning beneath the frozen surface. Now, you know, with us, it is a flash, an explosion, and that is the end of it."

Aristide faintly murmured something about such explosions sometimes resulting fatally; but the lady, evidently enthused with her subject, paid no attention to this interruption, but dismissing it with a wave of her hand, she went on:

"Yes! With us, as I said, it is a thunderstorm; over in a moment and forgotten. But with these blondes it is quite different. They treasure up an injury and brood over it for months. Oh, I can tell you they are awfully vindictive and revengeful. I assure you, if I were in Henriette's place, I should be greatly alarmed. I believe this Valiska could be as cold-blooded and remorseless as the wretch who murdered that poor Monsieur 'Parrois, or 'Barrois'—which was it?"

Aristide could scarcely stifle the exclamation of surprise produced by these words of the baroness, but a glance at the lady's face convinced him that there was no concealed meaning in the insinuation, or lurking suspicion, such as that which had proved his torment for so many days.

"And pray why ?" he hazarded the inquiry timidly—"why should Mademoiselle Henriette be especially alarmed ?"

"What a question ? I declare, Aristide, you are as blind as a bat ; an absolute mole ! Cannot you see that this lovely Russian is heels-over-head in love with Captain Dantan ? On my soul, the way she throws herself at him is simply disgusting ; and it speaks volumes for the young man's innocence, that he seems not to be aware of this '*grande passion.*' "

"I am sure you must be mistaken, Angelique."

"Nothing of the kind, my dear. Heaven gifted me with good eyesight. Now, you know if there is one thing that I do detest, it is a flirt ; and your Valiska is an outrageous flirt. See that poor Leon Dantan."

"I am afraid Monsieur Dantan is not a favorite of yours ?"

"The man is simply a fool ! a veritable idiot ! Bah ! you need not open your eyes in that way. You will never make me believe that you are not aware of Monsieur le Maire's *amourette.* When these old men take it into their heads to fall in love with young girls, they are just too ridiculous. Why, he blushes like a schoolboy whenever his inamorata speaks to him. I hate this slavish submission in a man, I do, indeed," she continued, emphatically. "Do you know, I believe that I should prefer to have a man beat me rather than always be my humble servant ? You need not look surprised, for I assure you I am not jesting. What I want is some one to look up to as a master, a creature far above me——"

A period was suddenly put to this grandiloquent declamation of the baroness by the entrance of Captain Dantan and his cousin. The greeting exchanged between the two ladies was in the last degree warm and effusive.

"Yes, *ma chère,*" said Henriette, with a laugh, "here I am again. I could not stay away. I absolutely could not. So I made Henri fetch me ; and now I want you all to myself the whole evening."

"That seems to me very like a dismissal, Aristide," said Captain Dantan.

"Oh, no," replied Mademoiselle Rousel. "You gentlemen may remain here for, say, five minutes, and then I know you will have the politeness to go somewhere and smoke your cigars."

"On my word, my poor Aristide," Captain Dantan laughingly remarked, as the two young men emerged from the Hotel de Belfort, and sauntered down the street, "madame has you completely in her toils. I declare it astonishes me to see you in the character of a tame cat—you who used to preach me such fine lectures on the supremacy of men."

"Oh, my friend, there is a great deal of difference, I must admit, between precept and practice. Even Hercules, you know, had his Omphale. What man can struggle against his fate ?"

"I am sure," cried Henri, smiling at the serious manner of his friend, "if my fate came in as charming a form as Madame d'Aubrac, I should not try to escape it at all. She certainly is one of the most fascinating women I ever met. I vow you are a very lucky fellow indeed."

"Are you sure that a fascinating woman like Madame d'Aubrac, for instance, is calculated to harmonize with philosophic thought ?"

"Philosophic thought be hanged ! I never saw one of you philosophers yet who would hesitate to choose between a lovely woman and a musty old volume. Take my word for it, the reality of life is the best, after all. Ah, Aristide, what a humbug you are !"

"Nonsense, my friend," replied Vis ; "but tell me, I beg of you, who is that gentleman in black there, just on the other side of the way ? He seems to be a person of importance, if I am to judge from the extent of his bowing acquaintance, for I swear he has received a salute from every man, woman and child who has passed him."

This person to whom Vis alluded was a tall, elderly man with a smooth-shaven face, and an expression of great benignity in his handsome features. His long black coat had something so clerical about it that Aristide was not surprised when Captain Dantan, after a glance, replied :

"Oh ! that ? That is the Abbé Marteau ; he is the big gun of Abois. My uncle told you his story, I think."

"No ; he was about to do so, when something interrupted him."

"Well, I am not exactly familiar with the affair, but his conduct seems to have been something very heroic. I believe charges were brought against the inhabitants of Abois of maltreating German prisoners during the last war, and Monsieur Bismarck, with the intention of making an example, suddenly pounced down on the place and informed the citizens that they were to select two of their number to be shot, as a warning to all the other French towns. Well, if I am not mistaken, the thing went so far that two unfortunates were chosen and about to be executed, when the Abbé came forward and proffered himself as a substitute for the condemned. Very heroic, was it not ?"

"It was, indeed ! And the end of the affair ?"

"Oh ! the nobleness of the offer produced an effect even upon Bismarck ; the sentence was rescinded, and the two citizens restored to liberty with the warning to 'go and sin no more.' "

During this conversation the friends had unconsciously turned into a side street, which brought them at length to the Cemetery of St. Jean. This was usually a favorite place of resort for the young people of Abois, the ground being handsomely laid out, and affording a pleasant promenade. But upon this evening only two figures were visible within the inclosure, a man and a woman. Their backs were turned toward the newcomers, but Aristide and Henri immediately recognized the graceful form of Valiska Zortichoff, in black, whose general appearance seemed not unfamiliar to Aristide ; but while he was struggling to locate the unknown, the couple turned, and to the unbounded astonishment of Vis, the strange gentleman proved to be Charles Guimand, the agent of Police. This discovery staggered Aristide, and for a moment he was not able to reply to Henri, who had also recognized the detective, and inquired :

"What the devil he supposed that fellow had to do with Mademoiselle Zortichoff ?"

But this was just the question which now had complete possession of Vis's brain, and he was mentally asking himself whether it was possible that Guimand shared in his suspicion of the young lady ? While he was revolving this thought in his mind the agent chanced to look up. He started slightly on beholding the two gentlemen, and with a low bow abruptly left the young lady, turning down one of the side walks.

Valiska came hastily forward, and as she drew near, Aristide could plainly discern the traces of deep emotion in the pallor of her countenance and the agitation of her manner. She was the first to speak, though it evidently required a great effort.

"Can you tell me, monsieur, who is is that strange gentleman who left me just now?"

XUM

"I trust, mademoiselle," said Captain Dantan, "that the man has not been annoying you?"

"No, not annoying, but he has asked me such curious questions. Perhaps, I should not have been alarmed if I had not accidentally noticed that we were entirely alone in the cemetery.

"The man is a police agent, mademoiselle," said Aristide, speaking gravely, and studying the face of the girl as she spoke. "He was sent here to investigate the Marrois murder; but, may I ask how you came to meet him?"

"Very simply, monsieur; I usually walk here in the cemetery, and this evening I was taking my accustomed exercise, when the man came forward and addressed me, saying he was a stranger in Abois, and wished to know if this was the Cemetery of St. Jean. I answered in the affirmative, and thought he would leave me; but, to my surprise, he went on asking other questions about the town. I became, at length, alarmed at his pertinacity, especially when I noticed, as I said before, that we were alone. It was just at this moment that he must have remarked your presence, for he left me abruptly."

"It was a gross piece of impertinence on the fellow's part to speak to you at all, and I will see that he is well reprimanded. I cannot think how he could have the audacity to take such a liberty."

"Oh, after all, monsieur, the man was not really impolite, and his manner was perfectly respectful. Perhaps, I was unnecessarily timid. I should prefer that you would not mention the affair."

"As you please, mademoiselle; but I see you are walking in the direction of your cottage—you will allow Monsieur Vis and myself the pleasure of accompanying you home?"

"I wonder what those curious questions were?" thought Aristide. "I wonder had they anything to do with the Marrois murder?"

It was nearly dusk when they reached the cottage. Old Orloff was standing in the gateway, evidently on the lookout for his mistress, and in answer to her inquiries after her brother, replied, with a surly growl of reproof, that Sergius was not feeling well, and had retired."

"You must not be angry with my poor Orloff," said Valiska, with a smile, as the old man, still grumbling to himself, stamped away in the direction of the house; "he never can get over the habit of looking on my brother and myself as children, and I assure you, sometimes he scolds us awfully. But, will you not come in? It is still early. I received some new music to-day, Captain Dantan, of which, I would like your opinion."

Seeing, from the expression of his friend's face, that Henri was desirous of accepting the invitation, Aristide muttered something about an engagement at the "hotel," but this, the captain overruled, declaring there was plenty of time, and that if Mademoiselle Valiska would permit, he would just remain long enough to listen to the new music.

"I believe that devil of an Angelique is right, after all," said Aristide to himself, as he sat in the little parlor attentively studying the faces of his two companions, as they hung over the piano. "Mademoiselle Henriette will have to watch my gay friend closely; for, if that girl goes on making eyes at him, there's no telling what will happen. I don't know whether I could resist the expression of those gray orbs myself, and poor Henri always was weak toward pretty women. It would be a nice kettle-of-fish if uncle and nephew should become rivals in reality. Upon my soul, Angelique is as keen-sighted as a hawk; only to think of her seeing all that in the few short days she has been here." This remembrance of Madame d'Aubrac's astuteness formed a link in the chain of thought which led Vis's mind away to a consideration of the lady herself, a theme so fertile, that the time passed by unnoticed. Indeed, so entirely was Aristide absorbed in thought, and Captain Dantan in the music, that the sound of a small clock on the mantel striking eleven was a startling interruption to both gentlemen. They rose immediately, and, with a hasty apology for the inconsiderate length of their stay, bade Mademoiselle Valiska "good-night."

"Why in the devil's name did you let me stay so late?" said Dantan, as old Orloff closed the garden-gate upon them with a growl, which might equally as well be interpreted to mean either a blessing or a curse. "Henrietta will give me a proper scolding."

"Well, I like that," replied Aristide; "don't imagine I am going to shoulder your sins; I assure you I have enough of my own to carry."

Mutually reproaching each other in this way, the friends hurried along the Rue d'Orville.

The night was intensely dark, and the street so badly lighted, that it was with difficulty they could find their way; after a few moments, however, they turned into the Rue Magenta, the main thoroughfare of the town.

"Confound it!" cried Henri; "that place was as black as pitch; I thought we would never get out of it."

The young men had increased their pace, and were crossing one of the intersections of the avenue, when a person coming at great speed from down the side street suddenly collided with Captain Dantan. The shock must have been a very severe one, for the unfortunate pedestrian staggered and seemed about to fall; but, recovering, muttered a "Pardon, monsieur!" and hastened on.

The whole thing passed so rapidly, that Aristide could only make out that the unknown was tall, slender, and dressed in a long, dark, shapeless garment; he was, therefore, very much surprised when Henri said:

"I hope that poor woman did not hurt herself. I wonder where she is going at this time of night, and in such haste, too?"

"You have very sharp eyes, my friend," replied Vis; "to me that person was nothing but an indistinct shape. Pray how did you recognize that it was a woman?"

"Oh, my eyes were of little more use than your own. I believe I caught a glimpse of a pale face, but so vaguely, that I haven't the slightest idea what it was like. No, my friend; I went by the ear entirely. The voice that said, 'Pardon, monsieur!' was unmistakably the voice of a woman."

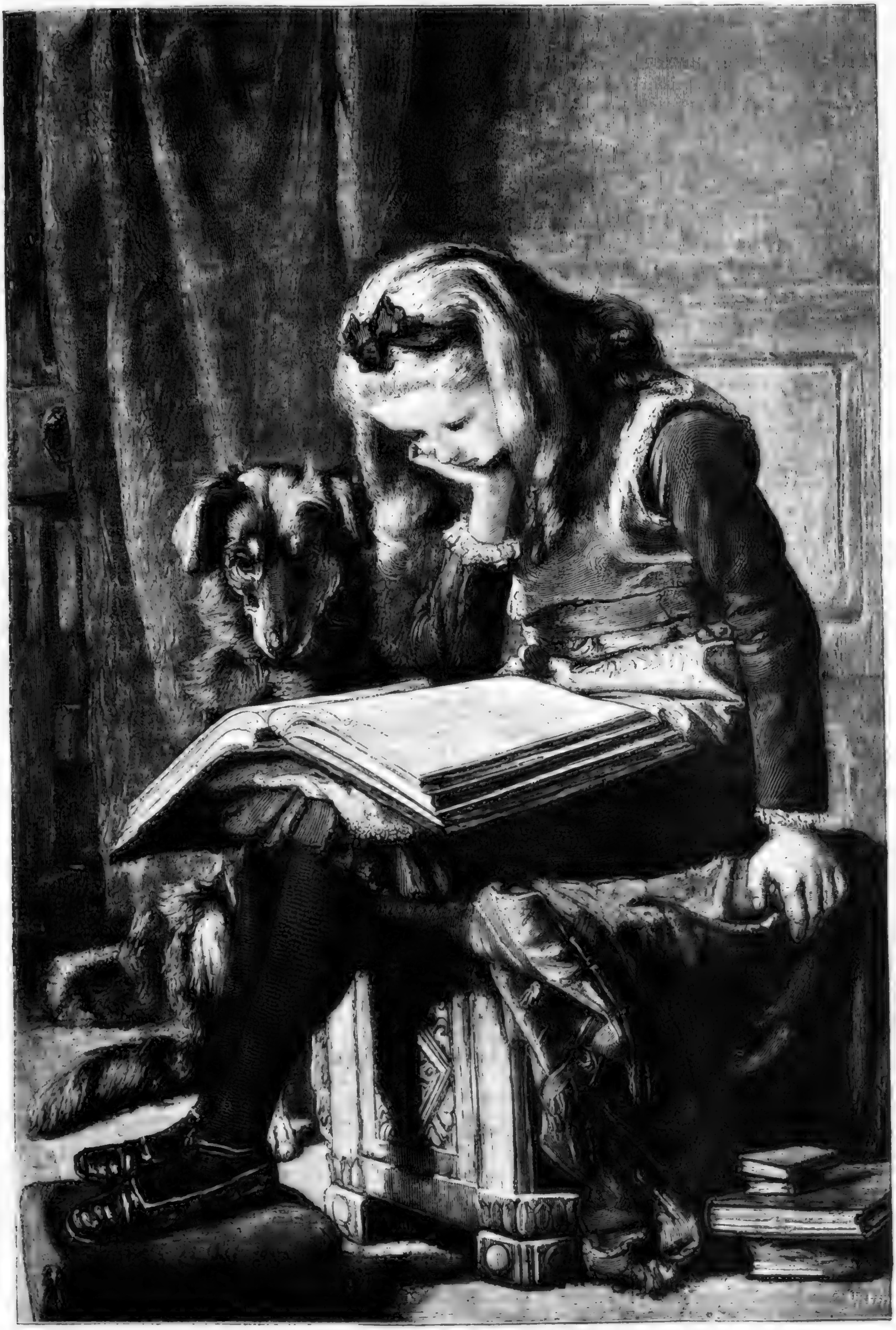
"Well, *mon ami*," Aristide answered, laughingly, "the woman will be apt to remember you, for you must have left a permanent impression on her. But come on, come on! It won't do to stay here talking over your fair stranger. You forget Mademoiselle Henriette."

The entrance to the Hotel de Belfort was still brilliantly lighted when they reached it, though the absence of the usual throng of attendants bespoke the lateness of the hour.

Henri, who was slightly in advance, was springing up the broad marble steps, when he felt his shoulder suddenly seized in a vise-like grip, and the voice of Aristide broke on his ear, but in tones so changed as to be almost unrecognizable:

"God of heaven, Henri! what is that upon your sleeve?"

The young man turned suddenly at these words.



THE STUDENTS.— BY C. ROBERTS.

Vis, pale as death, and overcome with nervous emotion, was pointing to the right arm of his friend.

Following the direction of the trembling finger, Dantan could scarcely suppress an exclamation of horror when he saw, distinctly marked upon the sleeve of his gray Summer coat, the imprint of a bloody hand.

CHAPTER XVII.

FOR some moments this startling discovery rendered the young men absolutely speechless and motionless.

"By heaven!" cried Henri Dantan, suddenly breaking the silence. "It was *that* woman. I remember now I felt her catch hold of my arm to save herself from falling. What can it mean?"

"Come," replied Vis, speaking in an agitated whisper, and at the same time dragging his friend down the stairs, "I feel something within me that tells me we are going to discover a frightful crime. Come on."

He hurried Dantan along the street at a rapid pace.

"Wait!" he suddenly cried, stopping abruptly after they had gone a short distance. "You ought to know the streets of this infernal town. Can you remember where it was we met that woman?"

"Certainly; that street down which we came was the Rue Valcourt."

"Then that is where our search must begin."

Without another word the two hastened on. They had almost reached their destination when they came suddenly upon a gendarme.

The soldier recognized Captain Dantan immediately, and saluted.

It took but a few moments to explain to the man what had happened, and bidding him follow them, the friends continued their rapid walk.

The Rue Valcourt was enveloped in darkness; the street-lamps were scattered at such distances as to be absolutely useless. Not a light was visible in any of the houses, nor a single pedestrian to be seen upon the sidewalks.

"What are we to do?" inquired Henri. "Everything appears as quiet as death. I can scarcely see my hand before my face."

"Wait," replied Aristide. "That woman," he continued, after a moment's thought—"that woman had come but a short distance when we met her. I am satisfied of that. If we only had a light!"

"Oh, as for that, monsieur," interrupted the gendarme, "I have my lantern in my pocket."

"Then light it at once."

The man obeyed, and a ray of light from the bull's-eye of the lantern was soon illuminating the darkness.

"Which way, monsieur?" he inquired of Aristide, to whom, by tacit consent, he seemed to look for advice.

"It was the left-hand side of the way, Henri, was it not?"

The captain nodded affirmatively.

"Then we must try that side first," continued Vis. "You go on before with the lantern, and we'll follow."

The search was destined to be a short one.

They had not passed over three-quarters of the square in the order described, when the gendarme, who was slightly in advance, uttered a loud exclamation, which instantly brought the two friends to his side.

"See here, messieurs, see here!" cried the man, excitedly, flashing the light of his lantern on the sidewalk. "As I live, here is the print of a foot in blood! A woman's foot, messieurs."

Aristide was down on his knees in a moment. A single glance was enough to convince him that the gendarme was correct. There, on the flagstone of the pavement, the slender outlines of a woman's foot was distinctly imprinted.

"And here is another!" cried Henri, who had walked a few steps further on. "And, *mon Dieu!* come here, Aristide! come here! Here is a stream of blood trickling down the steps of this house."

This fearful discovery brought the two others to Captain Dantan's side, and the full light of the lantern was thrown upon the entrance. For a few moments they stood rooted to the spot, staring with horror-stricken eyes at the ghastly sight.

A broad crimson flood was welling out from beneath the door, and slowly dropping from step to step.

"Who lives here?" murmured Aristide, in a voice barely audible.

The gendarme recovered himself with a start, and replied, in tones scarcely more distinct than those of the other:

"It is a store kept by an old woman named Robert. She lives here with her daughter in a little room behind the shop. Shall I try the door?" continued the man, who, more accustomed to such horrible sights, was beginning to regain his composure, and, without waiting for any reply, he ascended the steps.

"It's locked!" he cried. "Shall I knock?"

And again, without waiting for a reply, he proceeded to hammer with all his force upon the panels. No answer from within; but as he continued his blows, the noise soon alarmed the neighbors. Windows were quickly raised, and eager voices, in accents of alarm, demanded, "What was the matter?"

The reply of the gendarme soon filled the street with an excited throng, who crowded around the front of the ill-fated house, gazing with white faces on the awful sight. The next moment a hundred voices were raised in clamorous questioning.

Lights flashed in the houses, and women began to pour out, adding their shrill voices to the louder tones of the men.

Suddenly some one, on the outskirts of the crowd, raised the cry of "Murder!" and the next moment that fearful word was resounding through the streets.

Men, women and children ran excitedly in every direction, spreading the alarm. No one sought to render any assistance to the gendarme in his efforts to obtain admission to the house. Nobody appeared to have any other idea than that of spreading the ghastly tidings throughout the town as quickly as possible. In vain did both Captain Dantan and Aristide call on the citizens to aid them in an effort to burst open the door; they were not even listened to. It was with a feeling of absolute delight that the young men welcomed the appearance of the first blue-and-yellow uniform. Another followed, and shortly eight or ten gendarmes collected around the spot.

The nephew of the mayor was known to all of them, and in answer to his questions they hastened to inform him that a messenger had been sent to notify the Chef de Police. Upon Aristide suggesting that the door should be immediately broken open, the men hesitated irresolutely, saying it would be better to wait for the arrival of the Chef. The delay seemed interminable, although not more than a few minutes could have elapsed, when one of the gendarmes cried out, "Here comes Monsieur le Chef!" and the crowd, making way respectfully, formed a lane through the dense throng, along which a gentleman hurriedly advanced, followed by two companions.

Vis recognized the tall figure and the keen, intelligent features of the person whom he had seen once before, in the office of the Juge d'Instruction. The men who accompanied him were a gendarme, and Charles Guimand, the agent of police.

Henri hurried to meet the newcomer, and greeted him eagerly, at the same time pouring out his story with voluble excitement. The chief listened with grave attention, and upon the conclusion of the narrative closely examined the hand-print upon the sleeve of the captain's coat, and the blood-stains on the doorsteps. After a brief investigation he arose to his feet, his pale face bearing witness to the effect produced upon him by that hideous stream of blood, and said, in a decided tone, "The door of this house must be broken open; we must enter at once."

"Excuse me, monsieur," interrupted the detective; "but would it not be better first to make a careful examination of the exterior? Monsieur," he continued, with a bow toward Henri, "speaks of footprints on the pavement; it seems to me they should be examined at once if we wish to obtain any clew from them, for, if we delay, they may be as completely effaced as those upon the steps, which, if Monsieur le Chef will look closely, he will see have been completely obliterated by the gendarme, accidentally, of course, in his efforts to obtain admission to the house."

It was, indeed, true; the broad impression of a man's shoe had defaced the outlines of the delicate footprints which both Aristide and Henri had noticed on the steps of the house. Nothing remained but just sufficient of one of these outlines to show the exquisite symmetry of the foot which had made the impression.

The Chief of Police uttered an exclamation of chagrin at this discovery, and hastily ordered the crowd to fall back. It was with some difficulty that the police succeeded in enforcing his order, and when, at length, it was accomplished, and the pavement cleared, it appeared but too quickly that the forebodings of the detective were indeed well-founded. Every trace of the bloody footprints had disappeared from the flagstones. While the chief stood gnawing his lip with vexation at this unfortunate and, as it appeared, irreparable, loss of what might have proved a valuable clew, one of the gendarmes came forward and handed to his superior an object which he said had just been found at the corner of the Rue Magenta. It was a large key, the handle grimed with blood and dust. This key aroused the chief from his fit of depression, and spurred him into renewed activity. He quickly returned to the house, ascended the steps, inserted the key in the lock, and opened the door. The place was as dark as night and as silent as the grave. Inviting the young men to follow him, the chief, accompanied by Guimand and two gendarmes, entered the building and closed the door behind him.

The lanterns of the police, piercing the obscurity with their narrow lanes of light, made the interior dimly and vaguely visible. It was fitted up as a small shop, with shelves upon the wall, and a counter at the back, stretching the entire length of the room. Upon the shelves and counter were a number of boxes, packages, bundles, etc., all the little accessories of a thread-and-needle store. From the low, dark ceiling hung several shawls, colored handkerchiefs, and pieces of cotton stuff, which still waved like funereal banners from the draft of air which had been created by the opening of the door. The shop appeared entirely untenanted, but the floor was wet and sloppy with a warm and sticky flood. With pallid faces and trembling hands the chief and his companions hesitated upon the threshold as if loath to soil their feet in those gory stains. The voice of the chief sounded fearfully loud as it broke the ghastly silence, although in reality its tones were lowered to a deep, husky whisper.

"The entrance to the sleeping-room is there behind the counter, is it not?" he inquired, looking at one of his men, whose only reply was an affirmative nod of the head.

"Go around, Jacques; we will follow you."

The man obeyed, though with evident reluctance. Splashing through the blood, he opened the little door, which gave admission behind the counter; but almost immediately recoiled with an exclamation of terror.

"*Mère de Dieu!* Monsieur le Chef," he cried, "there is the body of a woman lying here, all in a heap, behind the counter!"

The man's words brought the others quickly to his side, and the light of both lanterns were thrown upon the narrow space between the counter and the shelves. There, as the gendarme had said, lay the body of a woman. She was stretched upon her back; her upturned face was absolutely as white and colorless as a sheet of paper, and across the throat was a fearful gash, which had almost severed the head from the body. The face of the chief was as pallid as that of the murdered woman, when, seizing Aristide, who stood nearest him, by the arm with a grip of iron, he pointed to the upturned countenance of the dead, and cried, in a voice tremulous with uncontrollable emotion:

"See, monsieur, see! there on the forehead of this unfortunate creature, the same, the very same marks! The assassin of Pierre Marrois has been here!"

A single glance confirmed the words of the excited man. There, on the marble-like brow of the corpse, was the same blood-red cross which Aristide had noticed for the first time, in the dimly-lighted arbor, on the face of the murdered Marrois.

(*To be continued.*)

THE MUSICIAN AND THE DWARFS.

The following adventure was first related by a jolly young German, who said he was acquainted with a friend of the very person to whom it occurred.

Once upon a time, a poor musician who lived in the neighborhood of Hildesheim, an old town in the former kingdom of Hanover, went home late at night from a lonely mill, where he had been playing dance-tunes at a christening festivity. The mill is still extant. Its name is Die Mordmühle (The Murder Mill), probably because something dreadful may have happened there years ago. His way led him past a cliff in which there was a dwarf's hole. When he cast a glance at the hole, he saw, to his amazement, sitting before it a dwarf, not more than three feet high. Scarcely had he recovered from his first fright, when suddenly he felt himself seized by invisible hands and drawn under ground many miles deep into the mountain. All this occurred in a moment's time. Immediately the poor musician found that he had been transported into a beautiful hall, illuminated with many thousand lights of various brilliant colors. The flooring of the hall was of pure silver, and the walls were all of the purest gold; the chandeliers were of emeralds and diamonds.

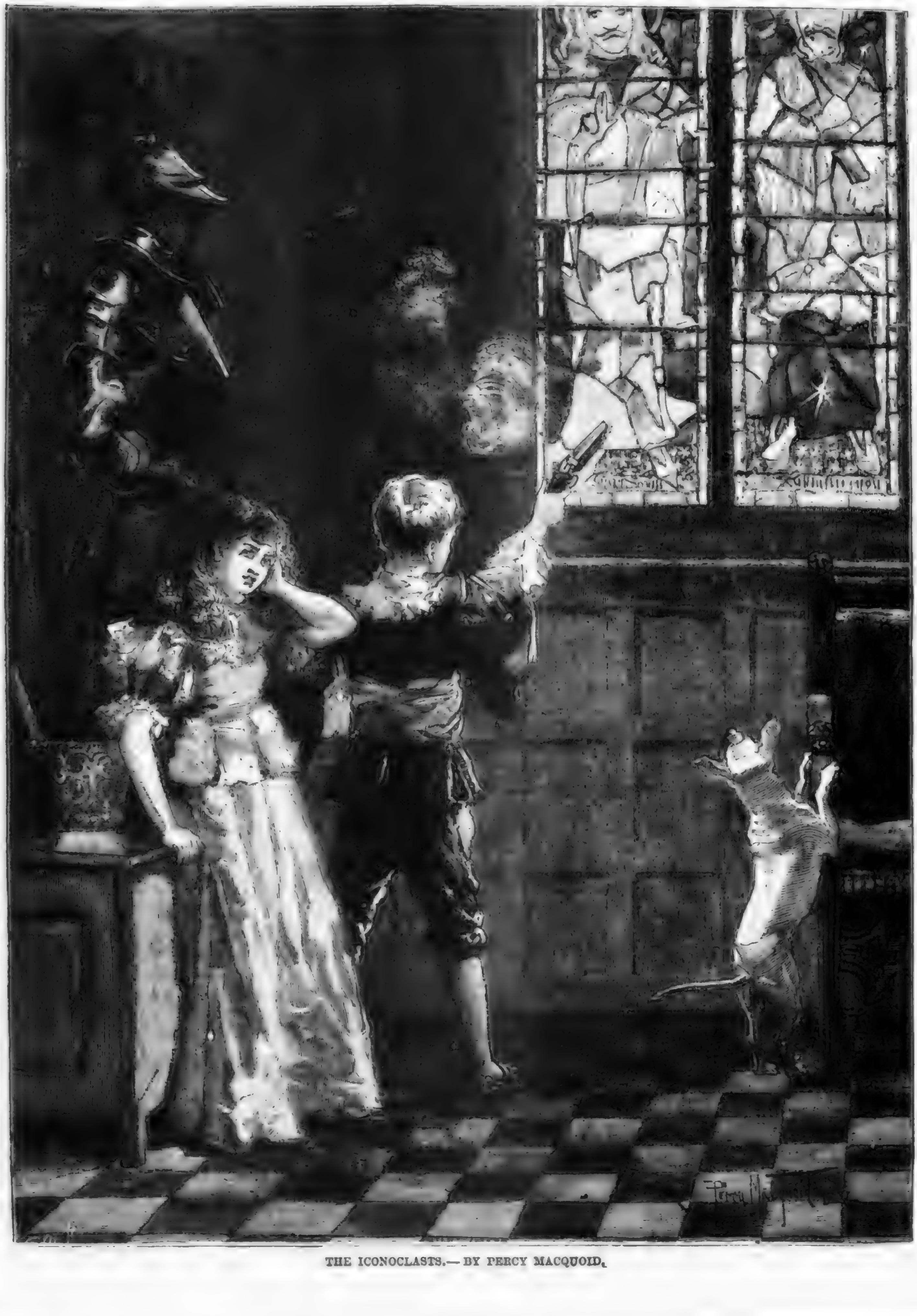
Presently the dwarfs desired the musician to play his best tunes. While playing, he heard quite unmistakably the little folks dancing to his music; he also heard them coughing, giggling and laughing; but he did not see any

XUM

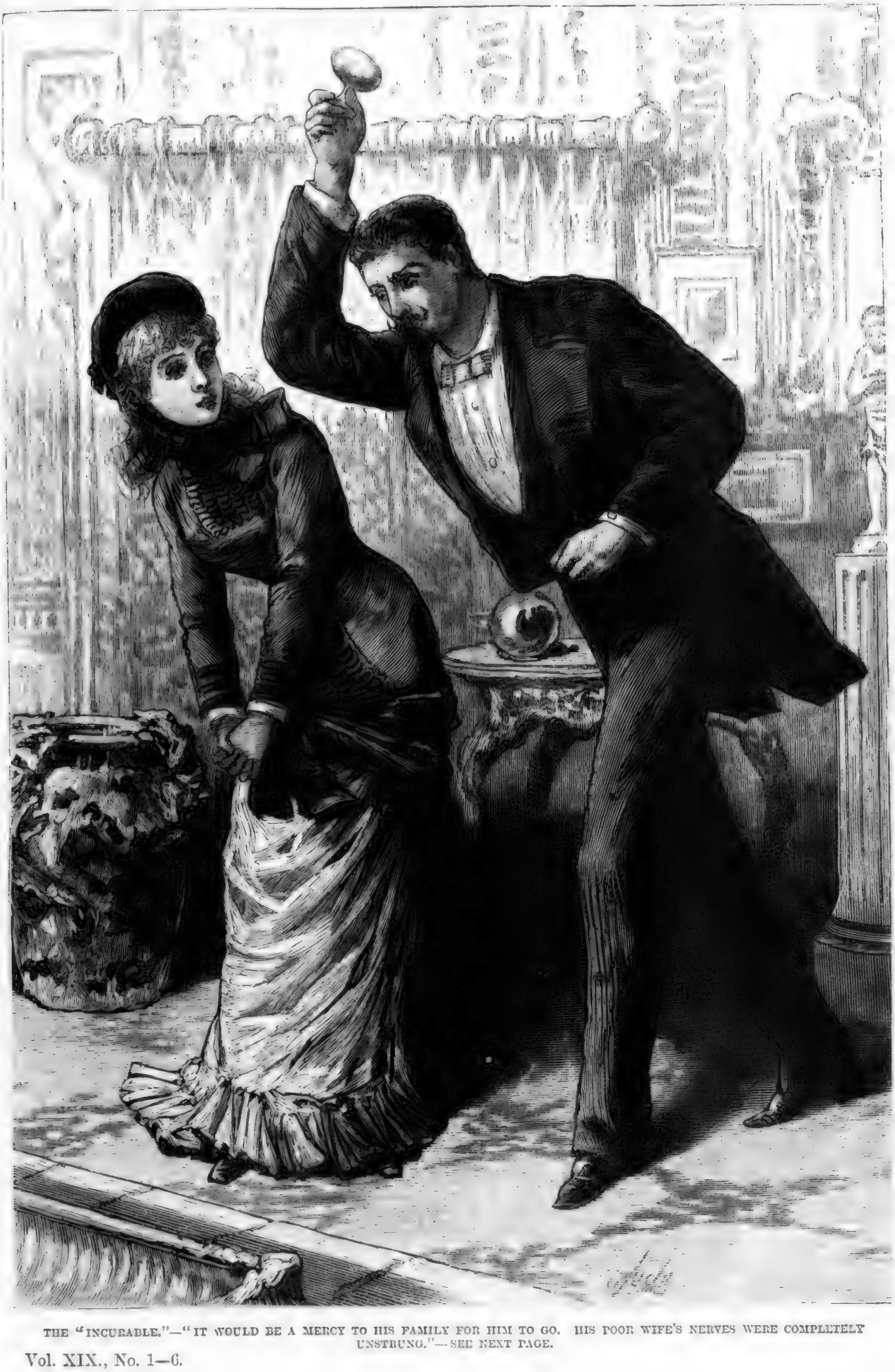
being except the dwarf who had taken him there. After a little while the same dwarf brought in a bottle of exquisitely fine wine, and placed it before the musician. When the poor fiddler had helped himself repeatedly from the bottle, he began to feel more at his ease, and became a little talkative.

"Well, my good master," he said, "I am playing and playing here one tune after another, and hear all kinds of noises; but I see no Christian soul but yourself; could I not have just a look at the gentlefolks whom I have the honor of serving with my music?"

To this sensible request the dwarf replied: "By all



THE ICONOCLASTS.—BY PERCY MACQUOID.



THE "INCURABLE."—"IT WOULD BE A MERCY TO HIS FAMILY FOR HIM TO GO. HIS POOR WIFE'S NERVES WERE COMPLETELY UNSTRUNG."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

XUM

means! There is no danger in that. Just take my hat and put it on thy head."

As soon as the musician had placed the dwarf's large round hat on his head, he saw the hall crowded with thousands of little pygmy ladies and gentleman, very smartly dressed, who were promenading up and down, bowing and courtesying to each other; and with them were some little children, certainly not bigger than a thumb. After having played a country-dance to conclude the ball, the musician was dismissed, but not before the dwarf who had brought him there had filled his pockets with wood shavings, of which a large heap lay stored up just near the entrance of the hall.

"Of what use is that stuff to me!" thought the musician; and the first thing he did, when he found himself again free in the open air, was to empty his pockets and throw all the shavings into the road. Heartily tired, he reached his home. On the following morning he put his hand into his coat-pocket to ascertain if perchance any of the shavings remained; when, lo! what should he draw out but a piece of the purest gold! Directly he set off again to the road where he had disencumbered himself of the shavings the night before. But he could find nothing; all traces of the treasure had disappeared.

THE WHITE HORSE OF WHARFEDALE.

"Sisters, hasten we on our way,
The wharfe is wide and strong!
Our father alone in his hall will say:
'My daughters linger long.'
Yet tarry a while in the yellow moonlight,
And each shall see her own true knight:
For now in her boat of an acorn shell,
The fairy queen may be;
She dives in a water-spider's bell,
To keep her revelry,
We'll drop a thistle's beard in the tide,
'Twill serve for bridles when fairies ride:
And she who shall first her white horse see,
Shall be the heiress of Bethmeslie."

Then Jeannette spoke with her eyes of light:
"Oh, if I had fairy power,
I would change this elm to a gallant knight,
And this gray rock to a bower;
Our dwellings should be behind a screen
Of blossoming alders and laurustine;
Our hives should tempt the wild bees all,
And the swallows love our eaves,
For the eglantine should tuft our wall,
And cover their nests with leaves;
The spindle's wool should lie unspun,
And our lambs lie safe in the Summer sun,
While the merry bells ring for my knight and me—
Farewell to the halls of Bethmeslie."

Then Annot shook her golden hair,
"If I had power and will,
These rocks should change to marble rare,
And the oaks should leave the hill,
To build a dome of prouder height
Than ever yet rose in the morning light;
And every one of these slender reeds
Should be a page in green,
To lead and deck my berry-brown steeds,
And call my grayhounds in;
These lilies all should be ladies gay,
To weave the pearls for my silk array;
And none but a princely knight should see
Smiles on the lady of Bethmeslie."

Then softly said their sister May,
"I would ask neither spell nor wand,
For better I prize this white-rose spray,
Plucked by my father's hand;
And little I heed the knight to see
Who seeks the heiress of Bethmeslie.
Yet would I give one of these roses white
If the fairy queen would ride
Safe o'er this flood ere the dead of night,
And bear us by her side;
And then with her wing let her lift the latch
Of my father's gate, and his slumbers watch.
And touch his eyes with her glow-worm gleams,
Till he sees and blesses us in his dreams."

The night-winds howled o'er Bolton Strid,
The flood was dark and drear,
But through it swam the fairy queen's steed,
The Lady May to bear;
And that milk-white steed was seen to skim
Like a flash of the morn on the water's brim.
The morning came, and the winds were tame,
The flood slept on the shore;
But the sisters three of Bethmeslie
Returned to its hall no more.

Now under the shade of its ruined wall
A thorn grows lonely, bare and tall,
And there a weak and weeping weed
Seems on its rugged stem to feed.
The shepherds sit in the green recess,
And call them pride and idleness.
But there is the root of a white rose-tree
Still blooms at the gate of Bethmeslie.

Woe to the maid that on morn of May
Shall see that White Horse rise!
The hope of her heart shall pass away
As the foam of his nostril flies—
Unless to her father's knee she brings
The white-rose tree's first offerings.
There is no dew from Summer skies
Hath power like a drop from a father's eyes;
And if on her cheek that tear of bliss
Shall mingle with his holy kiss,
The bloom of her cheek shall blessed be
As the fairy's rose of Bethmeslie.

THE "INCURABLE."

By Richard B. Kimball, Author of "St. Leger," etc.

"You know him?" whispered my companion.

"No."

"What! Don't you remember Elisha Fay, the great Wall Street operator?"

"Elisha Fay! Do you mean to say *that* is Elisha Fay?"

"It is he; the man on whom Wall Street hung for years, watching every move, every word, every look. There you have him."

These words were addressed to me by Dr. Laund, the proprietor of the B—— Private Asylum for *Incurable* Lunatics.

Laund and myself were fellow-students in Paris. For several months we occupied rooms in the same building. He was German, from Pennsylvania—a wild, harum-scarum fellow, who, nevertheless, attended with regularity lecture and clinique. He used to experiment in the oddest manner. I recollect his chaining a dog in one position for a week, in July, and feeding the poor creature on salted meat, without water, to test whether or not hydrophobia would ensue. It did not ensue, but the dog died.

Yes, Laund was wild, harum-scarum. Yet, like a genuine German, studious, with his reflective periods. He was accustomed to frequent Bicêtre. I little thought what would come of it. The next I heard of Laund was in hospital practice in Philadelphia; then I lost sight of him for years. It is needless to tell how our acquaintance was renewed—an unhappy event in the life of one of my clients—suffice it to say I found in the proprietor of the "B—— Private Asylum for Incurable Lunatics" my old intimate of the Rue Dauphine. It was indeed a surprise. After my business with the establishment was over we went to the doctor's room, in a retired wing of the building.

"To think of finding you here!" I exclaimed; "you, of all others, in a retreat for *incurables*—how can you stand that, who used to boast so much about the healing art? How can you sit down quietly and admit that every case you have is a case for ever to be despaired of? I should think you would go crazy yourself."

"Not so fast—not so fast!" exclaimed Laund, with a touch of his ancient humor; while he took from the sideboard a bottle of dry Roederer and prepared to cut the wire. "If this be an asylum for incurables—and I admit that none but those deemed to be so can find entrance here—I say, if it be such a place, I do not admit their state cannot be improved and their condition greatly ameliorated; to this I devote myself."

"But to feel that not one of them can be restored!"

Our glasses were filled; clink, clank, in true student way—the wine disappeared.

"You are quite at fault," retorted Laund. "Law has, no doubt, sharpened your wits, but it fails to expand or liberalize. You object to incurables. I dare say you are yourself an incurable on more points than one—absolutely clean beyond any mortal power to recover or restore you. Take an inventory of yourself, physically and morally, and say if I am not right."

With that he drained another glass of wine, and so did I.

"Never mind *my* ailments. I am talking of your terrible surroundings. How came you here, and why did you select this branch of your profession?"

"I will tell you some day—am not now in the vein."

Then we set about talking busily of old times and the changes in Paris and our acquaintances, and what had become of them. Before we were aware of it, the champagne was finished and it was nearly time for me to go.

"You had better spend a night with me," said the doctor. "I have a suite of rooms here, you see."

"Not for a thousand worlds. Do you believe I would willingly sleep in the same building with all those fearful subjects?"

"You would soon become accustomed to it. Some of my patients are very agreeable companions."

"Companions? I thought they were incurable."

"So they are, but many have their quiet and often sane intervals of considerable duration, and are then allowed the freedom of the house and grounds, under supervision, of course. Do you recollect the gentlemen I found you talking with when I came down?"

"Certainly. We were conversing about horses, and he had just asked me to look at his stables."

"The man is an 'incurable'—the horses and stables exist in his imagination only."

"It does not seem possible."

"But it is so. A very interesting subject. I think you had better spend the night; I will fill your notebook with topics."

"Not this time. Perhaps I may bring myself to it—doubtful, though."

"You will look through the place?"

"Yes; that I would like to do, though I dare say the scene will haunt me a year; but I will try it, and take the next train."

We left Laund's pleasant apartments and passed into the main hall, thence into the grounds. Several gentlemen were to be seen there. Some were engaged in conversation, others were seated reading, still others sauntered about by themselves.

"On my word," I said, "I could fancy myself in a section of the Garden of Plants, and these some of our professors. It is like it, isn't it?"

"I am glad you think so, for I laid out the grounds to resemble that part of the 'Garden' near the old cedar of Lebanon. You see, I have my cedar, too—actually brought from Palestine—but it don't thrive very well."

"I observe your guests are none of them young—all past the prime of life, I should say."

"Yes. It is owing partly to the delay in sending them to me; besides, I receive no females who are apt to develop earlier. When I can organize the right set of matrons, I shall enlarge my establishment. Then we shall have the society of both sexes."

We made the tour of the grounds, stopping frequently to speak with the persons we encountered. I could not help noticing the effect the doctor had on all we met—every one exhibiting a consciousness of his own condition, and a recognition of the presence of a strong, healthy, robust soul. They did not appear cowed, but humiliated.

"Do these unfortunates know they are insane?" I asked.

"A large proportion unquestionably do—in a sense, at least. It depends on the nature of their insanity. Read my book; it will tell you a great deal more than I know myself, or, at least, care to discuss. Look at that man. He was a Government contractor, and made so much money, it turned his head. He is the youngest person I have here—five-and-thirty. His wife lives in great magnificence in ——— Avenue."

"Does she never visit her husband?"

"Never. He has a little daughter ten years old who comes frequently."

We passed on, and entered the house.

"When you come again," said the doctor, "we will look further. Stop, would you like to see an acquaintance?"

"I have no objection.

We ascended two flights of stairs and passed to the end of the corridor. The doctor took a key from his pocket.

"No one enters here unless I am present, whether by day or night. It is my severest case."

He threw open the door and we went in. I never can forget what I saw. The room was small, with two grated windows. It was guarded from approach by iron rods extending clear to the ceiling, precisely like those used for the cages of ferocious animals. There was a space of only four or five feet between the door and the grating of the cell—for it can be called by no other name. The door, sides, and top, were finished in woodwork, leaving a perfectly smooth surface, except on the side where the bars stood. No furniture of any kind, not the least article, in fact, was to be seen. Only in one corner a quantity of straw had been tossed. This appeared broken into fine bits, which were scattered over the place. Within this inclosure a human being paced up and down swiftly. He was something under the medium height, forty-five years old, as I was told; light, active and athletic. His hair and beard were very gray, and cropped close. He wore no article of clothing, except a garment made of hemp cloth, absolutely cut to the skin, coming tight around his throat and his body, and close-fitting his arms and legs. It is impossible to describe the effect of this spectacle on me.

XUM

For a minute or two the figure continued his walk, without in the least noticing us.

It was here that the doctor whispered, "You know him?" and on my replying "No," he exclaimed, "What! don't you remember Elisha Fay, the great Wall Street operator?"

Elisha Fay! What a host of recollections were brought back by the mention of that name. I had known the man—not, indeed, very well, but in the course of affairs we had not unfrequently met. It was five years since he had disappeared from Wall Street. His family reported he was in delicate health—had softening of the brain. Softening of the brain, indeed!

I searched in vain for a resemblance to the famous man of Wall Street, and found none. His hair and beard, formerly so dark and luxuriant, were white and stumpy. In his tight-fitting hempen suit there was nothing to recall the handsomely dressed and very graceful figure. The features, distorted by madness, had not the least similarity to the cool, collected look which characterized Elisha Fay.

THE WHITE HORSE OF WHARFEDALE.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 82.

While I stood oppressed by thoughts which crowded thick upon me, the creature inside made a tremendous dash at the grating, so suddenly that I stepped back in alarm. He seized the rods and shook them with all his might. Then he stood still and poured out a volley of the most awful oaths and maledictions that can be imagined. How such a quantity of blasphemy could be got together and so condensed, passes comprehension. Such strange, peculiar, original curses, terrible enough to curdle the blood! What may appear singular in this connection, Elisha Fay was not a profane man by habit; indeed, his manner was always quiet and calm.

The horrible strain was directed against the doctor solely. The "Incurable" never looked toward me, any more than if I had not been present. My companion took it coolly. Presently he said, "Mr. Fay, here is a friend come to see you; don't you recognize him?" and he mentioned my name.

The maniac directed toward me the merest possible glance—it conveyed a look of ineffable contempt—and began with fresh imprecations, mingled with the most disgusting obscenity. He would step backward to the further side of the room, spring with fury on the iron rods, and shake them with all his insane strength, and then commence again with oaths and curses which would make you tremble. These were, I repeat, all hurled at the doctor, no notice whatever being taken of me. I had no wish to prolong the scene. "I have seen enough," I said, and we left the spot, followed by the yells and obscene taunts of the madman, and proceeded in silence to the doctor's apartments.

"And you like this sort of life?" I asked.

"Absolutely, yes. To me, the subject of insanity is more interesting than any other."

"Do tell me something about this man. What was the matter with him? Did it break out suddenly? How did you come to have charge of him?"

"You overwork a good deal, don't you?" said my friend, without answering my questions.

I shrank like a guilty one from his strange, penetrating scrutiny.

"Perhaps I do; what then?"

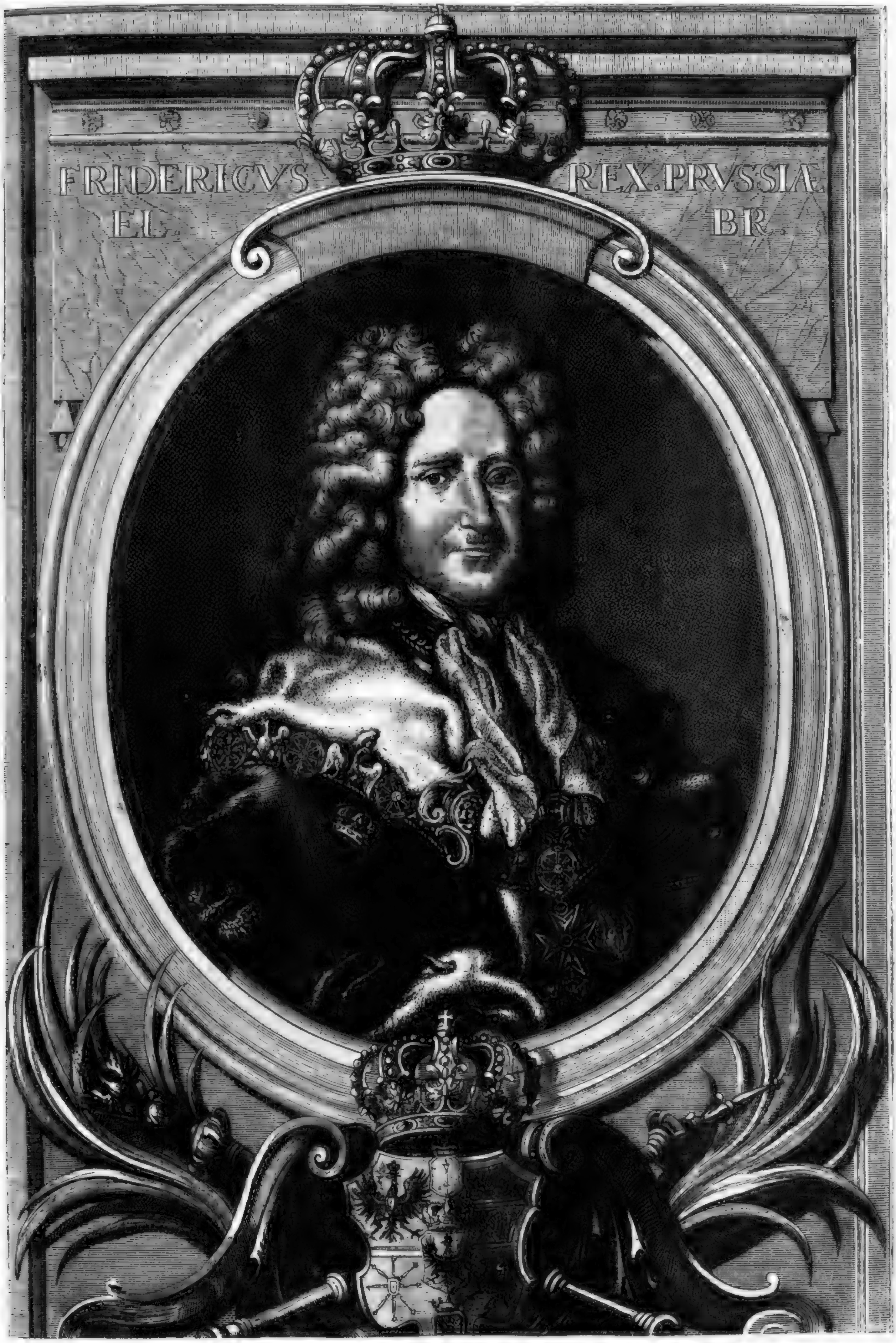
"Elisha Fay overworked," replied Laund, as he offered me a cigar, and proceeded to light one himself.

I shuddered.

"Overworked?" I ejaculated, faintly. The doctor nodded.

"Let us have the particulars," I demanded, stoutly. I began to be piqued at Laund's successful attack on my nerves.

"'Nearly five years ago," said the doctor (it was the year I established this place), I was called in consultation with Dr. Z——, an old friend—whom you know, I dare say—with reference to a patient of his, that poor creature up-stairs. I asked about his previous history, for, being a newcomer in the vicinity, I knew little or nothing of the names which figured in financial circles. Z——'s account was that he had been for several years the family physician; that, for a twelvemonth previous to our consultation, he had been frequently called on by Fay, who, while he had little to complain of as to his general health, declared it was impossible for him to sleep. His nervous system was suffering in consequence.


FRIDERICVS REX.PRVSSIÆ
EL. BR.

PORTRAIT OF FRIEDRICH, FIRST KING OF PRUSSIA.—SEE PAGE 87.

XUM

At that time the man had an immense weight of business on him—business which, as he felt, left no time for recreation—scarcely time, indeed, for his meals. Wherever he went he was in connection with his office by telegraph, a set of wires being laid to his own house. Dr. Z—— explained to Fay that there was but one remedy—he must quit work and recreate; absolutely nothing else would save him. He looked at Z—— incredulously, as if he thought he did not really mean it. When he discovered to the contrary he was vexed. He said he knew all that sort of thing himself, without going to a physician; what he wanted was help to go ahead as he was. Z—— told him he would have to come to it; he gave him the best suggestions he could about his daily habits; and the stockbroker went to his work again. He used to visit Z—— often, and repeat the old story, and receive the same answer. He was breaking down fast; but the demon had possession of him.

"One day he came to Z—— in great distress, and declared something must be done to make him sleep. He said he was in a gigantic operation which he hoped to conclude in one week; he had not slept half an hour in any night for a fortnight. He could stand it no longer; and he insisted Z—— must do something to keep him up for a few days, then he would follow Z——'s advice and quit the city. The reply was that nothing could be done while he kept at work; that he was in a very critical condition, and must break off immediately, or the worst consequences would follow. He was very angry, and went away saying he would consult some one else in future.

"Z—— was in hopes he would call on a respectable physician; but he went to a quack, who readily undertook to put him right. He was subjected to a strong opiate; he slumbered a few hours, and thought he was in Paradise. That finished him; he did not sleep any more. He carried out his operation, made an extra million of dollars, and was taken home—*mad*. This was the whole case. After a careful examination, it appeared to me, taking into question the elastic physique of the man, that there was a chance of his being cured. I advised what I thought should be done, and came away. I I suppose my directions, which were very minute, involved too much trouble to the family—at least, that Mrs. Fay thought so.

"It was in the height of the season; she was a fashionable beauty, gave fine entertainments, and so forth, and so forth, and was very much admired. Directly against my advice, the poor man was sent to a private asylum, where only exceedingly *recherché* aristocratic madmen, who could afford to pay immensely, could gain admittance. I heard no more of the case till about six months ago. Owing to some reports in the newspapers of the scandalous doings in our private asylums, attention was directed to the very exclusive establishment in which Elisha Fay had been confined.

"An old friend of the once famous stock-broker called at the place and insisted on seeing him. He was too influential a man to be refused. [The lovely Mrs. Fay's nerves were too delicate ever to trust herself there. She had not cast eyes on her husband for more than four years.] To the astonishment of the visitor, he found the victim in a seven-by-nine cell, in a straitjacket. The surroundings were really too repulsive to describe. The 'keeper' was a coarse, brutal fellow, and replied to questions indifferently or with insolence. The ancient friend of Elisha Fay went away horror-stricken.

"Dr. Z—— was again consulted. Investigation followed. My reputation had been established, and the case was intrusted to me. The meeting which I had with the 'eminent man' who was at the head of the prison which inclosed what was left of poor Elisha Fay—that meeting—my God, what can I say! The wretch had not seen his victim for more than a year. He had been remanded to the *pen* as a raving maniac, and that was the end of it. He had nothing to say, no word of suggestion to offer. He blandly remarked he thought it would be useless, quite so, to remove him. He could not hold out much longer. Indeed, it would be a mercy to his family for him to go. His poor wife's nerves were completely unstrung.

"I asked a few questions. It appeared that it was only by the exercise of violent force that the broker was conveyed inside the walls of what was to be his dungeon. He was at once submitted to 'severe treatment.' Nothing else remained to do, so the eminent person thought, and the wonder was that the man lived through it and held out so long—that's another interesting topic; my book will tell you about it. I took possession of my subject. Dangerous as it would seem, off came the straitjacket. He had his limbs free. What a time! Clothing was out of the question. He would have torn off with teeth and nails the suit he has on now in ten minutes. He knocked himself about pretty severely, but he was exhausted at last. That suit, by-the-way, is a great triumph—my own invention. The first went in half a day. The next stood for twenty-four hours. By degrees he came to tolerate it a good deal of the time. It is a success. His health has wonderfully changed for the better. I do not despair of greatly improving his condition."

"Do you ever trust yourself with him?" I asked, drawing a long breath.

"Certainly; you saw how violent he was. Had I entered the place he would not have laid hands on me."

"You don't say that!"

"Yes; he feels safe, so to speak, behind the railing. When I go in, he is subdued at once."

"How did you ever manage to get such a control? Do you use force?"

"Force! Do you mean punishment?"

I nodded.

"Never. How can punishment be applied to an irresponsible subject!"

"I did not think of that. It cannot."

"Punishment!" continued the doctor, apparently not noticing my reply—"punishment of a mad person! The idea is one of the most horrible that can be conceived of."

"But he is incurable?"

"I fear so; yet I don't despair of introducing him to you one of these days in the 'Garden.'"

"What will Dr. ——— say of the private aristocratic insane establishment?"

"Oh, he predicted death would ensue in a week after removal here. I fear there will be another person more disappointed than Dr. ———."

"Who?"

"The lonely *wife*, who is crazy to be a dashing young *widow* and control the whole of the crazy man's fortune now managed under direction of the court."

"Poor woman!"

I rose to go.

"I am greatly indebted to you," I said, grasping Laund warmly by the hand. "Besides renewing old scenes and old friendships, and witnessing exhibitions, I can never forget I have had the benefit of a consultation."

"How is that?"

"You will understand how when I tell you, if I live till to-morrow, I shall quit New York for a tramp through the wildest region I can think of. I confess I do overwork, and I am determined to profit by to-day's experience."

"Can't you give those fellows down-town a touch about this sort of thing?"

"I will try."

PRUSSIA'S FIRST KING.

By Alfred H. Guernsey.

Friedrich-Wilhelm, the "Great Elector" of Brandenburg, whose history has already been narrated, died in May, 1688, and was succeeded by his son, Friedrich III., the twelfth and last Elector, for in 1701 he assumed the title of Friedrich I., King of Prussia.

Friedrich was thirty-one years of age when he became Elector of Brandenburg. He had been a feeble and sickly child. An accident received in infancy had injured his spine, and left traces behind it which lasted through life: a slight distortion of the spine and an impaired nervous system. At the age of six he was placed under the charge of a tutor, Eberhard von Danckelmann, a man of imposing aspect, of high acquirements, marked individuality of character, and, as was afterward shown, of great political capacity. Danckelmann imparted varied knowledge to his apt pupil, inspired him with noble sentiments, and with a deep devotion to the political views of the Great Elector. He also paid special attention to the physical training of the young Prince, who remained under the charge of his tutor until his sixteenth year, by which time he had grown up into a tolerably healthy youth, though he lacked the robust physique of his father and of his elder brother, Prince Karl-Emil.

The domestic surroundings of Friedrich were not altogether happy. His own mother died when he was only ten years old, and two years afterward his father married Dorothea, the widow of the Duke of Brunswick-Lüneburg, who bore him several children. His elder brother died in 1674, and Friedrich, at the age of seventeen, became heir to the Electorate and the other dominions of his father. The Electoral Prince and his mother-in-law never got along well with each other. As her own sons grew up she naturally became solicitous about their future prospects, and from time to time she induced her husband to make provisions for them which appeared to trench upon the rights long ago secured to the heir of the Electorate. Friedrich was nervous, excitable, and perhaps unduly jealous of Dorothea and her sons; and naturally enough there were found persons to feed his mistrust. The Elector rather took sides with his wife; and after an unusually violent scene, Friedrich ran away to his aunt in Hesse-Cassel, whose daughter, in 1679, became his wife.

The young couple came to Berlin. But still things did not go on well. One day after dining with his stepmother, the prince was suddenly taken ill, and suspected that he had been poisoned; and again, with his father's permission, he absented himself from Court. His young wife died suddenly in 1673, leaving only a daughter. Within a year and three months Friedrich married the Princess Sophie-Charlotte of Hanover. Their first child died soon after its birth, and for some years there was no prospect of another. But there was besides Friedrich one more life between the sons of Dorothea and the Crown. This was Ludwig, the younger brother of Friedrich, a robust young man. He died suddenly in 1687. Friedrich's suspicions were roused to the highest pitch. He left Berlin and went first, ostensibly on account of his health, to the baths in Bohemia, whence he soon proceeded to the Court of his father-in-law at Hanover. The Elector wrote to him, commanding him, "as his father and soverign, and under pain of his displeasure," to return at once. Friedrich had given utterance to some hasty words about "the murderers of his brother"; but inquiry showed that there was no good grounds for his suspicions against his mother-in-law, and a reconciliation was effected, though Friedrich was secretly vexed at the provisions in the will which his father had executed a year before, making large provisions for his sons by his second marriage. The Great Elector died in the next year.

When Friedrich III. acceded to the Electorate, the "Great Alliance" had been formed between Austria, Spain, the Netherlands, and Brandenburg, against Louis XIV. of France. England, under James II., was looked upon as a dependent of France; but William of Orange was already making preparations for his expedition to wrest the crown from James. Almost the first act of Friedrick, after he became Elector, was to make Danckelmann, his old tutor, a member of his Privy Council, and in effect, to place the guidance of the state in his hands. Danckelmann had already filled several not unimportant positions in the Government, and his great ambition was to show to the world that, notwithstanding the death of the Great Elector, Brandenburg was yet strong enough to fulfill its lofty mission in Germany and in Europe.

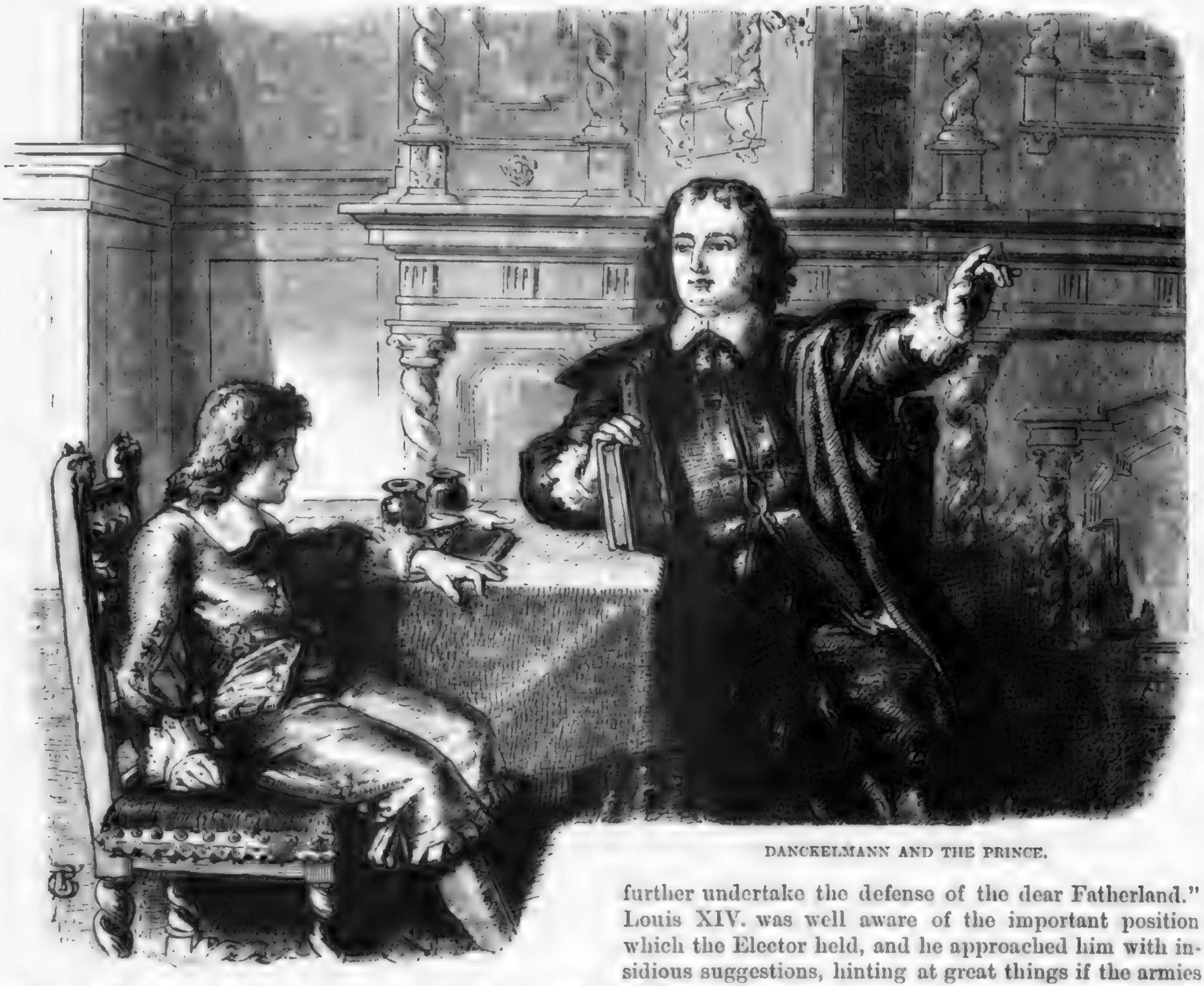
As things then stood, much depended upon the course which the Elector should take. Without his aid it was doubtful whether a military force could be brought together sufficient to set England free from the rule of the Stuarts, and at the same time to protect Germany and the Netherlands from the hostile attempts of Louis XIV. When William of Orange besought the aid of Friedrich, the reply was: "The Elector will stand or fall with the Prince."

Three months after the death of Friedrich-Wilhelm, and as long before the descent of William of Orange upon England, an event occurred which was to precipitate the great war. The Archbishopric of Cologne had become vacant, and the party who favored the French proposed the Cardinal of Fürstenberg for the place; the other party chose Prince Joseph-Clement of Bavaria. In the provincial towns Fürstenberg was upheld by the French arms; Friedrich sent some regiments to Cologne, in order to save the capital city of the Archbishopric for the Germans. The war between Austria and the Turks was still raging; the Austrians had gained some marked successes, and had taken the strong fortress of Belgrade.

Louis XIV. determined to strike a sudden and decisive blow. In September, 1688, he took up arms. His ostensible purpose was to secure the success of the Cardinal of Fürstenberg in Cologne; and, ultimately to make good some pretensions which he had set up in the name of his daughter-in-law, the Duchess of Orleans, who was by birth Pfalzgravine of the Rhine. Should he gain these points, he could, at least, do as he pleased in the Rhinelands. In a few weeks his forces overflowed the Palatinate and the ecclesiastical states on the Rhine. Speir, Wormes, and Mainz, Heidelberg, and Aschaffenburg, were seized, and bodies of French troops forced their way into the heart of Swabia and Franconia.

These events inspired a mortal terror through the greater part of Germany. To whom could they look for

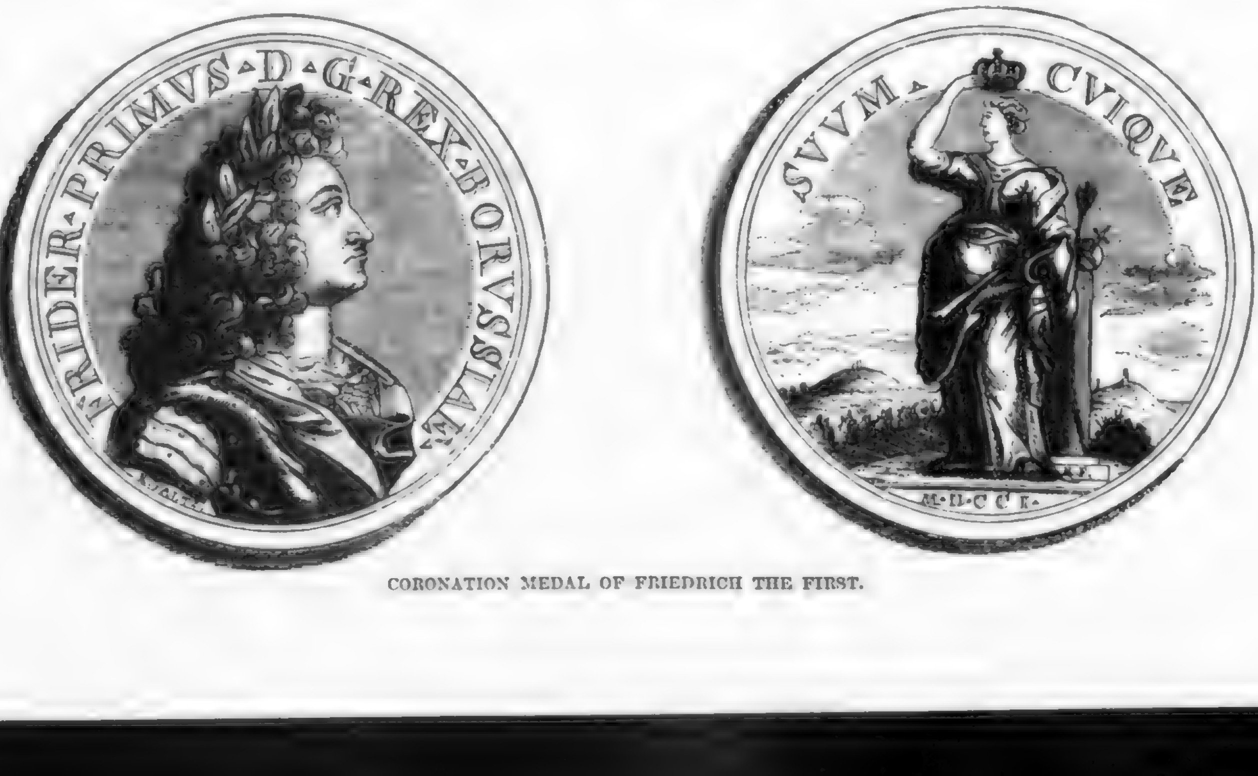
XUM



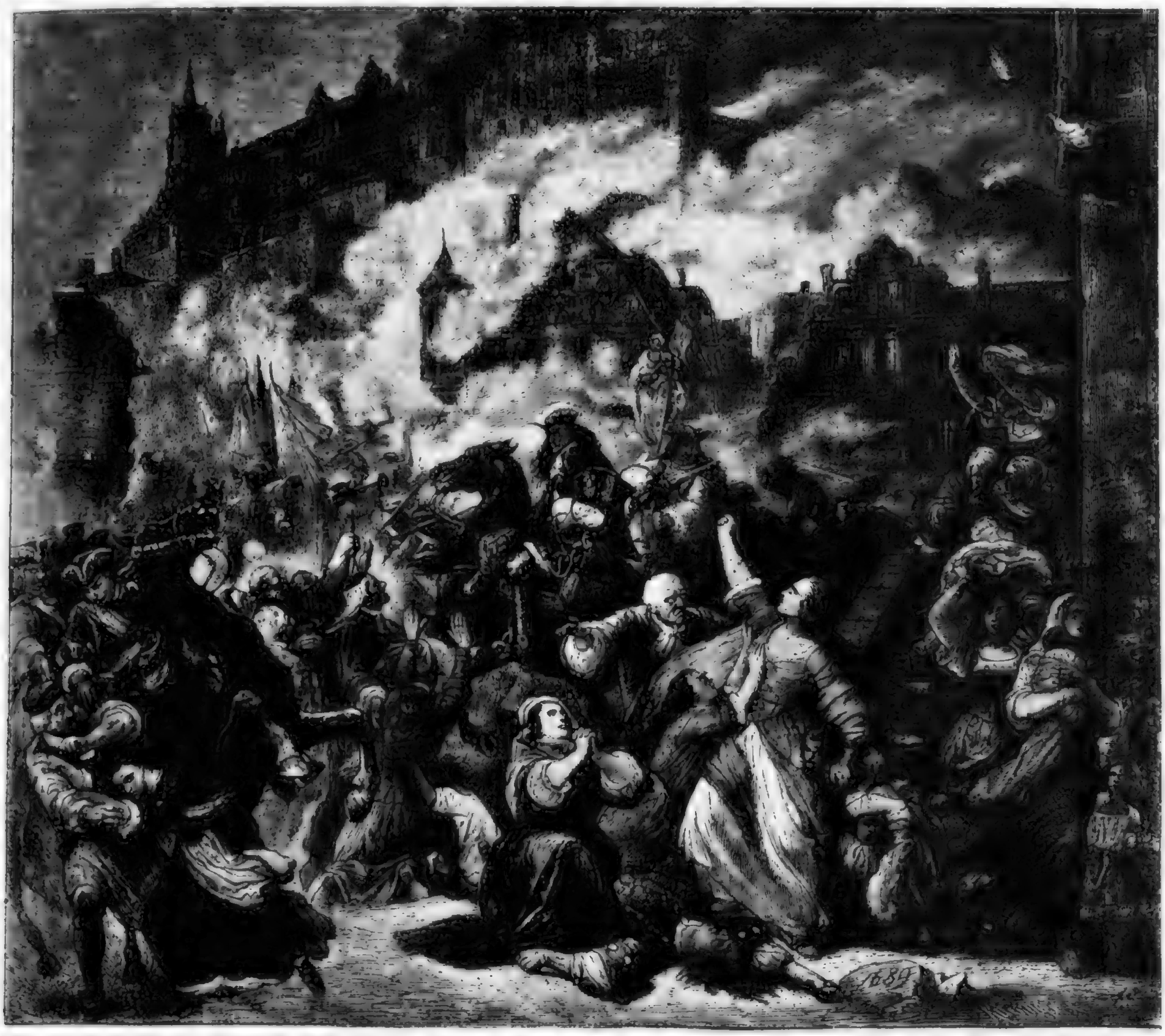
DANCKELMANN AND THE PRINCE.

aid? The Austrian forces were hundreds of leagues from the Rhine, and those of the minor states of Germany and of the Netherlands were too weak in numbers and organization to make any successful opposition to the French. The veterans of Brandenburg alone could give them safety. The Netherlanders said to the Elector: "Next to God, our highest trust is in you, and in you alone. We are for ever beholden to you for the patriotic zeal which you have in every way manifested." The Kaiser said: "I hope that, as Friedrich III. has won undying glory by the seizure of Cologne, so he will still further undertake the defense of the dear Fatherland." Louis XIV. was well aware of the important position which the Elector held, and he approached him with insidious suggestions, hinting at great things if the armies of Brandenburg would not take any very zealous part in the war against France. But Friedrich put the tempter away, and resolved to assemble all his disposable force "for the Reich, and for the liberty of the state and of conscience." He arranged a conference with Elector Johann-George of Saxony, Duke Ernst-Augustus of Hanover, his father-in-law, and Landgraf Karl of Hesse-Cassel, his brother-in-law, and urged them to unite all their forces with those of Brandenburg for an energetic repulse of the French attack.

This spirited action on the part of "the best-armed



CORONATION MEDAL OF FRIEDRICH THE FIRST.

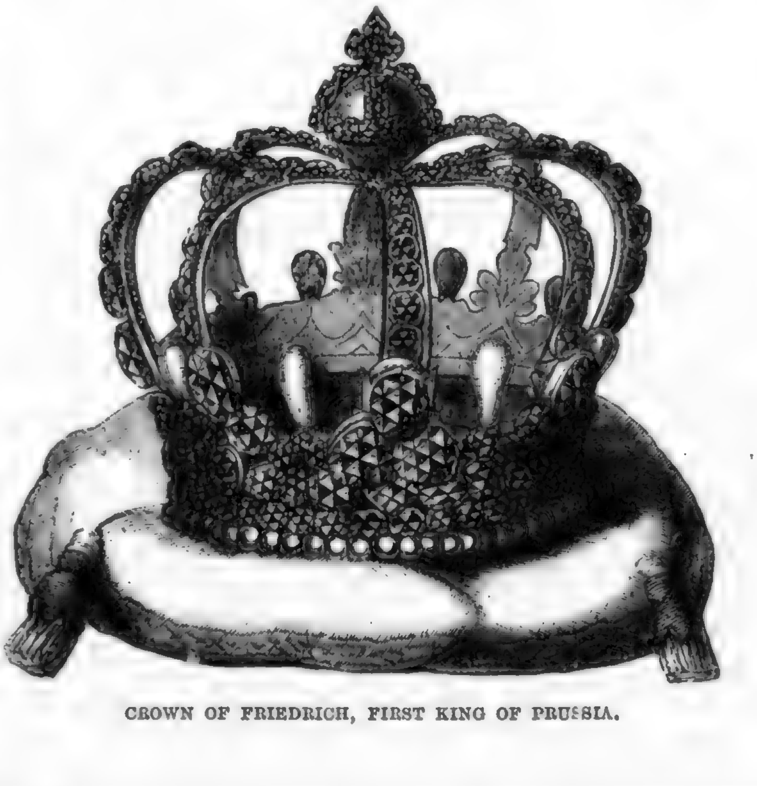


DESTRUCTION OF HEIDELBERG.

state of the Reich" united the greater part of Germany and the Netherlands against the hostile pressure of the French. Prince William of Orange thus found himself in a condition to complete his preparations for the expedition to England, and set sail, November 5th, 1688. Among the forces which accompanied him were a body of Brandenburg troops, at the head of whom was Marshal Schömberg, a French Calvinist, who had entered the service of the Elector. The English expedition was successful; James II. was deposed; the Prince of Orange ascended the British throne as King William III., and brought the military force of his new kingdom into the war against France.

Louis XIV. was now forced back into the defensive. To relieve himself from the pressure upon him, he gave the notorious order for the "burning" of those German borderlands of which his troops had taken possession, especially of the Palatinate. The ruins of the fair Castle of Heidelberg attest to this day in what a ruthless manner this order was carried out by General Mélas and his associates.

Thereupon Germany and Austria, Spain and Savoy, England and the Netherlands, united in the "Grand Alliance"; and Friedrich III. led his entire force into the field against the French. During the year 1689, the contest was waged mainly around the fortresses upon the Middle and



CROWN OF FRIEDRICH, FIRST KING OF PRUSSIA.

XUM

Lower Rhine. The Brandenburgers took Reuss, Rheinberg and Kaiserwerth; aided the Upper Germans in the capture of Mainz, and in conjunction with the Imperial troops, compelled the surrender of Bonn, which had been stoutly defended, and where the Elector commanded his troops in person.

Brilliant success would have been certain if the other members of the Great Alliance had shown a devotion and energy like that displayed by Brandenburg. But, as so often happens in coalitions, there were clashing interests and local jealousies. The aid given by the English was less effective than had been anticipated. It had been one of the stipulations in the Alliance that Kaiser Leopold should make peace with the Turks upon conditions not intolerable to them, and so be able to devote all his force to the war with France. But he had been so encouraged by his previous successes, that instead of making peace, he endeavored to "push on his conquests even to Constantinople." Thus the strength of the Allies was split up in various enterprises distant from each other. The contest went on with varying success for several years until nearly all parties were measurably disheartened. In the East, all the conquests which had been made south of the Danube were lost, including Belgrade; and it was only by the enforced bloody battle of Szalankemen, fought in August, 1691, that Hungary was barely saved from coming again under the domination of the Turks. In the Spanish Netherlands the French gained the victory of Fleurus, July, 1690, and established themselves in threatening positions, until the capture of Namur, September, 1695, restored the balance to the side of the Allies.

The Brandenburgers took part in almost every important engagement during this period. Electoral troops were sent to the British Islands with William of Orange; other divisions fought in the Netherlands, on the Rhine, the Po, and the Danube, and everywhere maintained the ancient renown of the Brandenburg arms. In Italy Electoral battalions, under Prince Eugene of Savoy, aided in the capture of the fortress of Casale. In the frightful "ring" at Szalankemen, Louis of Baden broke through the thickest swarms of the enemy, after other regiments had tried in vain. The capture of Namur was, in the words of William III., due "for the most part" to the valor of the officers and soldiers of the Elector of Brandenburg.

The internal condition of Brandenburg had thus far presented a very favorable aspect. The first years of a war, when it is not waged within one's own borders, are almost invariably prosperous ones for the people at home. War, in any case, involves the raising and expending of vast sums of money, and thus other industries than that of fighting are vastly stimulated. So it was in England during the great Napoleonic wars. So it was at the North during our Civil War. Governments can for a long time raise money to almost any amount, to be paid at some future day. But the day of payment comes sooner or later; and when it does come, then come the "hard times." The territory of Brandenburg was not the theatre of hostilities, as it had been during the Thirty Years' War. During the years of which we are now speaking industry of every kind received a wonderful impetus. Emigrants flocked thither from all quarters—and found enough to do. Agriculture, manufactures, trade, and the arts, flourished. The Elector was, moreover, a very lavish prince. He built and planted largely, and set up and maintained a very luxurious Court; everything for four or five years seemed to prosper with the Elector and his minister Danckelmann. But by-and-by there began to loom up that awful shadow which we call a "deficit," growing ever darker and heavier. Danckelmann had to urge a curtailment of expenditures, beginning with the Electoral household. This gave occasion for the opposition of numerous rivals, who were jealous of his advancement. Friedrich was slow to lose his respect for and confidence in his tried adviser; but the whole Court—and notably the Electress—was against him. Everything which went wrong was laid to his charge. The Elector, who was more and more annoyed at the retrenchments enforced upon him, finally gave way; and on the 4th of December, 1697, Danckelmann was formally dismissed from office. Two months before this the Treaty of Ryswick had been signed between Louis XIV. and the Allies.

The policy of the Elector and his minister had been a noble and generous one. It failed, however, in one respect. They made great sacrifices for the common cause, and got nothing, or next to nothing, in return. The Kaiser and the Spaniards treated him shabbily in the matter of providing for the troops which he had furnished to their succor. The English and the Dutch were slow in paying the subsidies which they had promised. William III. of England treated him in one respect worst of all. By the provisions made upon the marriage of the Great Elector with Luise of Orange, the landed inheritances of the family were to fall to the House of Brandenburg, in case the Orange male line should become extinct. William III. was the last male of his line, and upon his death Friedrich III. was the undoubted heir to these great estates. William III. had made a secret will as early as October, 1695, leaving these estates not to his cousin, Friedrich III., but to a very distant relative, Prince John-William Friso, of Nassau-Dietz. Of this, however, the Elector as yet knew nothing.

The war of the Great Alliance had been for some time wearing itself out. Louis XIV., thoroughly exhausted, was desirous of peace, even upon terms which would satisfy the principal demand of his opponents. He would renounce the pretensions which he had set up in 1688, recognize William III. as King of England, and restore to the neighboring states the greater part of the territories which they had lost by the so-called "reannexation." The better security of Germany and of the Protestant religion, for which the Elector had taken up arms, was gained in essential respects, though much remained to be desired. Strasburg, for example, the most important place which had been lost to the Reich, was not to be unconditionally vacated; but the Kaiser was offered the choice whether he would have Strasburg or Freiburg and Breisach. These latter were Austrian provinces, while Strasburg was of no special value to the House of Habsburg, since it was merely a Free City of the Reich. Friedrich III. perceived clearly enough that the purpose of the French in offering this alternative was to retain the far more important Strasburg, by playing upon the selfishness of Austria. He sent the most urgent protests to Vienna, urging, in prophetic words, that Strasburg in the hands of the French would be a standing menace; their best place of arms for the subjugation of Germany; he adjured the Kaiser to be mindful of his duties as Head of the Reich. But the bait which the French had held out was too enticing. Freiburg and Breisach became Austrian once more, and Strasburg remained French.

But the recklessness from which the most sacred interests of the German Reich suffered in this matter was outvied by the slights cast upon Friedrich III. at the Ryswick negotiations. By his faithful adherence to hi allies he had deserved much from every one of them; and he now met only with shameful ingratitude. Not one of the Powers had honorably paid the subsidies which they had promised; and now at the Peace Congress which convened at Ryswick in the Summer of 1697, Friedrich III. was treated not as a Sovereign Prince, but as a subject vassal. An embassy from the Elector was indeed present at Ryswick, but the Kaiser arrogated to himself the sole right to treat concerning peace in the name of the whole Reich, and thus also in the name of Brandenburg. The French upheld the assumption of the Kaiser; the English and the Hollanders troubled themselves very little about the remonstrances of Friedrich; and thus it came to pass that the prince who in the war had enacted one of the most important parts played only a very subordinate one in the treaty by which the war was brought to a close, September 20th, 1697.

At this very time was fought the last great battle of the Turkish War, which had been raging for fifteen years. On the banks of the Theiss, near Zenta, September 1st, 1697, Prince Eugene of Savoy routed the Moslem hosts with fearful slaughter. Here a Brandenburg corps had fought on the side of the Austrians with such bravery that Prince Eugene embraced their commander, General von Schlabrendorf, exclaiming, "Next to God, I owe this magnificent victory to you, and to the bravery of the Brandenburgers." The result of this victory was the Peace of Carlowitz, concluded not long after, which secured Greater Hungary for the House of Habsburg.

Danckelmann had been succeeded as Prime Minister of Friedrich by the Lord High Chamberlain, Kolbe von Wartenberg, a courtier, whose chief merit was his activity and dexterity in subserving the personal inclinations of the Elector, and thereby furthering his own private interests. The first important thing which Wartenberg found upon his hands was to carry out what had come to be a fixed idea in the mind of Friedrich III.: that of securing for himself the dignity of King. And now that matters had turned out so badly for him at Ryswick, this elevation would afford some consolation for the humiliation which he had suffered there. The idea was by no means a new one. It had, indeed, been suggested during the lifetime of the Great Elector. Friedrich had taken it up quite early in his reign, and had broached the project to the Court of Vienna, and met with anything but favorable responses. Personal vanity had much to do with this wish on the part of Friedrich. The dignity of Elector had lost much of its ancient importance. Two of Friedrich's former compeers had lately attained to royalty, or were in expectation of doing so at no distant date. Elector August II. of Saxony had been chosen King of Poland; Elector George of Hanover would soon be called to the British throne, as the nearest heir designated in the Act of Succession; and the Elector of Bavaria was on the lookout for new dominions and thrones. Should Brandenburg be left behind by her old rivals, Hanover and Saxony? It must not be overlooked, however, that there would be a real and substantial gain in the formal consolidation of Preussen, Brandenburg and Cleves into one independent state, which could scarcely take any other name than a kingdom, with a king at its head.

But how should such a dignity find recognition? According to the idea of the times, the Christian states constituted a sort of commonwealth, over which there was at least one titular head. In the Catholic idea, there was a kind of double head: the Roman Pontiff as spiritual head, the Kaiser as temporal head. Protestants, indeed, denied this spiritual headship of the Pope; and for that very reason, perhaps, held all the more, in theory at least, to the temporal headship of the Kaiser. Leopold, the present Kaiser, was individually a very insignificant personage—little more than mouthpiece of the Court at Vienna; and the policy of this Court was wholly averse to the recognition of a great Protestant Power in Northern Germany.

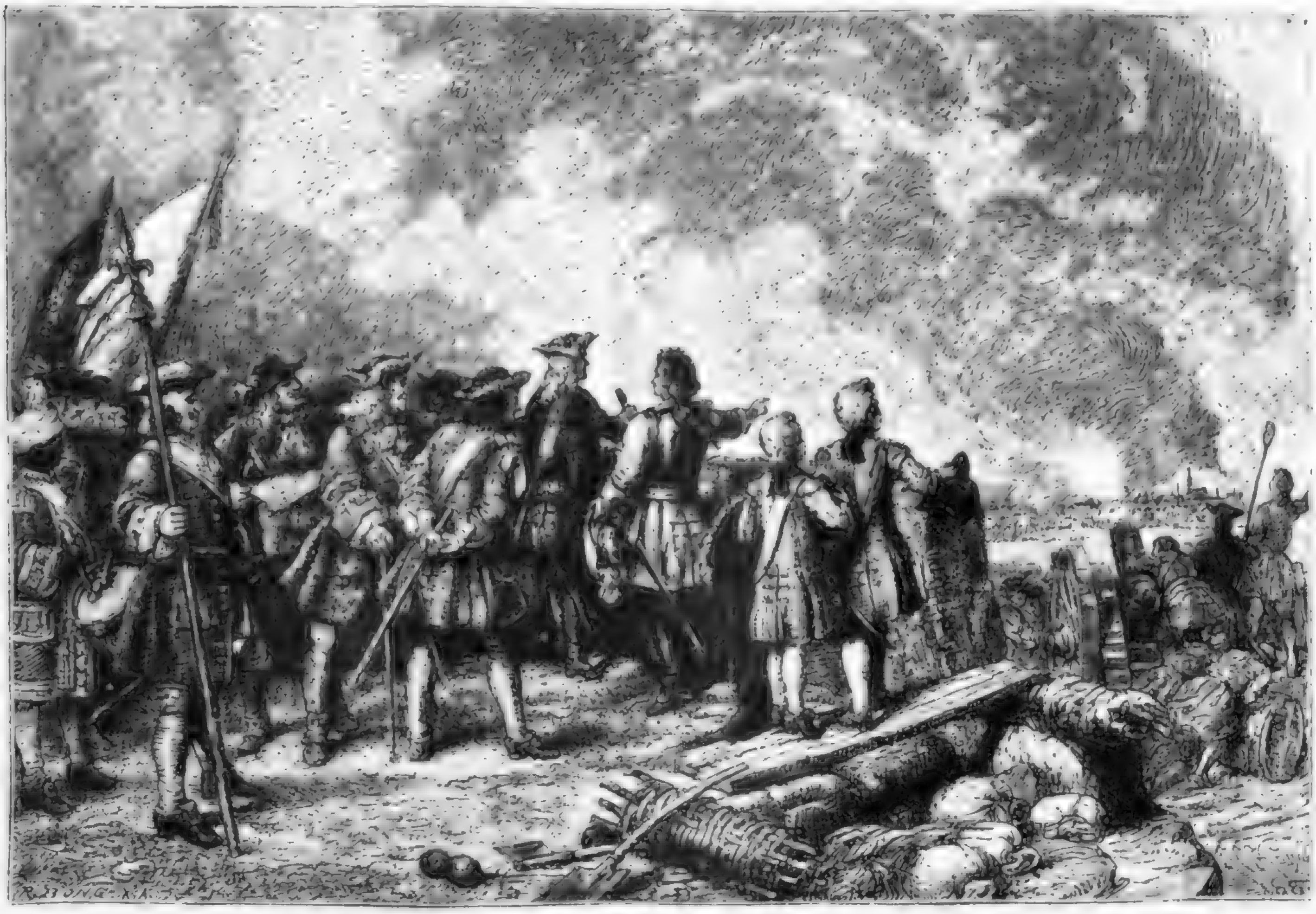
The circumstances were singularly complicated by the attitude assumed by the Roman *Curia*, so far as its intentions were known. So tolerant had the Elector showed himself toward Catholics, that the idea gained prevalence that there was but one step between this tolerance and the going over to Rome. Vota, a clever Jesuit, endeavored to persuade the Elector to receive the desired crown from the hands of the Pope; and other matters might be left for the future to take care of. Another Jesuit planned a marriage between the Elector Prince Friedrich-Wilhelm and an Austrian Archduchess—she to remain a Catholic, and their female children to be brought up in that faith. The Elector turned a cold shoulder to both these projects.

At Berlin, indeed, it was more than hinted that the best way would be for the Elector, who was, in fact, as Duke of Preussen, an independent and Sovereign Prince to assume the royal title upon his own responsibilities, without asking the assent of Pope or Kaiser. But it was by no means certain that, if he should call himself a King, anybody else would recognize him as such. His title would lack the outward and visible stamp, which the assent of the Kaiser would give it.

With the Imperial Court so set against him, the Elector would probably never have gained any satisfactory terms had not a new train of events come up to favor him. Great wars were again, not very long after the Peace of Ryswick, impending in the East and the West of Europe. Poles, Danes, and Russians, were arraying themselves against the Swedes. Augustus of Poland and Saxony was dreaming of fresh augmentations to his wide dominions, and was anxious to meet with no hindrance in this from the disciplined armies of Brandenburg, and so he put in a good word for the Elector. The French threatened the liberties of Europe more seriously than ever before, for the last scion of the Spanish branch of the Habsburgs was just dead, and Louis XIV., upon very frivolous ground, laid claim for himself and his to that vast heritage—that "Kingdom upon which the sun never sets." To prevent the union of the Spanish monarchy with France, the Austrian Habsburgs, the English and the Dutch, must put forth all their strength, and, if need should arise, must secure auxiliary armies, for the acquisition of which no price seemed too high. The military power of the Elector of Brandenburg was very great. He had, indeed, some interest in opposing the French; but if his attention were drawn away to the war in the North, it was quite doubtful upon which side the armies of Brandenburg would in the end be found.

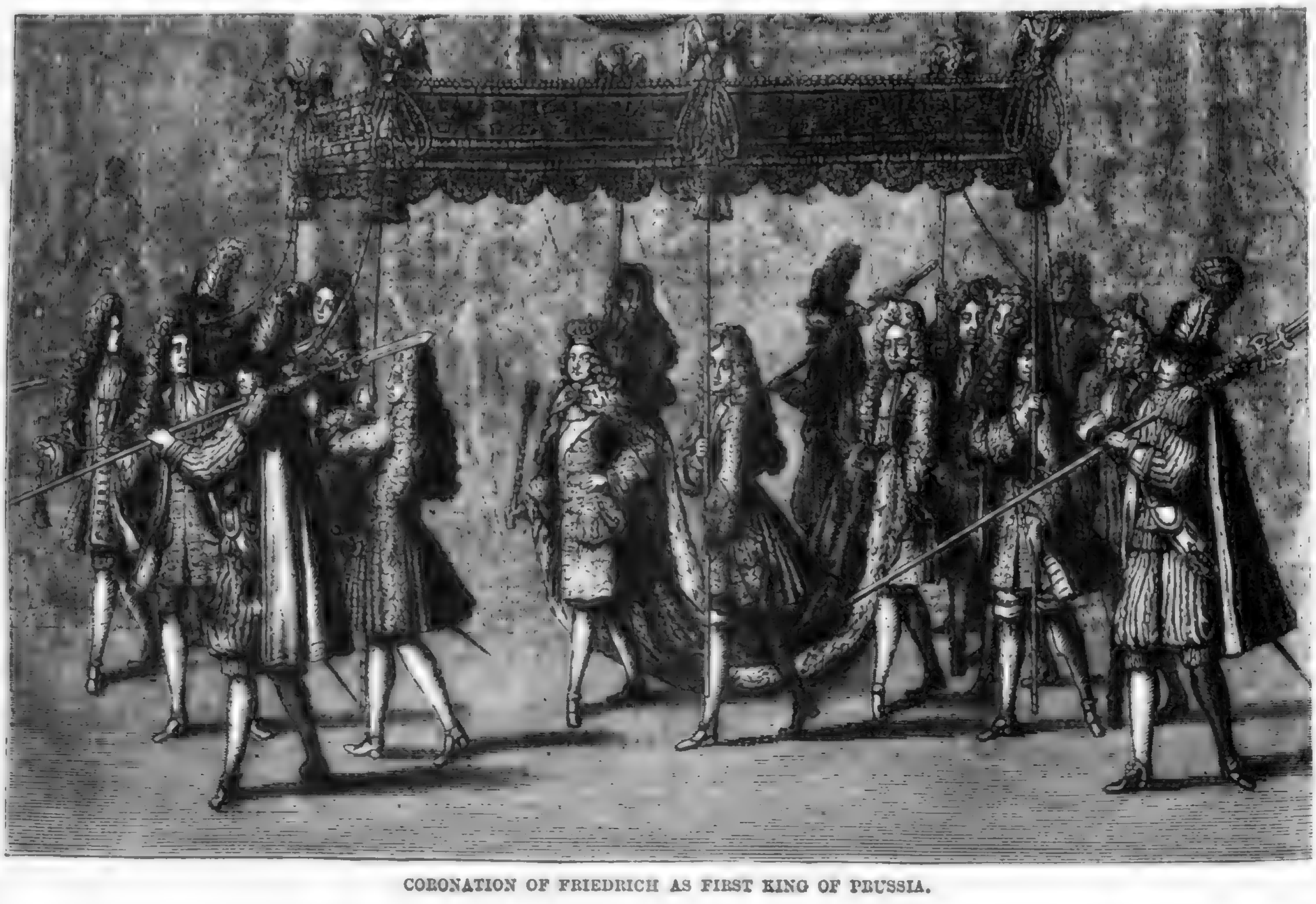
At this juncture Friedrich renewed his urgency upon the Kaiser for his assent to the assumption of the royal dignity. Leopold was in pressing need of support against Louis XIV., and matters were brought to a speedy conclusion. On November 16th, 1700, a compact was duly signed, by which Friedrich, in addition to certain other concessions to the Court of Vienna, pledged himself to recognize the Austrian Hapsburgs as the heirs to the Spanish crown, and to furnish them with an auxiliary force of 8,000 men. In return the Kaiser wished "blessing and good fortune to the dignity which the Brandenburger was about to attain; and might it remain in his posterity for ever."

XUM



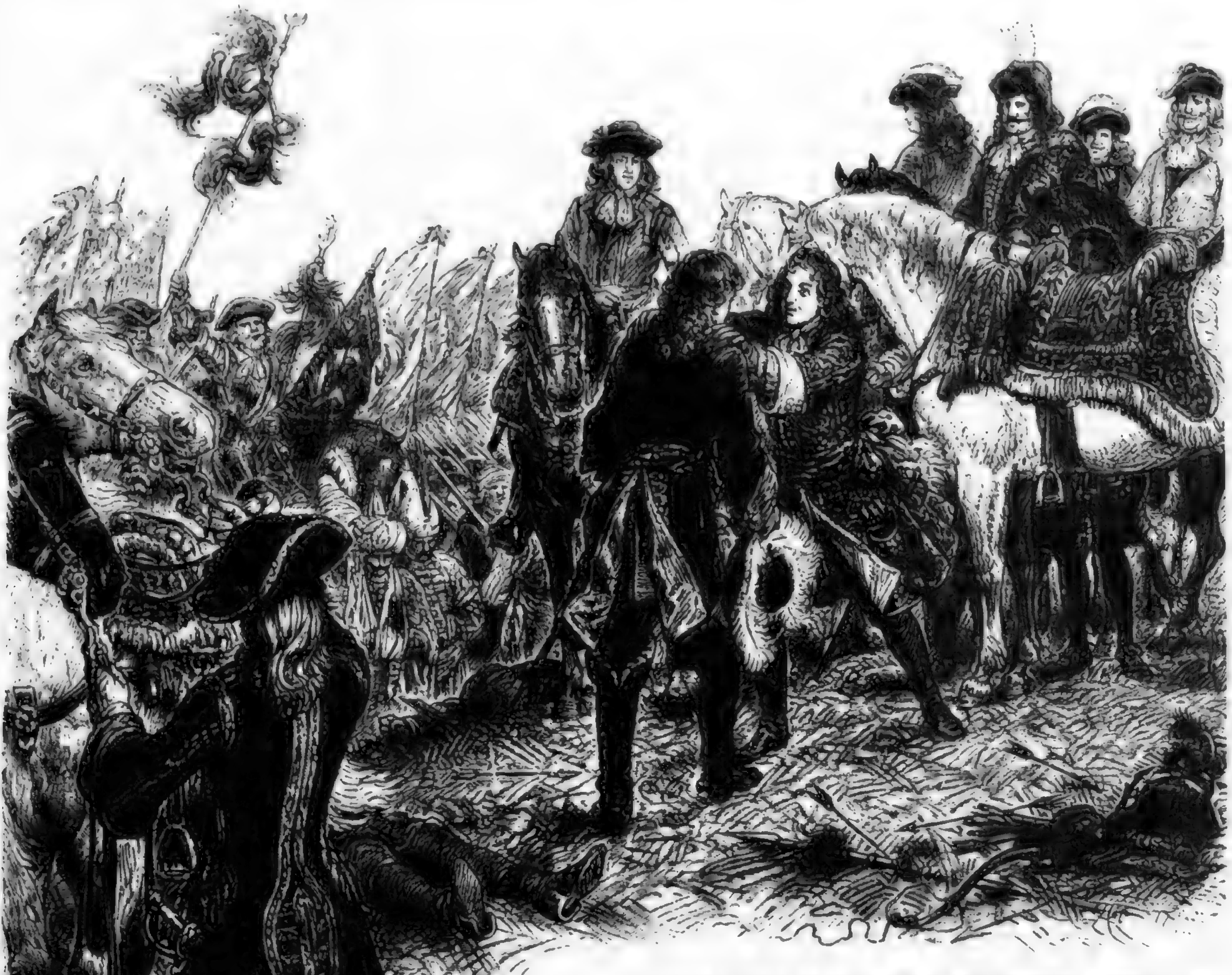
THE ELECTOR FRIEDRICH AT BONN.

Friedrich III. has been often blamed for paying too high a price for this sanction to his royal title. It has been said that, in critical times, when no one could predict what changes of fortune would occur, he had deliberately tied up his own hands by pledging his support to the Austrian policy. But there can be no doubt that the Imperial assent could not have been gained upon more favorable terms. And it is worthy of note that



CORONATION OF FRIEDRICH AS FIRST KING OF PRUSSIA.

Prince Eugene of Savoy thought the advantages in this transaction were altogether on the side of Brandenburg. He is said to have declared emphatically that "those ministers who advised the Kaiser to recognize the Prussian crown deserved hanging."



PRINCE EUGENE EMBRACING THE BRANDENBURG GENERAL AFTER THE BATTLE OF ZENTA.

In the month of December, 1700, the Elector and his family, accompanied by a great suite, set out for Königsberg, four hundred miles from Berlin, for the coronation was to take place in the chief city of Preussen, which was to give its name to the new Kingdom, of which it formed no inconsiderable part. On January 15th, 1701, a herald proclaimed in the streets of Königsberg, amid the pealing of bells and the roar of cannon, that "the Allwise Providence had ordained that the Most Illustrious and Most Powerful Prince and Lord, Friedrich, was now become King in Prussia" (*König in Preussen*). On the 17th was held the first reception of the "Knights in the Order of the Black Eagle," an Order founded for the coronation, and which remains the principal Order of the Kings of Prussia. On the 18th of January, Friedrich, clad in sumptuous robes, and surrounded by an illustrious assemblage in the Castle of Königsberg, placed the crown upon his head with his own hands, and then himself crowned the Queen. Thus asserting that nobody had bestowed the crown upon him; that no superior, temporal or spiritual, had given him permission; that the Imperial Court had merely given friendly recognition to what he had done by his own complete sovereign authority, and according to his own good pleasure. This idea is plainly set forth on the medal struck for the coronation. The obverse bears the laureled effigy of the King, and the legend: FRIDER. PRIMVS. D. G. REX. BORVSSIAE. On the reverse is a stately female figure, who stands overlooking the islanded Baltic. She is girt with the sword; her right hand bears the sceptre; in her left hand is the crown, which she is in the act of placing upon her head. The significant legend is: SVVM. CVIQVE—"To each his own."

After the coronation, the King and Queen repaired to the Schlosskriche to render thanks to God for the great benefit they had obtained, and to receive the Sacrament of anointing. The ceremonial closed with a long series of festivities—banquets, serenades, illuminations and fireworks. The populace of Königsberg were regaled with an ox roasted whole, and fountains flowing with red and white wine; and the silver coronation medals were scattered in the streets.

The King remained at Königsberg until March, and then took his departure, escorted for a long way by the corporation and the burghers. In May he made his public entry in Berlin, where all due preparations had been made by the burghers, so that the ceremonial was as imposing as that at Königsberg had been. Thus was accomplished that for which Friedrich had longed, which Danckelmann had opposed, and for which Wartenberg had labored with all his might. The Brandenburg state took from henceforth not only the arms of the Kingdom of Prussia, but also its name and title, and assumed an independent place among the Powers of Europe.

The commencement of the eighteenth century brought something more than the crown to the Prussian state. Even in those days, when the thoughts of Friedrich III. had been almost wholly engrossed with the attainment of the royal crown, the Court at Berlin was striving toward art and philosophy. The Electress, soon to be Queen, did good service in this direction. Her own thirst for knowledge, and the relations into which she had been brought with men of thought and culture, had long before led her to wish that Brandenburg should have an "Academy," or, as it was more usually designated, a "Philosophical Society," like those which already existed in England and France. Her desire was at length accomplished in part. Leibnitz, whose residence was at Hanover, made Berlin also a part of his field of action, and the Electress became his pupil, a circumstance which favored her wishes.

In March, 1700, a plan for founding an "Institute for the Advancement of Knowledge" was presented to the Elector, which was not only favored by him, but was considerably enlarged at his suggestion. Leibnitz and Sophie-Charlotte had intended to make special provision for researches in mathematics and natural philosophy. Friedrich took into view also theology, history and philosophy, in order that the "past history of the German people, and of the Evangelical Church," should be thoroughly understood, and that "the German language, which had become debased and corrupted by the admixture of foreign words, should be restored to its former purity and beauty." The Elector made noble benefactions to this academy, whose letters of foundation were dated July 4th, 1700. It is true that the difficulties which beset the ensuing years for a long time impeded the growth of this learned society, but the idea upon which it was based is characteristic of the spirit of the times when the Electorate of Brandenburg was developing into the Kingdom of Prussia.

But the Government of Friedrich, notwithstanding all which had been gained, after the downfall of Danckelmann rested upon rather unsecure foundations. During the latter years of the Electorship, the Court at Berlin had absorbed a considerable portion of the public revenues. The expenditures were largely increased after the coronation. The number of Court officials was greatly enlarged, The royal residences, country-seats, and hunting-lodges, were expensively furnished and kept up; banquet succeeded to banquet. Every day at dinner there was a band of four-and-twenty performers. The officers of the royal suite were resplendent in white satin trimmed with points of gold. The attire of Their Majesties glittered with the most costly precious stones. The King's diamond buttons cost more than $10,000 each.

King Friedrich I. should not, however, be held wholly accountable for all this extravagance. For years he scarcely suspected how matters really stood. The courtiers, whom he had made the successors of Danckelmann, cunningly kept everything disagreeable out of his sight. Kolbe von Wartenberg—who had been created Count von Wartenberg in 1699—maintained his long ascendency by pandering to the inclinations of Friedrich. In the matter of the elevation of the Elector to the Kingship, he had worked, not only for the wishes of his master, but also for the interests of the state. That attained, the state expenditures should have been economically administered. But Wartenberg's chief aim was to lead the King on from amusement to amusement, and thus delude him by a show of propriety quite at variance with the actual condition of the Kingdom.

Among the able state officials who had not been willing to submit to the rule of the excellent Danckelmann, it was inevitable that there should spring up deep dissatisfaction against his unworthy successor. But their attempts to have him removed availed nothing against the good opinion which Friedrich had cherished for Wartenberg ever since the acquisition of the royal dignity. Wartenberg had moreover introduced into the royal Council two men after his own heart, by whose means he secured his position still more firmly. These were the Reichsgraf August von Wittgenstein, who was made Chief-marshal of the Court, and Count Wartersleben, an officer who was promoted to Field-marshal, in place of the stout old Albrecht von Barfuss, who had been for a short time the rival of Watersleben.

All these men worked perniciously in the domain of foreign affairs; for not long after the coronation of Friedrich, the fury of war drew closer to the Prussian territories from all sides. In the West began the "War of the Spanish Succession," in which, by the agreement with the Kaiser, some portion of the Prussian armies had to take part. Simultaneously with this, Charles XII., the young King of Sweden, was aiming fearful blows at Denmark, Russia, and Poland, who were leagued against him. In this "Northern War" Prussia could not remain neutral, although her own territories were not directly endangered. But by taking part in this war Prussia might perhaps gain either Polish Preussen or Swedish Pommern. And notwithstanding the war in the West, the well-trained armies of Prussia were sufficient to form a heavy weight in the scale against Charles XII. But England, Holland, and the Kaiser, were desirous that the whole of the armies of Prussia, not a mere fragment of them—should be employed against France, thus letting the Northern War alone. As they represented the matter to the Court of Berlin, if the King of Prussia went into this Northern War he must do it at his own expense; whereas, if he lent his main force to Austria and the naval Powers, he would not only get large subsidies, but might look for a goodly share in the anticipated conquests. Wartenberg was largely paid for advocating this side of the question; and Friedrich was won over. Apparently this case was very much as it had been in the former war of 1688-1697. But there was really this great difference: Then the aim for which Brandenburg entered into the contest was to defend the liberties of the German Reich and of Europe; now Prussia entered upon it in order to prevent the frustration of the designs of Austria and the Naval Powers.

During this long War of the Spanish Succession, the soldiers of Prussia fought in Belgium and on the Rhine, in the heart of Germany and in Italy. Their numbers sometimes rose higher than ever under the Great Elector; and their discipline and equipment served as models for all other armies. In every one of the great battles by which the supremacy of Louis XIV. was destroyed, the black-and-white flag of Prussia led the way to victory. At the severe conflict at Hochstadt, on the Danube, August 15th, 1704, the Prussian battalions were under the chief command of Prince Eugene of Savoy, who afterward expressly ascribed to their "unshaken constancy" that the enemy "fled with great precipitance, and gave to the Allies such a splendid victory." Belgium and Italy were wrested from the French by a long series of bloody encounters, in which the Prussians won for themselves the highest renown; sometimes fighting by the side of the Duke of Marlborough, sometimes by that of Prince Eugene. The proudest day of all was perhaps September 7th, 1706, when they made a successful sortie from Turin, which was closely invested by the French. Prince Eugene looked on with wondering admiration as they carried with a rush the lofty intrenchments by which the enemy had covered themselves. The Imperial general announced to the Court at Vienna: "The Prussians have by far excelled my people in bravery and discipline. We must take all possible care for the comfort of such troops. The Prussians have well deserved it; and there is no price too high for me to reward their endurance."

The admirable discipline which made the Prussian troops the best soldiers in the world, was owing to the generals, most of whom had been trained in the school of the Great Elector. Foremost among these was the youngest of them all, Prince Leopold of Anhalt-Dessau, in after years to be known as "The Old Dessauer." He had left the government of his little estate, and had found a new home under the black-and-white flag. His regiment was the first which was trained to keep equal step, and moved upon the battlefield under a rain of bullets with as much precision as upon the parade-ground. To the infantry he gave the iron ramrod, instituting thereby the terrible "Prussian quick-firing." Wherever he led, his subordinates knew that victory or death was the only alternative. When he moved upon the veterans of Louis XIV. his bands played the lively tune which has become immortal as "The Dessau March." After the great day at Turin, Prince Eugene wrote these grand and simple words: "Prince Leopold has again wrought wonders." And when the war came to an end, the grim soldier went back to the kindly domestic life which he had taken up in despite of the remonstrances of his princely kindred, by uniting himself in equal marriage with the beloved one of his early years, Anna-Luise Föse, the daughter of an apothecary.

But of what avail to the Prussian state was this unequaled army? King Friedrich might look with pride upon its heroic achievements; but he could not look to receive any guerdon commensurate with the heavy sacrifices which he had made. For a long time he hoped for this. From the Kaiser he had looked for this or that acquisition in Germany won from the Spanish Habsburgs. He claimed the little territory of Ober-Gueldres, and designated the possessions of the House of Orange as his birthright. In all this he was bitterly disappointed. King William III. died, March 19th, 1702, leaving behind him that testament which ruthlessly disinherited the son of Luise-Henrietta. In the Netherlands men were jubilant at this, for they dreaded any closer relations with the powerful Kingdom of Prussia; and when Friedrich took possession of a part of the Orange inheritance, the Swiss Neuenburg and the German Countships of Lingen and Mörs, they broke out into rude execrations against "the Prussian thieves." Kaiser Leopold also died, May 5th, 1705; and under his son and successor, Joseph I., the Habsburg policy set itself still more rudely in opposition to this "North-German vassal," for Joseph I. had grown up amid the brilliant victories which Austria had won during the last ten years over the Hungarians, the Turks, and the French. His overweening Imperial self-sufficiency led him to consider and treat the Prussian state as one bound to all the observances due from a subject country.

King Friedrich took umbrage at this treatment by the Allies, and perhaps scornfully gave orders for the recall of his troops from the Rhine and from Italy. But finally the considerations again prevailed which had determined his policy since the beginning of the war. The whole world now grew more and more accustomed to the idea that Prussia must put forth her whole strength for any good cause, and must get only "God's pay" for it.

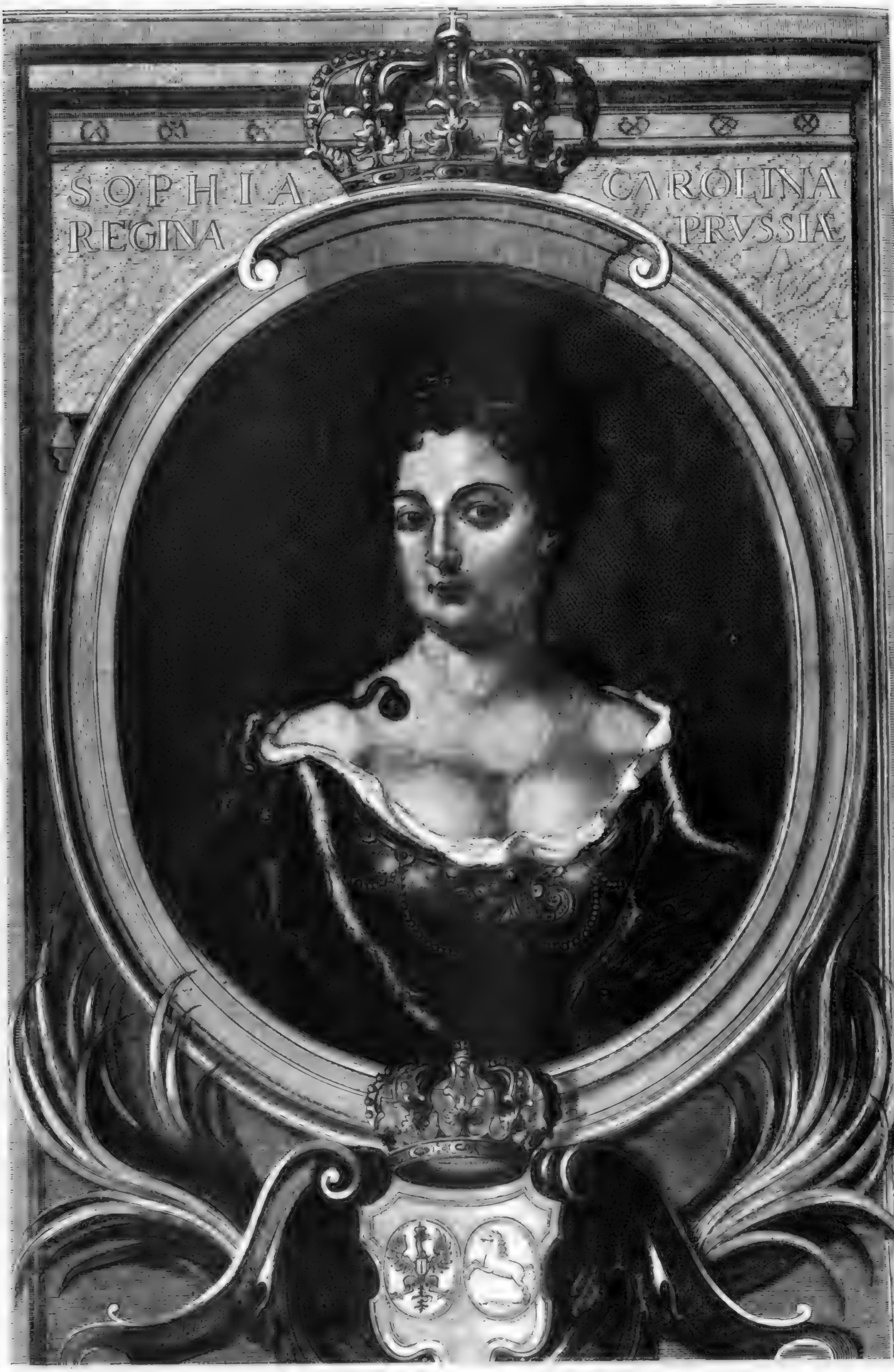
The Northern War in the meanwhile filled all Europe with turmoil and blood. The provinces of Preussen were repeatedly in peril of being overswept by the opposing armies all around them. In Berlin emissaries of both parties proposed a league, which should be remunerated, as the case might be, by the acquisition of Vor-Pommern or of West Preussen. The state of the Great Elector did not now possess a favorable opportunity of securing Stettin or Dantzic, and at the same time of protecting its own territory against any sudden attack. For years men had lived in apprehension of a near stroke of fate, until finally Charles XII. shifted the scene of war to Southern Russia, and there—at Poltawa, July 8th, 1709—was routed by the forces of Peter the Great.

Men might then breathe somewhat more freely; but they were by no means spared the miseries of war. While Swedish, Russian and Polish hordes were marching through the territories of Preussen they spread infectious diseases generated by their rough military way of life. In the Province of Preussen, where there had been a succession of bad harvests, the general distress rose to a fearful height, and a pestilential fever made such ravages that within a short time the population was reduced to three-fourths of its former number; and men began to believe that the Russians must in the end bear rule in Vor-Pommern in place of the Swedes; for during the progress of the war the Russians, Poles and Danes had seized upon the German possessions of Charles XII. Czar Peter, the vanquisher of the Swedes, was already dreaming of the extension of his sovereignty into the heart of the German Reich. The independence of the Prussian states would be lost should the Autocrat of Russia reduce Stettin and Stralsund under his sway. Only the taking of a decided part in the war could prevent Prussia from being stifled by the Sclavic Power.

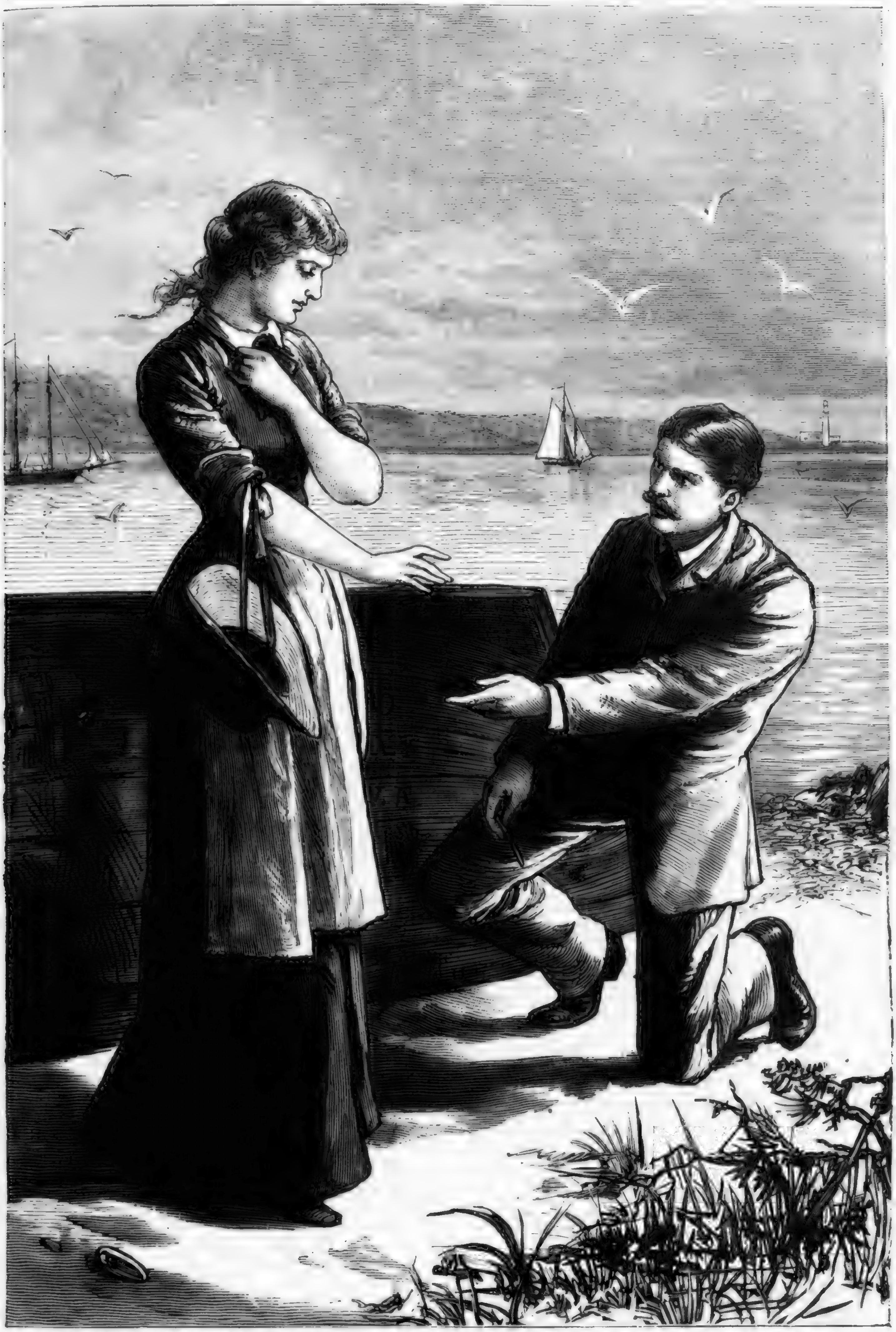
But a revolution had taken place in domestic affairs which might be looked upon as the presage of better things for the development of the Prussian state. The Wartenberg Ministry was broken up toward the end of the year 1710, and true patriots regained the ear of the King. The catastrophe would perhaps have come sooner had there not been faithful subordinate officials who made up in a manner for the misdeeds of their superiors. But these grew too flagrant to be passed over. An investigation was instituted in the Autumn of that year. Count Wittgenstein was arrested on the 29th of December, and for a long time was exposed to condign punishment. But the King remitted, "at his constant and pitiful entreaty," the payment of a large fine which had been imposed upon his family estates. Count Wartenburg got off still more easily. Thanks to the kindly feeling which Friedrich preserved for him, the King "in all graciousness" permitted him to retire from the service with a pension of 69,000 marks, and he died at Frankfort-on-the-Main a few months later.

The change thus begun was all the more salutary because better men succeeded those who had been displaced. The greatest influence was acquired by the Privy Councilor Rüdeger von Ilgen, a Westphalian by birth, one of the most learned and accomplished diplomatists of the times, who had already done the state good service; and now that his hands were unfettered he had

XUM


SOPHIA CAROLINA
REGINA PRVSSIÆ

SOPHIE-CHARLOTTE, FIRST QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.



DAN'S LETTY.—"'GIVE ME THE KNIFE, WEIR,' SAID LETTY, WITH A TOUCH OF BRAVADO IN HER VOICE. 'WILL YOU BE FRIENDS?' HE ANSWERED, EXTENDING HIS HAND."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

XUM

opportunity to show that he could not only keep the Fatherland from harm, but could gain for it new advantages. Among the practical advisers of Friedrich I. was the Crown Prince Friedrich-Wilhelm, now grown to early manhood, who had seen through the abuses of Wartenberg and his cabal; and more than any other man had given voice to the universal distrust against it.

But Friedrich I. had not much more to do with public affairs. Queen Sophie-Charlotte had died at the beginning of 1705. Three years afterward he married Princess Sophie-Luise of Mecklenburg. The marriage brought little happiness, for the new Queen was harsh and bigoted in religious as well as other matters. Before long she became mentally deranged, and lived in seclusion in her own apartments. The health of the King had gradually declined. Early one morning the poor Queen, in her white night-dress, dashed into his sleeping-room. There had been a tradition in the House of Hohenzollern ever since the times of the ill-starred Kunigunde of Orlamünde—wellnigh four centuries before—that "The White Woman" was wont to appear just before the death of any one of them. The shock was too much for the King. He was taken to his bed, from which he never rose, and died a few days after, February 25th, 1713, at the age of fifty-seven. The poor Queen lived twenty years longer.

The War of the Spanish Succession had been virtually closed some months before, though not formally ended until April, 1713, when the singular Peace of Utrecht was signed, confirmed and somewhat modified a year later by that of Rastadt. But the Northern War still smoldered and sputtered between Swedes and Poles, Russians, Danes and Germans, until the embers were at length trodden out by King Friedrich-William, in his one war, in 1715.

King Friedrich I. has been treated of in a singular manner by history. His subjects were fond of designating him their "Good Lord." His weakness and foibles lay on the surface. He looked more at the show and parade of power than at its reality, and suffered himself to be led and guided by dexterous courtiers, who humored his inclinations for their own advantage; but his aims were upright and lofty, and he sedulously maintained the military power of his state, which had been bequeathed to him by his father. Certainly no European sovereign of his time, except William III. of England, can be placed as high as he. His grandson and namesake, Friedrich II., styled the Great, could have no personal recollection of him, for he was only fourteen months old when the old King died; but in summing up his character he has "hit the nail on the head." He says: "Friedrich I. seems to say to his successors, 'I have won the royal title for you; may you prove worthy of it. I have laid the foundations of your greatness; do you complete the work.'"

DAN'S LETTY.

The wind was blowing fresh from the sea, with a salty smell. The little waves along Crab Inlet came running and tumbling over each other in their eagerness to reach the shore.

An old boat lay bottom upward in a drift of white sand, and on its battered side, next the land, some one had recently cut with a sharp knife the name of Letty, followed by a rude attempt at a heart and dart.

"Who did this?" said Weir Alden.

Weir Alden was a young fellow who had come to Crab Inlet, with a gay party from the hotel at Flinder's Point, for the day.

He had now wandered away, considerably further than he had any idea of, from the rest of his friends, in company with Miss Ives, a pretty girl and a bit of a "blue," to search for a certain kind of a sea-flower or weed that she was very enthusiastic about, and felt certain that she could find.

"Delightful!" cried Miss Ives, as Weir pointed to the name cut on the boat. "Letty never did it, that I know; but it is what Letty's own true lover may have done."

"And right you are, miss," said a hoarse, throaty voice, the other side of the old boat, as a sunburnt man, with a wide-brimmed coarse straw hat and flannel shirt, very much open at the neck, rose slowly to his feet from the drift of sand where he had been lying. "It were Letty's own true lover as cut her name. And pretty as the name be, yet it ain't no circumstance to Letty's pretty face, no more than yours be to hers, miss, though pretty enough you stand. And if you don't believe it, miss, just ask any one you see around here for Dan's Letty, and hear what they says."

"I don't see any one to ask," said Miss Ives, much amused. "Are you Dan, and did you cut the name on the boat?"

"Right you are, miss, again. And seeing you so pleasant-spoken, I had like you to see my girl."

"Your—oh, Letty! Thank you, Dan. I should like to see your paragon of beauty very much."

"Stop! What's that? My parable of beauty, did you say? Right you are, miss, every time. Letty is more than a circumstance to that, too. Sit you right here on the sand, miss, you and your brother—it's clean—and I'll go off and fetch Letty now."

"Isn't this delicious!" said Miss Ives, in a whisper to Weir, Dan being not yet out of sight, though certainly he was out of hearing, striding away along the shore toward a point where the green fields ran down to meet the white sand. "Did you ever imagine such a quaint specimen of humanity in any place, Mr. Alden? Decidedly; finding Dan and Letty is better than finding seaweed. What seaweed is a circumstance to Letty, Mr. Alden, or to Dan?"

"Give it up," said Weir, lazily stretching himself at her side in the dry, warm sand. "If you are 'no circumstance' to this 'parable of beauty,' Miss Ives, what can a little pulpy or withered bit of seaweed be? Look over the edge of the boat, if you please—there, where the rank grass stops. Dan has evidently found Letty to 'fetch' her, and Letty will not be 'fetched.'"

"Oh, but she must come!" cried Miss Ives, faithfully following Weir's directions, and pressing her narrow, pretty chin against the rim of the old boat, while her soft eyes fixed themselves intently upon the two figures on the edge of the green. "I must see her close."

"I wonder why he called me your brother?" said Weir, pursuing his own thought, and heaping a tiny mound of sand on the fold of Miss Ives's gown that was nearest him.

"You looked so uninterested in me, probably," said Miss Ives, unconsciously piquing him to regard her more attentively. "Do, Mr. Alden, go over there and bring Letty back. I am sure she will not come for Dan."

Indeed, the girl's figure in the field had turned from the man's, and taken several steps away.

Weir made Miss Ives look at him.

"Do you really want me to go for you?" he said.

"Yes, really."

"Very well. Then, fool's errand or not, I will go."

Weir Alden leapt impetuously up, with a sudden, new sensation regarding **Miss** Ives that was rather pleasurable to feel, and moved rapidly in the direction of the field.

It is not so easy to walk in deep sand. By the time he had come up to Dan he was quite out of breath.

Letty had not gone very far. Weir saw before him the full, rich shape of a woman divinely tall, in a close-fitting dark gown, with a speck of scarlet where the flat white collar closed at the neck, and dark, loosely-braided hair that the wind, in toying with, had blown to picturesque untidiness around her face.

But such a face! In his lifetime, among all the beautiful women he had ever seen or known, Weir Alden had never met with such surpassing loveliness before.

Instinctively he removed his hat with the air he would have bowed to royalty, and stood bareheaded in reverence to this rare beauty.

Dan looked proudly on her, with an attempt to imprison her hand in his, in token of ownership, perhaps. But Letty snatched her fingers away before they were held fast in his broad red palm.

"She has took it into her head not to go yonder and see your sister," said Dan, with a sort of apologetic air, "and if you know women much, as you might be married, so be——"

"I am not married," said Weir, briefly.

"So being if you know women," continued Dan, "you know as they must and will have their way. It ain't to be wondered at, considering the sect. But it do make me disappointed-like to have Letty take on not to go, so pleasant-spoken as your sister is, too."

"And why will you not go, Letty?" said Weir.

"I don't choose to be laughed at, nor pulled to pieces when my back are turned," said the goddess, with the same superb indifference to grammar Weir had observed in Dan; "and, besides, you are both Flinder's Point Hotel people. I don't have nothing to do with such."

"Ah, but we cannot help that! It is the only hotel in the place. But I know it is not a very good hotel. It is rather rough. All the same, there are some very nice people there. You mistake, too, if you think you would be pulled to pieces or laughed at by us. Why should we laugh?"

"You couldn't help it," said Letty, shortly; and she fairly moved away, with a grand erect carriage and a stately step.

Dan went after her; but she sent him back. He spoke to Weir, who did not heed him, all Mr. Alden's attention being centred on the retreating, disdainful beauty. He had forgotten all about Miss Ives.

When he returned to her, he wondered he had even found her pretty. His mind's eye was filled with the image of Dan's Letty.

"It was a fool's errand," he said.

"Never mind," said Miss Ives; "I have found the seaweed. On the whole, I am glad the 'parable' refused to come. One would not have known what to say to her. How do you talk to a Crab Inlet girl, Mr. Alden?"

"She snubbed us because we are Flinder's Point Hotel people," said Weir. "Crab Inlet thinks itself above the Point."

"Is she a 'parable,' Mr. Alden?"

Weir was silent. He felt what Letty had said was true. They were laughing at her already."

"Isn't she pretty, Mr. Alden?" pursued Miss Ives.

"Pretty? No!" cried Weir, recalling the splendid beauty of her face.

Miss Ives smiled complacently, and exhibited her seaweed.

Weir Alden did not feel like talking with her, so he put a few leading questions about this particular kind of weed, which launched her at once into the deepest of conversational monologues, haply showing him her stores of knowledge, and proving her right to the title of a "blue."

This sort of thing lasted until they joined the others of the party, for which Weir was very thankful. Yet Miss Ives had been doing her best to entertain him.

In some unaccountable way Mr. Weir Alden missed the boat that carried back his friends to Flinder's Point at six o'clock.

Miss Ives had left her shawl on the sand, and discovered her neglect only when on board the boat. Weir Alden volunteered to get it.

There was fully a quarter of an hour before the boat sailed, according to the printed time-tables, and he had more than time enough to have returned with the shawl. But the boat sailed without Mr. Weir Alden or Miss Ives's shawl.

There had previously been a good deal of excitement in regard to Mr. Alden's non-appearance.

Miss Ives had begged the captain to defer his departure until Mr. Alden came. This, however, the captain, with his finger on the time-table, absolutely refused to do.

His boat had regularly sailed the same hour for thirteen years from Crab Inlet for Pocahontas Bay, stopping at Flinder's Point on the way down. The gentleman must sleep over night at Crab Inlet.

There were several houses where the captain knew he could get a bed. The boat would leave Pocahontas Bay, the next morning at nine, and take the regular trip from Crab Inlet again at this same hour—six. Possibly the captain would then have Mr. Alden on board—unless, indeed, Mr. Alden should hire a sailing-boat and follow the little steamer to Flinder's Point.

Miss Ives thought Mr. Alden would do this last. She penciled him a little note, which was left fluttering in the wind, transfixed by a rusty nail to a clapboard on the dock, until he should come there and see it.

Weir Alden had strolled as far as the old, upturned boat on the sand, before Miss Ives's shawl was found. Then he had seen Letty standing beyond, on the edge of the field, and had gone on further to her, Miss Ives's shawl hanging on his arm.

"Letty, I want to speak to you a minute before I go," he began, "perhaps never to see you again."

"Who are you?" said Letty, abruptly, with her eyes wandering caressingly over his highbred, pleasant face.

"My name is Weir Alden."

"How would you like me to call you Weir?"

"Very much indeed. Will you do so?"

"Suppose I had not asked if you liked it or not, but had begun calling you Weir all at once?"

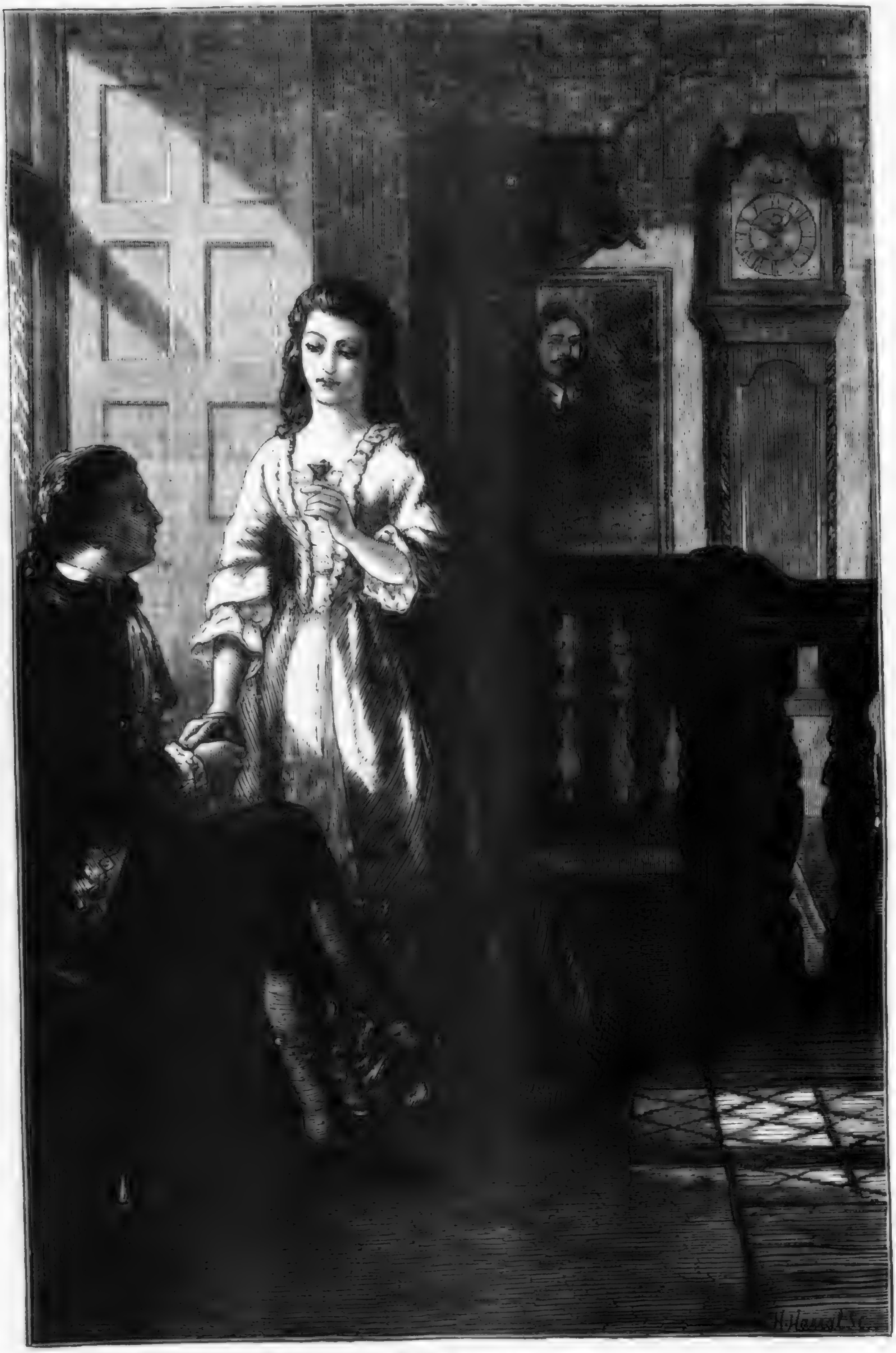
"I should have been pleased all the same."

"I am not pleased to have you call me Letty."

"Miss Letty, I beg your pardon. I meant no offense," said Weir."

"Would you have called a young lady by her Christian name the first time you saw her—one of your *friends?*" pursued Letty. "Of course you would not. But I am not a young lady. I am poor and countrified, and you look down on me, Mr. Weir Alden, like all the city fine people at Flinder's Point Hotel. Look at me, though, and tell me honestly are they any of them made better than I? Have any of them a handsomer face? I don't

XUM



THE LAST FAREWELL.

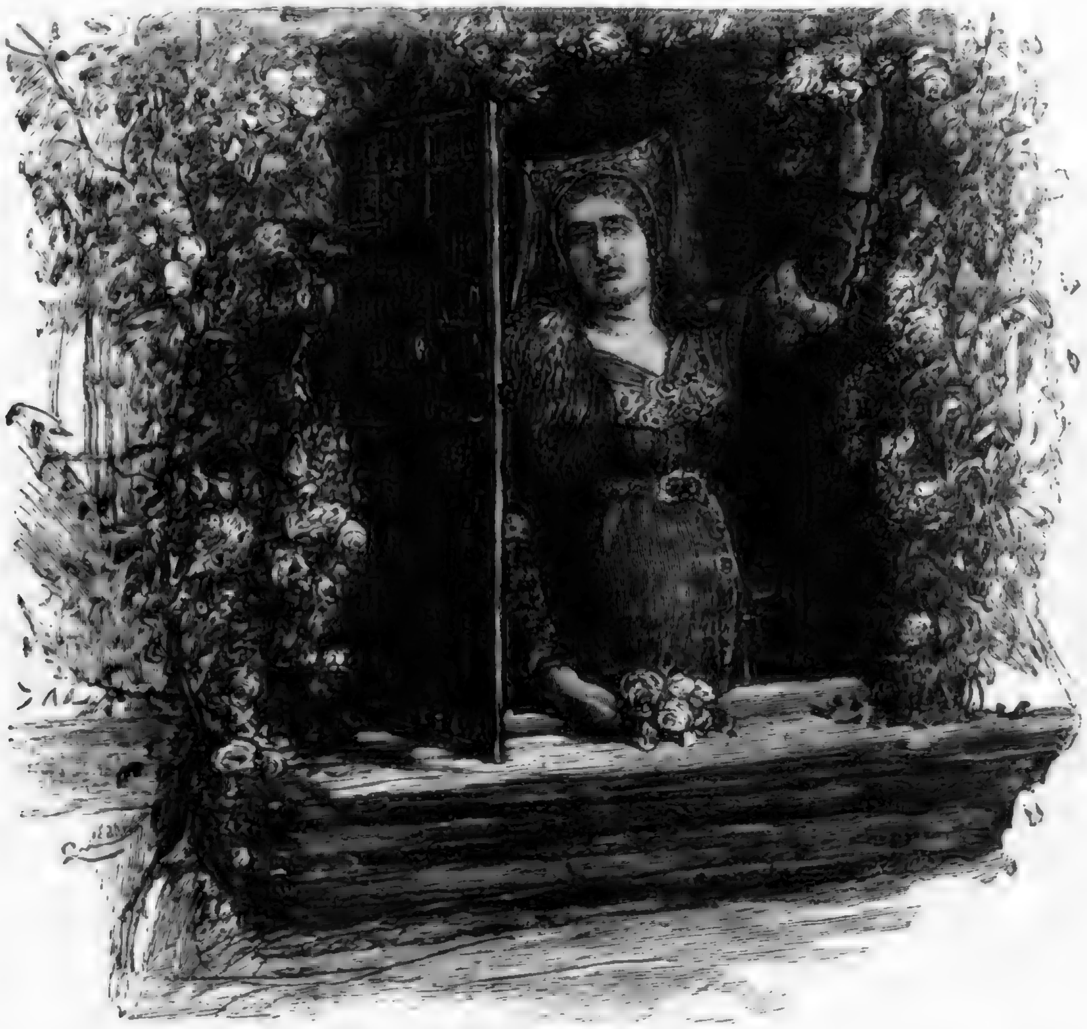
take any credit to myself for my good looks, Mr. Alden Weir. God made me; but somehow I feel as if I were a lady out of place, and not a born Crab Inlet girl."

She broke away from him with a gesture that forbade him to follow.

Weir saw her as she crossed the wide field. There was nothing left for him but to retrace his steps.

He found the dock deserted and the boat gone; he also found Miss Ives's impromptu note. After he had read it, he crumpled it carelessly in his pocket.

Then he went in search of a boatman and boat to get to Flinder's Point before night. He felt it was useless to attempt to get Letty to talk to him. It would be both selfish and unkind if he should endeavor to force an acquaintance. With a sigh he dismissed the idea.



SMILE, LADY SMILE.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 111.

All the Crab Inlet boats were out. In this new dilemma Weir Alden saw Dan, to whom he very briefly described the case, and artfully made appeal for sympathy. How to get to Flinder's Point to-night?

It could not be done, so Dan said. The tide would be against it when the Crab Inlet fishing-boats should return.

Indeed, there was no certainty that any of them would return that night. If they had gone outside they would be likely to anchor and stay out a day or so.

"You can get a place for the night almost anywhere here," Dan continued. "Sir, it is the best you can do, and if you know women, as I said before, why, you know your sister won't be over-worried because as you don't come till to-morrow. She knows where you are, so be her mind is easy. It's no circumstance to not knowing where a man may be."

Weir had no desire to remain. He resigned himself, however, to the inevitable, and permitted Dan to pilot him to a house where he could sleep over night. Dan led him to a one-storied, unpainted, larger house than the others on the shore—a house that stood in a vegetable-garden, with a green field sloping behind to meet the sand, and said:

"So being as you seen Letty this day, and was sorter knowing her, so to speak, I owned as you might be more comfortable here. The old folks will be glad of to take you in."

Weir did not know what to say. In his heart he owed Dan a debt of gratitude for giving him another opportunity to meet Letty.

But he began already to wonder what he should say to her—how explain that chance alone brought him to her door.

It was as Dan said. The old people—a slow-moving, sad-faced old man, and a gentle-voiced, careworn woman whom he regarded oddly as Letty's parents—gave him their best room at once.

The daughter being away, the mother herself prepared the sheets and brought water to his room. The old man told him the evening meal would be ready in a little while, and invited Dan to share it.

The three men sat out on the front porch, while the kitchen-door stood open, and the old woman within was standing over the fire, preparing some savory fish, whose odor stole appetizingly out to them.

Dan and Letty's father had begun to talk of things incident to their station and occupations in life. The grand figure of Letty came in sight through the homely

XUM

little garden. To spare her from meeting him before she knew he was her father's guest, Weir Alden strolled away in the direction of the shore.

He not once looked round, nor did he stop till he had reached the old boat, bottom up on the sand, again. It was the third time that day.

He staid there a little while and studied the rude letters of Letty's name cut in the wood. Some impulse made him take out his own knife and to begin, schoolboy fashion, cutting his own initials underneath Letty's name. And while he was so engaged, Letty herself came to call him into the house for supper. Weir felt suddenly very much as if the schoolmaster had detected him defacing his desk.

"Give me the knife, Weir," said Letty, with a touch of bravado in her voice, and purposely making use of his name.

"Will you be friends?" he answered, extending his hand. "There is no lady alive that can equal you, Letty."

She slowly put her hand in his, with a questioning look, while his left hand tossed the knife far out over the little tumbling waves. Then they felt that they understood each other without any more words.

The homely fare tasted sweeter to Weir Alden than any rich banquet could have done. He was intoxicated with Letty's beauty and the gleaming whiteness of her arm, bared to the elbow, as she passed dishes and rose from the table to wait upon the guest. He began to talk, and exert himself to please his hosts. They hung, as if entranced, upon his words.

The moon poured a white light on the sand. Dan and Letty walked together in the moonlight, and then Dan said "Good-night." He struck across the country to his own home. The old man and his wife had gone to bed.

Letty came to Weir, as he sat alone in the moonlight, and gave him the key of the house-door, with instructions, or a request, rather, to fasten it securely when he should retire.

"It is early yet," said Weir. "It is not ten o'clock. Are you sleepy that you are going to bed now, Letty? Come and walk with me a little on the shore. I am lonely, and I would like to walk with you in the moonlight for once in my life, so that I might have that walk in my memory ever."

Let was persuaded. She found a charm in Weir Alden's manners and bearing different from the class of men she had known all her life.

Once convinced that he did not seek her acquaintance to ridicule and despise her lowly mode of living and want of education, she became womanly and confiding. She chatted quite at her ease and charmed him.

Arm in arm they paced the white sand. The wind blew fresher and colder, without the sun to temper its chill.

Weir got Miss Ives's shawl and wrapped it about Letty's shoulders. He thrilled in the moonlight at the slight contact of his fingers with her lovely form, and she, too, thrilled with pleasure at the soft weight and rich feeling of the warm India cashmere that for the first time she wore. She stroked the border lovingly, and said:

"How nice it must be to be a lady and wear such a shawl! I wish I was rich enough to have one. But I am afraid your sister will be angry if I wear it. Take it off; it is too fine for a poor Crab Inlet girl."

"Nothing is too fine for you, Letty," whispered Weir. So Letty kept the shawl on.

After a while they sat down in the shadow of the boat. Weir was tolerably well acquainted with Letty's whole history now.

She was utterly unreserved with him as a child. He knew the meaning of the heart and dart on the boat, and her name carved above them.

Letty had never guessed that Dan loved her. She was used to seeing him every day, and never thought of him in the light of a lover.

But once she saw him hacking away with his knife on the boat, and when he was gone she came up and read the name and saw the rude heart and dart. Then she knew that Dan cared for her first.

After that she often went to the old boat and looked at her name, and still wondered why Dan never spoke. And once, just before supper-time, Dan had been sent to look for her, found her here, and took courage to tell her the secret she had already divined. So Dan was Letty's own true lover now, and some day, they did not know when, they meant to be married. Such was Letty's artless story of the only love-affair of her life.

A pang shot through Weir Alden at the thought of such glorious beauty being made a sacrifice to a man like this.

He envied Dan, and for a mad moment, as he looked at Betty, hated him for the good fortune of such a wife. He went to bed with the moonlight streaming on his face, and he dreamed of Letty.

In the morning he wakened early, and hurried out of his room. But early as it was, he found the little family had already breakfasted, and the old man was weeding in the vegetable-garden before the house.

Letty was alone in the kitchen. Her mother had gone away to assist a neighbor whose wife was ill, and had called on her for help. The table was spread with a white cloth, and the simple service on it was ready for the guest.

Weir asked only for coffee and bread. He watched Letty make the coffee, and she allowed him to lend a helping hand. There was something very fascinating in it all. And finally he coaxed Letty to sit at the table with him and eat.

He had an odd fancy the while that it was like a honeymoon breakfast. Letty was so assiduous in her attentions. He had such a strange content—a feeling of perfect happiness and delight. He had a wild desire to realize it all.

After breakfast he went out and weeded with the old man. Dan found him in the garden when he came hurrying to tell him that the little steamer from Pocahontas Bay and Flinder's Point that morning was lying at her dock. Weir took Dan's arm and went after the captain of the boat.

He gave him a written order for a portmanteau, his gun, rod and other traps from the hotel. When the boat sailed that night at six Dan was on board, charged to return with them.

Weir Alden staid six weeks at Crab Inlet. His friends wondered what had become of him, and then quite forgot to wonder—that is, all but Miss Ives. Miss Ives did not cease to wonder. She received her shawl and a note by Dan. She had questioned him, and knew Weir was staying at Letty's house. She wondered if a girl like Letty had anything to do with his staying. She also puzzled over the note he had sent. It was very short: "Give me time enough," the note said, "to think over it. I have lost my head. Do not write to me. In pity's sake let me alone."

Miss Ives accordingly let him alone.

Weir was all this time desperately in love with Letty.

Naturally he was with her a great part of the time alone. Naturally, the rest of the time Dan joined them. But Weir chafed at the infliction of Dan.

He could not endure to hear their marriage discussed. It seemed to him Dan was always parading himself as Letty's future husband. It was intolerable. Once he said to Letty:

"Do you remember what you said the first day I saw you, that you felt you were a lady out of place here in Crab Inlet? Tell me, Letty, how would you like me to take you away from here, and make you a lady in your true place?"

"I would like it," said Letty, her face in a glow.

"Then it shall be!" cried Weir; "since you are willing, Letty, that is enough. We will go."

"But Dan?" murmured Letty, reluctantly.

"You are throwing yourself away to marry Dan," said Weir, angrily. "A peerless creature like yourself to be buried all your life like a diamond in a bank of clay. Forgive me, Letty. It is a monstrous and unnatural thing. You ought to queen it among your mates. Come with me, Letty. I will give you love and everything else that your heart desires. I will deck you in silk and lace, and you shall sparkle with precious gems. You shall be waited on and served, and do no more work. I cannot bear to see you work."

"I am not ashamed of work, Mr. Weir Alden."

"But I do not want you to work, my darling. I want you to be a lady and my wife."

"Take me," said Letty, putting both her hands in his, and looking out to sea.

Weir lifted her hands to his lips and kissed her round, lovely wrists. But Letty did not look at him once. It was odd.

Weir made Letty keep this a secret. He arranged to go to Flinder's Point alone, and let her go on to Pocahontas Bay, where he meant to join her. Then they would be married and leave for the city. But Letty was to write to her parents and to Dan from Pocahontas Bay.

He took leave of Crab Inlet that week. Letty represented at home that she wished to buy things for her wedding—which was strictly true, although she did not refer to poor Dan—and would like to visit the stores at Pocahontas Bay.

Dan was the one who unsuspiciously suggested Letty should leave under the captain's charge, with Mr. Weir Alden as companion as far as Flinder's Point. Dan took Letty on board and left her there, having resigned her to the captain and to Weir.

The honest fellow was overjoyed at the prospect of marrying his "true love Letty," as he kept styling her, so soon. For had she not proposed this trip and the purchase of wedding-garments herself?

Weir felt some compunction in the matter; but as his glance fell on Letty all uncomfortable feelings vanished of doing a wrong to Dan, and he only considered that for this glorious beauty a man might do much worse and be justified for the sake of possessing and of calling her his own.

Letty was strangely quiet on the way down. They had left at six o'clock, and by nine had reached Flinder's Point. Letty was to sleep on board all night as the safest place. The captain had arranged with Dan and her father that she should have his cabin for herself. Weir had no need to feel disturbed as he crossed the gangplank away from his love.

But he did feel disturbed. He did not like to leave her even this little while.

There was dancing in the hotel parlors as he entered. Miss Ives was sitting outside, watching the dancers through the open windows, and she saw him pass. He was obliged to stop and speak.

"What did you mean by your note?" she said.

"I am going to be married," said Weir. "Didn't I say I had lost my head?"

"Who is she?" then asked Miss Ives, and her voice was not so glad as it had been when she greeted him.

"It is a long story," said Weir; "this is not the place to tell it in. I will tell you all another time. I want to tell you. And I want you to be very kind."

Miss Ives tried to find the meaning of his words all night. The thought of Letty never once entered her head.

Weir avoided her in the morning. He addressed his trunks and left them in the office. Then he got a horse and wagon from the hotel-stable and drove along a soft, sandy road by the shore, to the beautiful curve of Pocahontas Bay, where the railroad station and the active little village lay.

He wandered about in every place he thought that he could meet Letty. He waited where he appointed to meet her, but she did not come. Finally he began to make inquiries.

The little steamer, of course, had sailed at nine o'clock that morning. It was possible Letty had become confused and remained on board. In that case she had been carried back to Flinder's Point. She was totally unused to travel even so short a distance alone.

Weir drove back to Flinder's Point. He brought the horse back reeking with sweat. He hurried to the boat-landing, just in time to see the steamer cast off. He returned in great dejection to the hotel, and a porter told him a young woman was in his room.

It was Letty. She was terribly white and pale.

"I was afraid to leave the boat alone," she said; "you were nowhere near. I came here to find you and to tell you I cannot go."

"You cannot certainly go back," said Weir, in an icy tone, with every drop of blood freezing round his heart.

"Why not?" said Letty, simply. "I have done no wrong. The captain told me to get off at Flinder's Point, to amuse myself in seeing the ladies and to find you, who would take care of me till Dan comes. The captain will bring Dan here on the six o'clock trip."

"And are you and Dan going to stay here all night, away from home together, since you cannot go back until morning?"

"Oh, no! I am going to sleep on board the boat. The captain says I may have his cabin again, and that Dan may turn in with him."

"Letty," said Weir, excitedly, "you are as false as I believe you true!"

"If you please," said Letty, with an imperial air, "I will leave you now. Perhaps I ought not to have come—indeed, I know I ought not to have come. My duty is to Dan and to home. I don't want ever to see you again. You came to Crab Inlet and almost forced me away. You tempted me because you saw I wanted to be a lady.

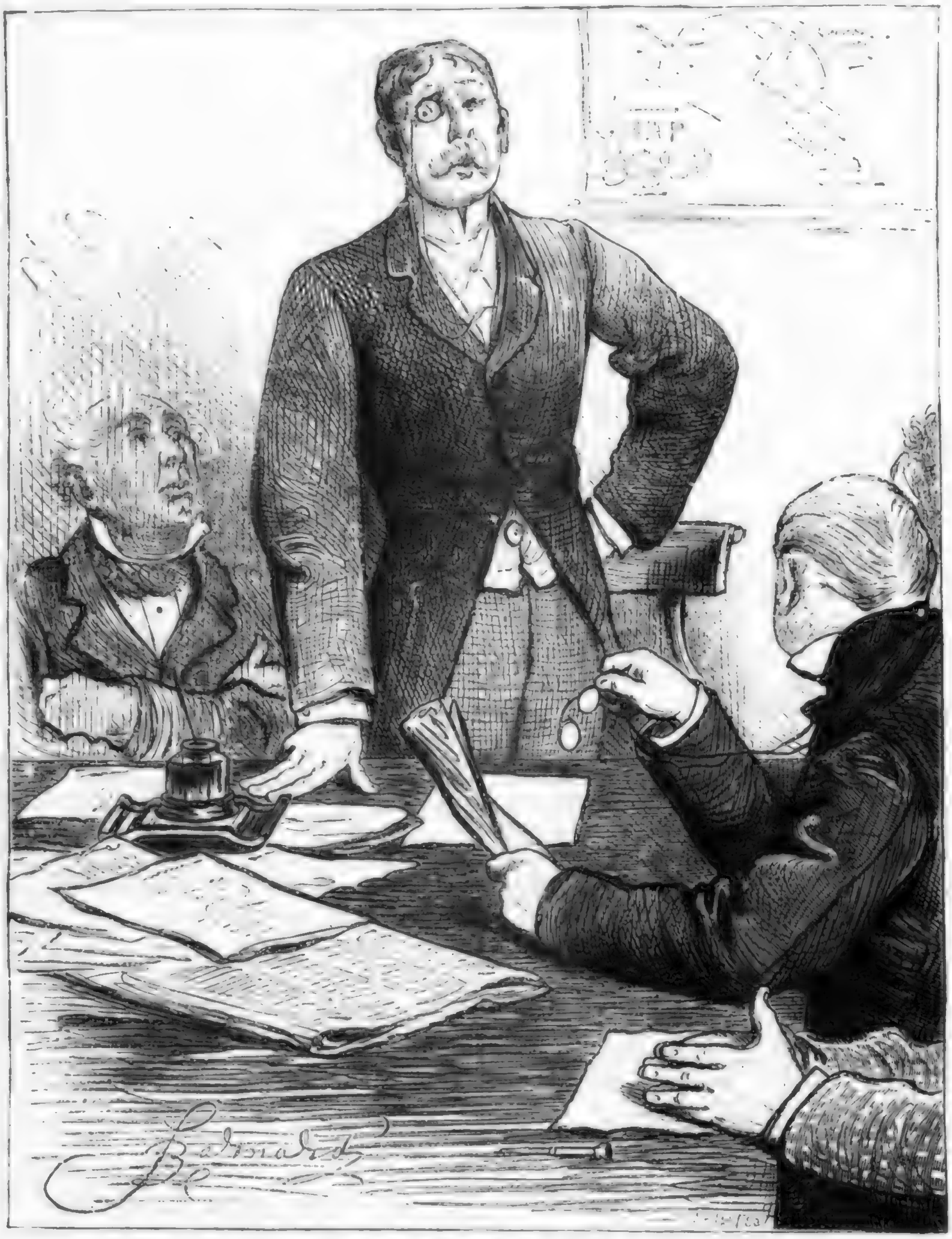
"I loved you," groaned Weir.

"I have been thinking it all over," continued Letty, slowly, "and I would not be happy as your wife. I don't know how to be a lady, and you couldn't help seeing my ignorance and contrasting me with those others who are ladies born. I would seem to you a very poor make-believe. You would be ashamed of me—you couldn't help it—just as I am ashamed of Dan when I see him with you. And I loved Dan before you came."

XUM

"Will you marry Dan?" said Weir, in a smothered voice.

"I do not know. I know, though, that I never want to see you, never want to look on your face again. I used to be happy before I knew you. I am not happy now, or satisfied. I wish you would give me a last promise never to see me again."



THE ORNAMENTAL DIRECTOR.—SEE PAGE 106.

"Do you mean that?" said Weir.

"I mean it," she answered.

Weir covered his eyes with his hand. Letty was standing at the door.

"Then Letty," he said, with great effort, "I will give you my word."

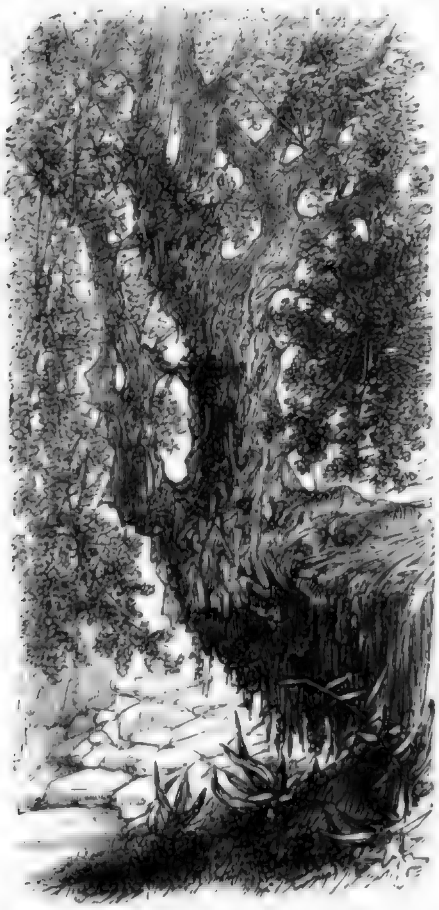
"Thank you," she said.

And he felt a little wind blow over him like a sudden draft, and when he looked up she was gone, and the wind was blowing in from the open door.

He staid in his room till the six o'clock boat had gone. Then he went outside, and Miss Ives was the first person he saw.

"What is the matter with you, Mr. Alden?" she said, with real concern; "you look so haggard, I am afraid that you are not well. I have been waiting here to see you. I thought it a good place—it is so quiet—to hear what you have to tell me. But if it is a long story, and you are ill, never mind. I will hear it another time."

"Now is as good as any time," said Weir, a sudden impulse sweeping over him like a wave, and carrying him away with it, making him draw nearer her, and speak in a low, dangerous voice, she thrilled to hear. I will make



A CORK TREE WITH BARK ON.

the story short. I will not tell you why I exiled myself at Crab Inlet so long. I wrote I was making a fool of myself, that I had lost my head. It is for you to say whether I am the fool or not."

"You are going to be married," she said, in a faint way.

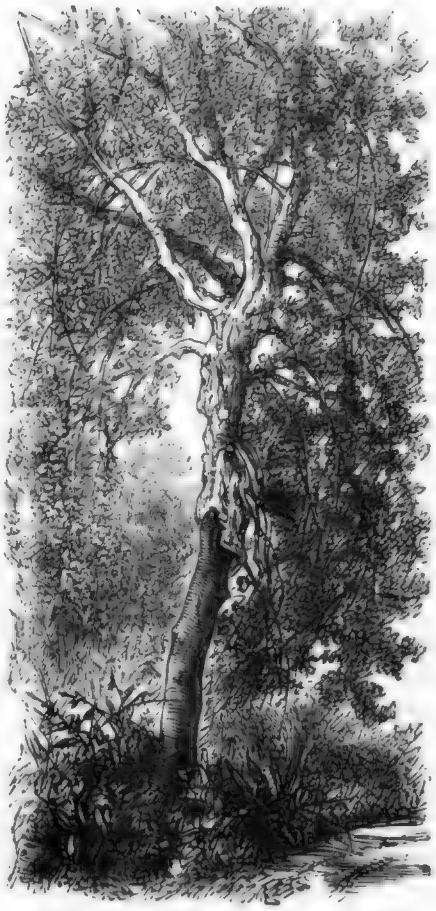
"The announcement was a little premature. You must give me your consent first. I asked you to listen and be kind. Will you be kind now?"

"I do not understand you, Mr. Alden."

"Miss Ives, I am asking you to be my wife."

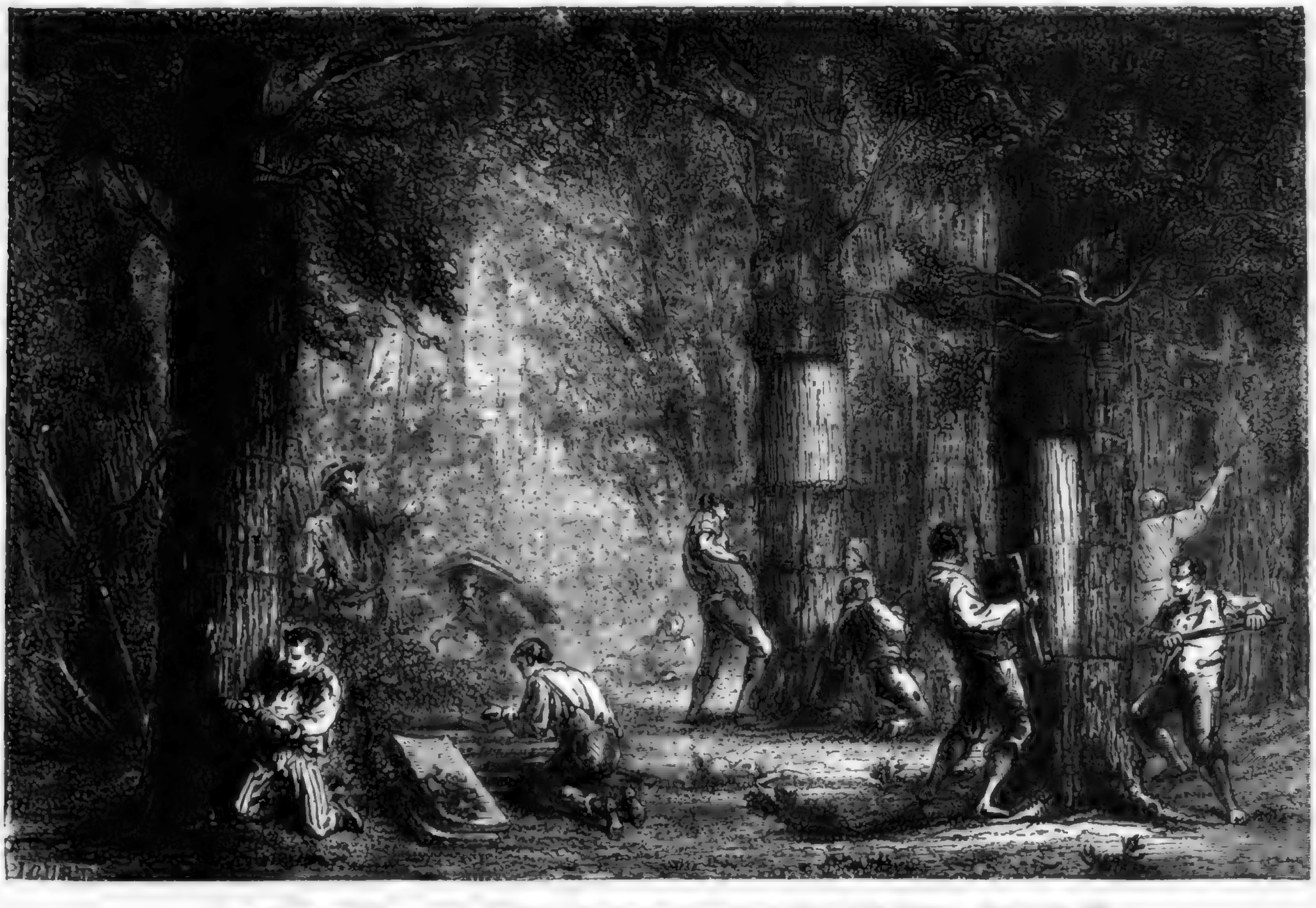
And then it happened very curiously that Miss Ives put both her hands in his, exactly as Letty had done not a week ago, and while a spasm of pain at the recollection crossed Weir's face, she said, with a pretty blush, and her eyes put away:

"I shall not take so long to think about it as you have done, nor need you have exiled yourself for my sake, as I feel you did, Mr. Alden. I do not think you have lost your head loving me." And as she said this, a grim smile hovered an instant on the lips of the man in whose hand hers were held. "What you have lost is time." And now Weir's smile grew more grim and faded away. "For, if you had asked me before, or the first day we went to the Inlet, I would have said the same thing I say now."



A TREE PARTLY BARKED.

"And that is?" said Weir, scarcely regretting the



IN THE CORK FORESTS OF SPAIN.—STRIPPING THE CORK FROM THE TREES.—SEE PAGE 109.

XUM

impulse that had made him speak, as he regarded Miss Ives, who still studiously looked away from him; and as he felt her pulse flutter in his touch. This time Miss Ives looked at him.

"I will be kind," she said.

THE ORNAMENTAL DIRECTOR.

The Marquis of Mistylands was a truly magnificent creature, who married the heiress of A. Shoddyman, merchant clothier, of Bradford and San Francisco; but Lord Augustus Shortcasshe, one of his younger brothers, had no money at all, nor would the most honorable marquis give him any. His junior lordship, who had a pleasant wit indeed, was wont to compare himself to an acorn—"which is," he remarked, "the same thing as an oak-tree, only not so big." Lord Augustus and his brother were wonderfully alike. They had the same features, the same hair, even the same proud noses, and, above all, the same pure, unadulterated love of themselves. "Come, Bustibus," (Bustibus was the form of Augustus used in familiar intercourse by the peer in addressing his kinsman), "if you were in my place, would you give me a tanner * to save me from drowning? Out with it, man? Yes or No?" And to this straightforward appeal the younger brother, who never wasted an untruth, answered with candor and spirit, "Not one." Whatever else he was going to say, however, was happily stopped by the entrance of the most honorable marchioness, and the party dined together very cheerfully off hominy, pumpkin-pie, American oysters, and other transatlantic delicacies which her sprightly ladyship had opportunely introduced into the domestic cookery of the ancient house of Shortcasshe.

"I'll tell you what it is, though, old man," chirped the marquis, while the beauty who adorned his home had retired to make herself more captivating for her opera-box on the grand tier, where she was about to pass the fag-end of the evening before she went the round of balls upon her list, "I don't mind doing anything for you that costs nothing."

"Honor bright?" asked the young lord, looking up from his dessert-plate, where he was peeling a walnut that required attention.

"Well, I don't know about 'honor bright.' That's a little rough on a man after dinner. Let's hear first what you want," said the marquis, who had a practical mind, and was fond of inquiring into details affecting his interests.

"I want you to breakfast with me to-morrow at the Albany," replied his brother, lighting a little rose-colored cigarette, which he drew from a silver-gilt case engraved with his crest and coronet. Our impecunious nobility have ever a high contempt for expense, and Lord Augustus was in constant intercourse with many creditors who understood his feelings and appreciated them.

The Marquis of Mistylands made no answer, but sipped his wine slowly, and once held it up to the light. Then he winked, closing his right eye gently, almost imperceptibly; but he certainly did wink, though in no other respect did his noble features depart from their calmness and gravity.

"Well?" said Lord Augustus, with a note of interrogation in his voice, as he inhaled the fragrant tobacco of the true Odessa make.

"I hear," observed the marquis, dryly. "What then?" The peer, as he spoke, cast his eyes up at the ceiling, as though absorbed in contemplation.

"Some city men are coming to call on me at one o'clock. If they see you with me they will think we are on good terms, and I can get what I want out of them," explained Lord Augustus, with perfect sincerity.

"Ah! I am to act as a decoy duck. It is a simple plan," replied the marquis, demurely. "You don't expect me to say anything, I suppose?"

"Not much. You'll have to be civil, you know, as if we were no end of good friends," said Lord Augustus. "And, hang it, Fred, my lady shall have my Maltese dawg if you'll go through your paces cleverly. It will save you buying one."

"Send the dog. I'll come," answered the marquis; and he went.

They were important people who called on Lord Augustus Shortcasshe, and the marquis even found his own account in making their acquaintance, for one of them subsequently put him into a way of doing a great thing in building-lots with a worthless part of his estate that had never before yielded a guinea. Another got him some shares which rose to a startling premium before he paid for them. A third taught him how to deal with a railway company which wants to run through the ornamental part of a gentleman's park, or interfere with his plans for remunerative improvements connected with suburban villas.

Indeed, they belonged to that bold and enterprising body of men who just now possess most of the nerve and energy to be found in England. They were contractors for public works on a large scale—men who ranked with Brassy and Peto, Waring and Betts. Lord Augustus and his most honorable brother naturally looked down upon them, but they might as well have looked up. They knew perfectly well what they were about. They had come to buy Lord A. Shortcasshe merely because he was worth buying. They had no doubt about that in their minds, and they were hard-headed men of business, not at all likely to deceive themselves. They could not afford to be duped, rich as they were. The public like lords, and they had to deal with the public. The public was their master, and no better policy can be pursued in trade than to satisfy a customer. Shareholders might grumble now and then, and did grumble, about promotion-money; but they never grumbled about having lords among the directors. Indeed, if there was not a lord somewhere they would not take shares, and a lord could only be made a director. His colleagues would take care he did not go far wrong. He would have no real power. He would be merely ornamental—and useful when it was necessary to use him. There must always be a margin on any contract worth working, and a few hundred pounds to the right people were never thrown away.

Lord Augustus had no idea how accurately his worth had been estimated before he was definitely purchased. A duke's uncle had run him very hard, and would have broken his chance but for a docket of bankruptcy which was struck against him by a tradesman who owed him a private grudge arising out of some affair of gallantry twenty years before. Such things will happen, and vulgar men take inconvenient revenges. The duke's uncle was at once put out of the running, not because the contractors are more rigid in their code of morals than other people, but because directly a nobleman gets into a scrape there is such a hubbub round his name that it loses all value in open market. An earl, in like

---

* The slang term for an English sixpence.

manner, had his little game spoiled by a riot in a police-court. The business world is strangely touchy on such questions. Besides, there is a good deal of competition for this sort of outdoor relief for the upper classes, and whenever one competitor can put a spoke in another competitor's wheel he is sure to do it. Now, Lord Augustus had never been mixed up in any public scandal. He had been caught young, and, under shrewd training, ultimately became one of the most ornamental directors in the imperial city.

It was a red-letter day for Lord Augustus Shortcasshe when he first attended the meeting of the board of directors who had negotiated for his services. The marchioness, his sister-in-law, who was fond of fun, put it into his head that he looked too young for a man of business, and had amused herself all the morning by imparting a judicious tinge of powder to his hair, that it might seem to be growing gray at the temples. He also ordered a complete suit of snuff-colored clothes from his tailor, that he might appear in a garb of becoming gravity, having observed in several comedies he had witnessed at the theatres that city men were usually dressed in brown. On the other hand, several directors had arrayed themselves in attire of great splendor to meet him, and were festooned with gold chains and brilliant-hued cravats. But all passed off satisfactorily on both sides, and everybody present, from the chairman to the assistant secretary and the solicitor (who naturally happened to be there), shook hands warmly with their titled colleague, who was now one of themselves, and reflected the lustre of hereditary rank on their establishment.

Some of them shook hands with him more than once, and the ornamental director, who had forgotten to take off a rather unbusiness-like collection of rings which he wore on his right hand, suffered some inconvenience. Indeed, warned by his sufferings, he always shook hands with members of the boards to which he belonged in after life by extending his forefinger only. He came to belong to a great many boards in due time, for the Lord Mayor's dominion contained no better figurehead for a new enterprise; and before he was forty years old the name of Shortcasshe was known on every Exchange in Europe.

It was known favorably, too. The city men had no cause to repent of their bargain. Lord Augustus would have been worth his price if they had given twice as much for him, and all the parties concerned in this transaction had equally good reasons to be content. He had precisely the qualities which his employers wanted; for ordinary men of business, practiced as they are in the methods of making money habitual to them, are mere children in the ways of the world. They are like people who have lived all their lives in a mine, and see nothing of the upper earth. Moreover, although men of business know very little of courts, cabinets, parliamentary wire-pullers and influential ladies, those high and mighty personages take a very keen interest in them, and are for ever prying into their proceedings and making vexatious rules and regulations about them. The ways of the governing classes all over the world have never altered, and those men of business fare ill who confront them unprotected. Did not one of the sharpest money-makers in Europe get the finest concession to be had for love or gold out of His Majesty the King of Kings, who is known to our Stock Exchange as the Shah of Persia, and was he ever able to make anything of it? Have not the Pashas of Turkey and the Tchinovniks of Russia driven every man of business to despair who has had dealings with them on commercial principles? Lord Augustus would have piloted them through all their troubles into the smoothest of waters had they but consulted him.

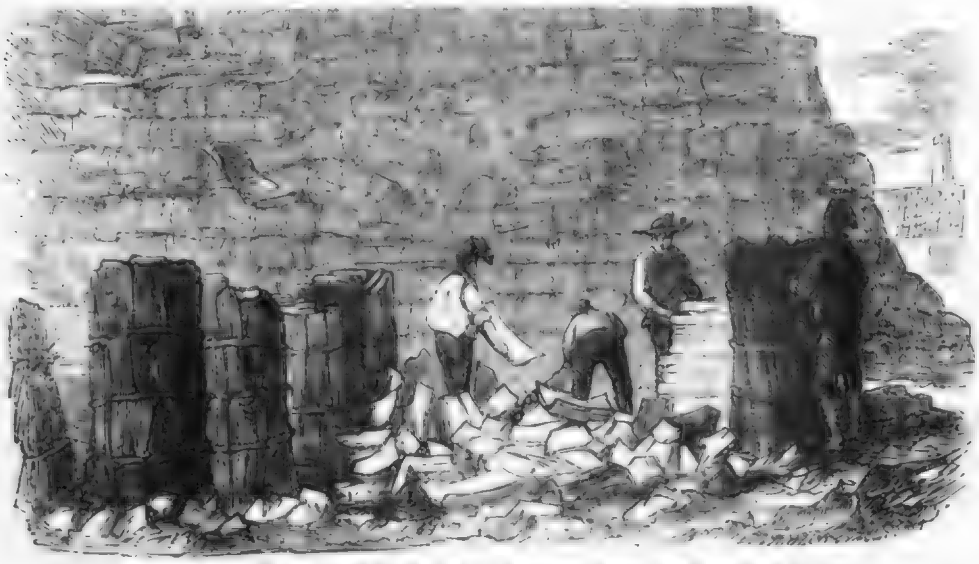
The official world has its secrets as well as Change Alley and Threadneedle Street. It has manners, language, and a code of ethics all its own. A virtuous engineer, with his clear head full of useful facts and scientific truths, will make nothing of a peer of the realm, or of a Secretary of State, or of a foreign diplomatist, prince or general. All these illustrious personages will receive him on stilts, and talk mere words and wind to him; yet the virtuous engineer and his backer, the eminent capitalist, cannot get beyond the influence of any one of those occult and vigilant influences which rule all sublunary affairs. It is here that the ornamental director comes in.

Suppose the Government of All the Tartars has not fulfilled its engagements with scrupulous accuracy, and a company of enterprising Britons have ten thousand men employed on a railway to pay every week out of their own pocket. What are they to do? A letter to the *Times* will not bring the Grand Tartar to reason; it will only make matters worse. Two sides can play at writing to the papers, and, if the truth must be told, perhaps the Tartaric Government has a strong *prima facie* case against the company, together with much influence over the Press. The Tartaric Ambassador probably is one of the first journalists living—so strangely are diplomatic appointments made abroad. Moreover, the company cannot back out of the contract, because the Tartaric Government has got their caution-money, and will not let go its hold. Besides, the contract is a lucrative and a valuable one, if only the difficulties which stop the way could be got over. They seem trumpery enough; but the local manager of the company has committed suicide while in a state of brain fever, and the chairman's nephew, a golden youth on his travels, has just wired to say that his successor is always drunk, having grown quite reckless at the hopeless character of the obstacles placed in his way. All is loss, confusion and disorder. It changes by magic when Lord Augustus appears on the scene. The Aide-de-Camp-general Governor-general, His Serene Highness Knaz Dontoumosch-Tupplingoff, who has played such an unapproachable, mysterious, abominable, perplexing, diabolical part in the telegrams and letters of the poor men of business, and who has seemed to the board of directors and the secretary, sitting glumly over the prospect of next half-year's dividends, as Satan incarnate, turns out to be merely a jolly dog, somewhat used up by devotion to tobacco, champagne and ladies. He and Lord Augustus go off to shoot in the Caucasus, and when they come back all is settled. They understand each other directly by the freemasonry which belongs to their class.

And did not Lady Hermione Nortiman, Augustus Shortcasshe's own aunt, marry Count Krankswilsky-Smokitoff, the Governor-general's own uncle? He and the ornamental director called each other by their Christian names before they finished dinner on the first day they met.

"Those confounded engineers and their 'Co.,'" complains the Governor-general, opening his whole heart to Lord Augustus, and letting out the cares of office abundantly, "write me sometimes two letters a day. I never read them. Once several of them were very impudent, and I had them pumped upon. I hope it did them good. By-the-way, who is 'Co.,' *mon cher?* They sign their letters 'Humpty, Dumpty, Grumpy & *Co.*' I know

XUM

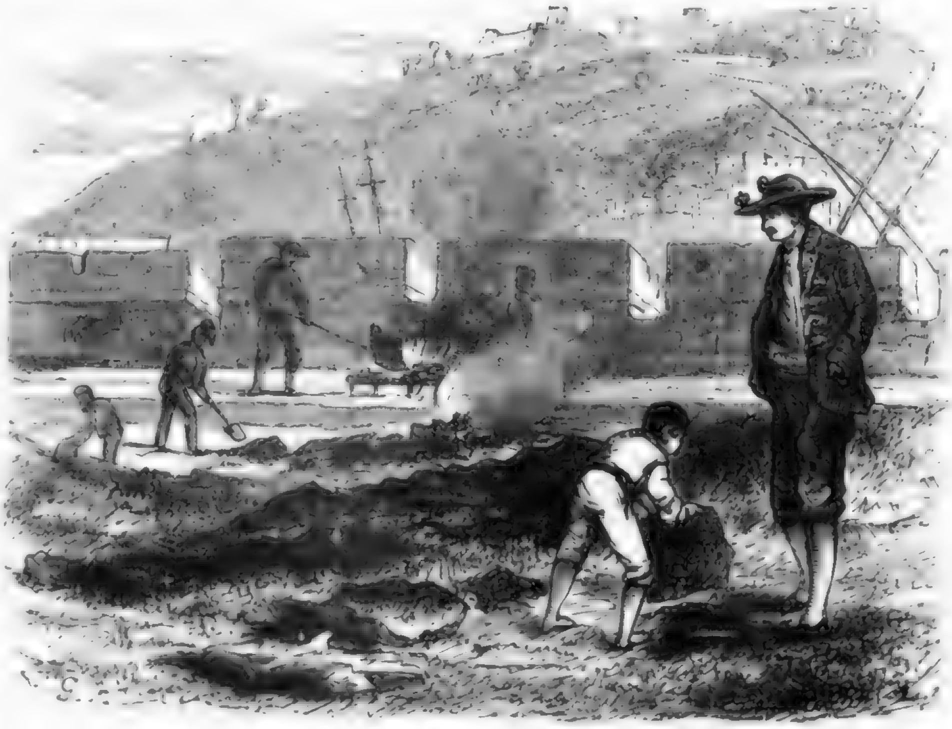


IN THE CORK FORESTS OF SPAIN.—SORTING FROM THE ROUGH BALES.

Humpty, who bought my yacht, and Dumpty, who sent my brother some cigars from Havana. Grumpy was here lately. But who is '*Co.*'?"

Lord Augustus explains that he is "Co.," and the Aide-de-Camp-general Governor-general goes off into a fit of laughter.

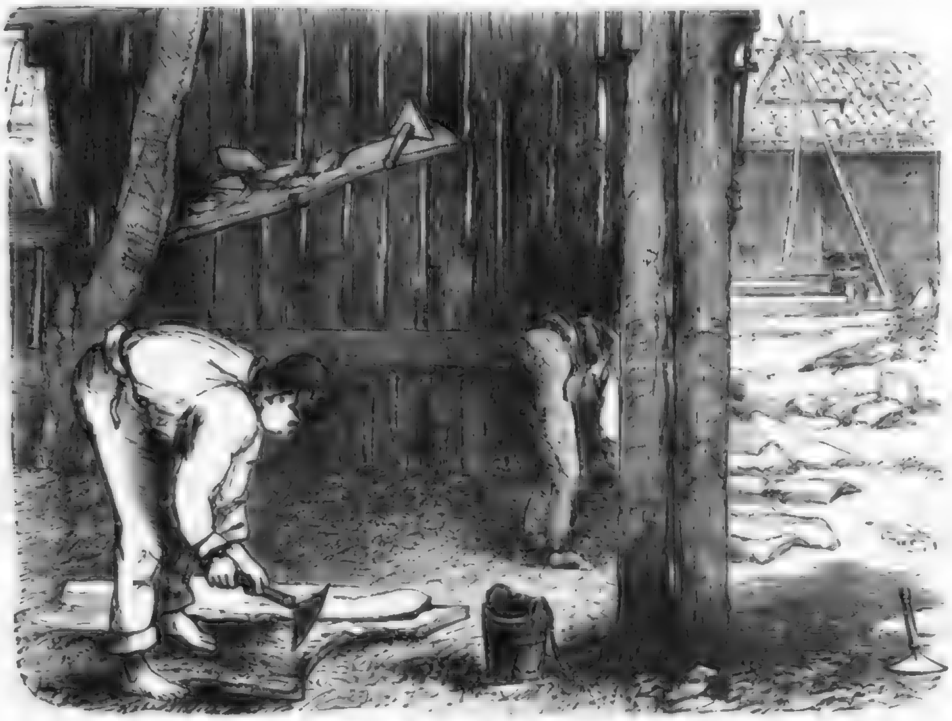
"You know as well as I do," he adds, "that I can do nothing for you. But I'll tell you who can. There is a Polish Jew named Dashmivig who has the ear of the Minister of Public Works. Luckily, he is Peruvian Consul, so I can ask him to dinner to-morrow. He will put it all right for you. But you will have to take him right into your boat, I fancy, if your cargo is worth anything. He is a reasonable man, however, and manages one of my estates. I never found him dishonest. You may have what you like of him if you get the marchioness, your sister-in-law, to be civil to his wife. All these people are bitten by a taste for noblemen's tea-parties."



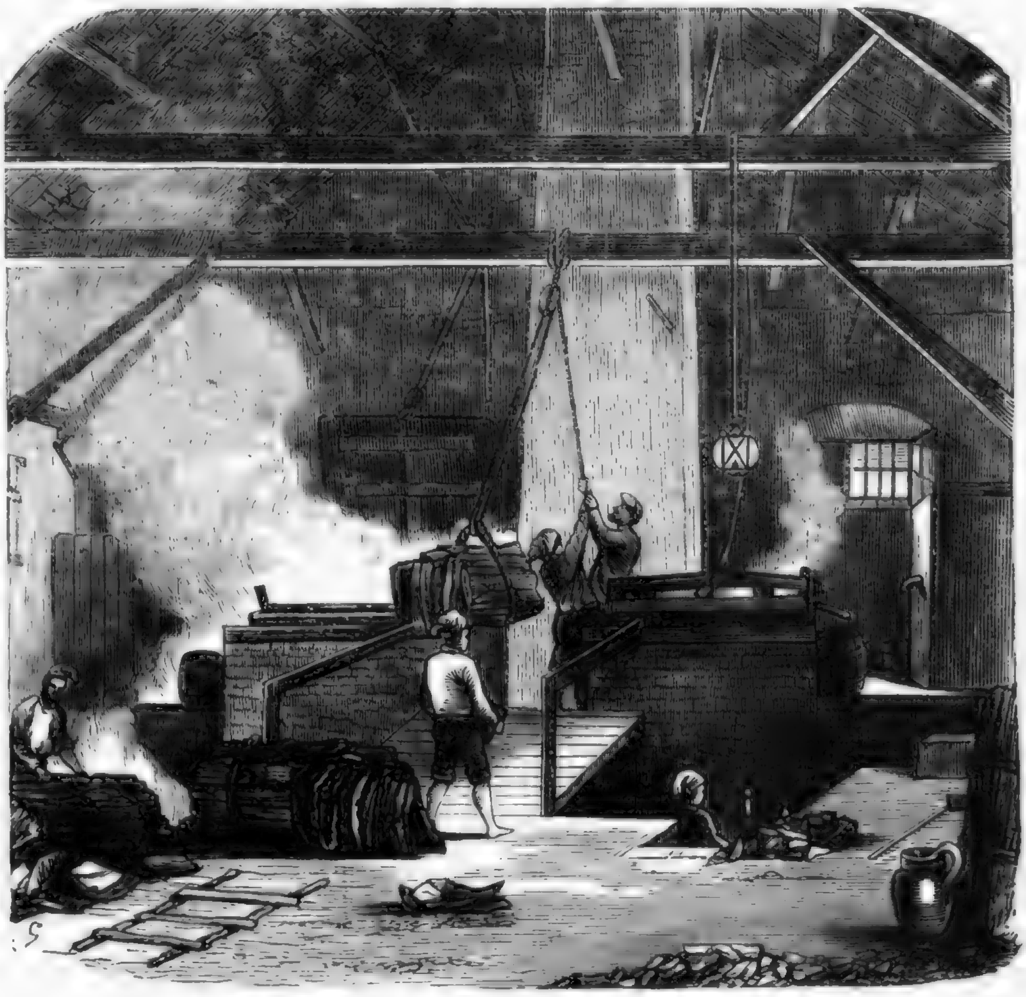
BURNING THE OUTSIDE OF THE COMMON WOOD.

So that business is settled. Lord Augustus is sometimes wanted also nearer home, for nobody can handle one of the real shifters of the scenes on our own pure stage of public life so well as his lordship. He and his set could make London too hot to hold any one who made a resolute stand against them. Besides, the scene-shifters are mostly made of the same stuff as themselves, and these people won't offend each other. Indeed, they cannot do so conveniently, because they meet half a dozen times a week, and must be either civil or have a row, which none of them fancy. The governing classes are a very judicious community, and keep themselves wonderfully close.

There was yet another quality which men of business liked in Lord Augustus and other ornamental directors who resembled him. They really did the work for which they were paid, and they showed admirable discipline under instructions. There was nothing obstreperous and kicking about them. They went perfectly quiet in harness. They did not babble; they did not sell themselves twice over,



SCRAPING AFTER THE BOILING.



IN THE CORK FORESTS OF SPAIN.—THE BOILING DEPARTMENT.

as certain men of business have been known to do. They were loyal and true to their employers; and such was the spell of their nobility over the substantial British shareholder that they could be trusted to make an awkward statement on dividend day better than the most experienced chairman or secretary. They really did it better, too. It was quite an inspiring sight to see my lord handle a body of perplexed shareholders at a critical meeting; and if any malcontent so far forgot himself as to stand up and challenge a statement, overloose or vague, made on such authority, cries of "Order!" soon gave evidence of the respect in which the nobleman was held, and some happy allusion to the usages of polite society at once put the laughers on his lordship's side and confounded the politics of his opponents. Even his lisp and his jargon of fashionable life in which he spoke seemed to have a charm for them, and many of them stored up his words and phrases for after use with amazing fidelity.

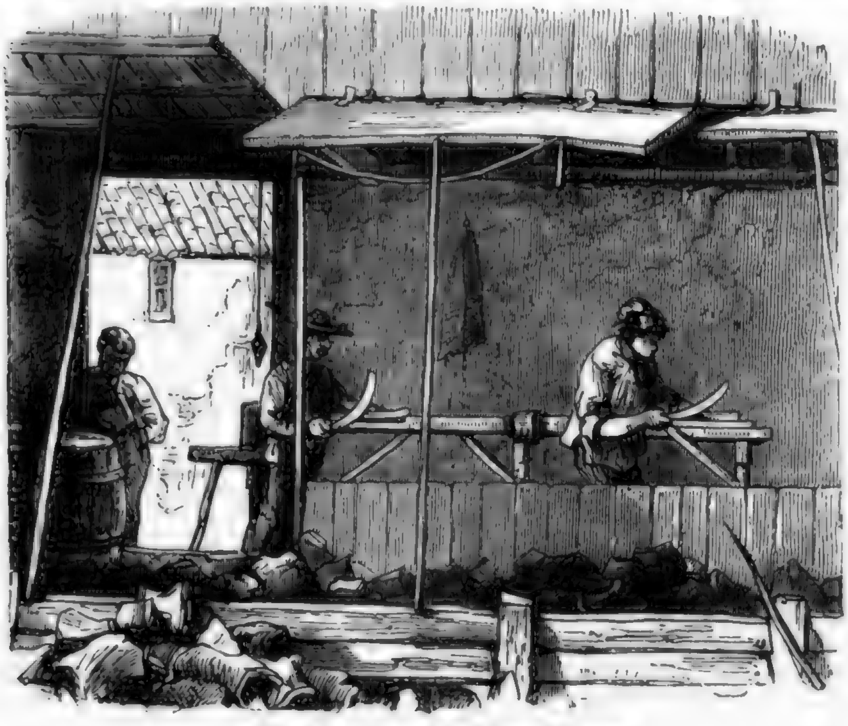
In plain truth, Lord Augustus was the dummy of the great capitalists and contractors who had set him on high, and he acted becomingly in that capacity. In their turn, too, they were very kind to him; and often put him up to a good thing.

"But," observed Sir Whistleton Fluke, one of the most prudent of them, "whenever you want to make a trick for your own private game, employ Chyssel. He is the best man-of-all-work I know, and not too greedy of the plunder." So, while Lord Augustus Shortcasshe made a good profit by his profession, every company which employed him might safely be congratulated on its Ornamental Director.

IN THE CORK FORESTS OF SPAIN.

Passing through Spain from the north, we had nearly reached Gibraltar, when we came late in the day to a detestable *venta*, where our patience gave way. Stay there for the night we would not, so the only alternative was to take the road.

No sooner said than done; every one was willing, and in a short time we were once more on horseback, taking the landlord of the *venta* for our guide. The horses were wonderfully fresh, considering the distance we had traveled, and mine was ready, as usual, to kick up behind on every occasion. It will easily be imagined we were not at that momant a very lively party, and I had become so very sleepy I could with difficulty keep the saddle. For some time it was a most dismal ride, while our course lay along a dank, muddy valley, and as we penetrated the dense body of fog extending in all directions, it seemed as if a curtain were drawn between us and the moon, deadening all her brilliancy, and chilling mind and body alike.



FACING THE WOOD FOR THE MARKET.

After fording a stream of some depth, we came out upon a pleasanter line of country, and at length found ourselves on a tract of dry sand, just before entering the celebrated "Cork Wood," which we saw as few travelers have seen it—amid the profound silence and solemnity of midnight, with floods of checkered moonlight streaming through its long-drawn avenues, which at the moment appeared like the realms of dreamland, while, as the horse-hoofs fell with noiseless pace on the fine powdery sand, our party might have been taken for a cavalcade of ghosts.

My horse being at all times an unpleasant neighbor, I rode a little ahead, and in my then dreamy state, "'twixt sleeping and waking," it seemed the most natural thing in the world to look any moment for the ghostly form of bygone Moor or Spaniard, issuing from the depths of the forest, to challenge us on our night-march as intruders on their shadowy domain.

Nothing, however, ghostly or bodily, Christian or Paynim, did we encounter through all that long reach of forest-glades, stretching out, so it seemed to us, some ten or twelve miles; nor did even a scudding rabbit or stealthy fox once cross our path. The solitude was absolute. No living thing besides ourselves was in motion in thicket or glade, and that strange midnight ride became a fitting conclusion to our various wanderings through the *dehesas* and *despoblados* of Spain's most solitary wilds, being itself the most silent and solitary of them all.

The next few days we had an opportunity by daylight of examining the tree and the industry connected with it—an industry we owe to the Benedictine monk who invented champagne. It seems strange that the making of corks for bottles should ever have become a lost art, yet such it really was during the Middle Ages. The ancient Romans used corks, but the secret was lost, and men stopped their jugs and bottles with twisted hemp dipped in tar.

Either from the study of the classics or the study of nature the good monk saw the capabilities of cork, and once introduced bottles, disdained all other stoppers, till some wretch applied India-rubber, and bound it with a wire.

The cork-tree is found in Southern France, throughout the Peninsula, and in Northern Africa, often in forests of considerable size. When a tree attains a size of a foot in diameter the cork can be removed. As the cork of commerce is really the dead bark, its stripping off does not injure the tree; it is not really barking, or even "blazing," if the operation is performed in such a way as not to injure the live bark beneath. The tree, with the rough outer bark on, that has already done all its appointed work, may be seen in our illustration. When a tree attains the proper size, the first outward bark or virgin cork is stripped off. This is used only for garden purposes. Seven years afterward the cork-cutter begins his regular work. He selects his tree, and cuts a long gash from top to bottom, and then makes cross incisions around the tree, his experience telling him how deep to go. Then, with his adz, he keeps tapping the bark till it is detached from the tissues beneath, and when it is loose he deftly removes the cylindrical pieces.

The tree then presents the bare appearance indicated by our artist, and in seven years has another layer ready. When the tree is cultivated, or grows in a marshy spot, the formation of cork proceeds more rapidly, but the result is a product of inferior value. Nature requires her own time and place; she will not be hurried or gainsaid.

The rough surface of the crude bark is burned off by exposing it to a blaze, care and vigilance being required to prevent the fire from going too deep. The cork is then sorted from the rough bales, and the inferior qualities, known as fishing-cork, packed for use with nets and similar implements. The better qualities are then taken to the boiling-house, where they undergo a steeping in hot water. When properly cured in this way, so as to give a firm texture, the pieces are scraped on the outside of all the remains of the outer layer, so as to show the quality. This is done with a triangular kind of adz. Another inspection selects the best sheets, and these are more carefully faced for the market. The cork is then shipped far and wide, to be cut up into stoppers of all sizes by more rapid processes than those in vogue in Spain.

A cork-grove is a scene of industry at different seasons. The bark-cutters work from May to August; later on, when the sweet acorns fall, the herds of swine find here a most appetizing meal, and the pork of the cork-woods rules the market. In Winter you will come on woodmen felling old trees, to strip off the inner bark for the tanners, and deliver the wood to the charcoal-burners, whose smoky work goes on in the depths of the forest.

ORIGIN OF "THE CONCORDANCE TO SHAKESPEARE."

Like so many great things, it owed its genesis to a mere accident. It was in July, 1829, when Mrs. Cowden-Clarke was sitting at the breakfast-table of some friends in Somersetshire that regret was expressed that there existed no concordance to Shakespeare. Eager in everything, Mrs. Cowden-Clarke resolved then and there that she would write this desired concordance; and that very afternoon, while joining her friends in a walk through the fields, she took with her a volume of the poet and a pencil, and jotted down the first lines of her book under B, "Boatswain, have care—*Tempest* i., 1," etc. The following is an account she gave me of the mode of writing she ultimately adopted for this work: "I had a separate portfolio for each letter of the alphabet; these portfolios were ranged in front of me on my writing-table. I opened my father's copy of Shakespeare at my side, having two pages in view at a time. I took the first word that presented itself at the top of the first page (we will suppose this word to begin with an 'a'), and entered each word commencing with the same letter on the manuscript page which was headed by the word, and placed it in its respective portfolio; going thus alphabetically through the whole of the two spread-open pages until every salient word therein was duly culled and registered. I generally worked from four to six hours per day, and always before and after breakfast till dinner-time." When she had got half way she was told that some other person was engaged on the same task. Sadly, very sadly, she packed up all her portfolios and materials, resolved to abandon the task, thinking, with native modesty, that the unknown rival would surely do it better. She told me that to this day she could recall her feelings while kneeling on the floor and pushing away the large packet under her bed for safe-keeping, for they lived in small quarters then, and space had to be economized. Joyful, very joyful, was she when she learned the rumor was unfounded, and she could haul her packet forth again. Some idea of the vastness of the undertaking may be gained from the circumstance that the paper alone required for the work cost over £5.

SMILE, LADY, SMILE!

Smile, lady, smile! I will not set
Upon my brow the coronet
Till thou wilt gather roses white
To wear around its gems of light.

Smile, lady, smile! I will not see
Rivers and Hastings bend the knee
Till those bewitching lips of thine
Will bid me rise in bliss from mine.

Smile, lady, smile! For who would win
A loveless throne through guilt and sin?
Or who would reign o'er vale and hill,
If woman's heart were rebel still?

A MASQUERADE.

By M. T. Caldor.

Chapter I.

The beautiful Maude Featherstone was leaning her white arms on the lace and satin cushions of her dressing-table, and gazing frowningly into the polished surface of the great mirror, which swung there from a framework of elaborately carved vines and Cupids, in itself of value enough to have furnished the marriage-portion of many a less fortunate girl.

Open caskets upon the same daintily-draped, elegant piece of furniture, revealed the flash of diamond ornaments, the soft gleam of pearl, the ruddy spark of ruby.

Flung across the lace-wreathed silken coverlet of a couch in the alcove near, were resplendent garments of velvet and gold embroidery, and a long vail of silver tissue, with a fringe of pearl, trailed on the carpet beside them.

A waiting-maid was fastening a diamond buckle in a white-satin slipper, and when she finished it she brought forward a bouquet of hot-house roses, and set them within a golden holder and laid them beside a cobweb morsel of lace which passed for a handkerchief, and then proceeded to lay out a pair of snowy-white kid-gloves, elaborately edged with pearl embroidery.

Still Miss Featherstone glowered fiercely into the mirror, the scarlet lip curled, the dark evelashes knit into a frown.

"I have a great mind to do it," she cried, sharply, turning around suddenly.

Anice—the waiting-maid—dropped a glove in her trepidation at the tone of her mistress's voice.

"Did you speak, miss?" she asked, tremulously.

"Anice, I have half a mind to change my costume. Have we anything that can be rigged up for some character of sweet simplicity? Bah!"

"Oh, Miss Featherstone! there is scarcely an hour before it is time to dress. And this beautiful, elegant costume!" stammered Anice, her consternation lending her boldness.

"Yes, it is superb! And madame and I were so long studying it up," sighed the belle, gazing with longing eyes at the fine array. "And there was never anything more becoming to me."

"You looked the Princess, indeed. Oh, what a pity to lose it from the ballroom," pleaded the maid.

But Miss Featherstone swept away to the window, and was staring out blankly.

"No," she murmured, slowly, "I must not wear it; that is positive." And then turning around imperiously: "Anice, I say I shall not wear the Princess costume. Think, girl, with all your might, and tell me if there is not something we can study up, and improvise out of the wardrobe there."

Anice cast her bewildered eyes toward the flowers.

"I could bribe the gardener to give me a basket of flowers, though he declares the conservatories will look naked, they have been so stripped for the house decorations. We might loop that white *tulle*, and call you a flower-girl; or make the red satin and the blue silk vandyke into a gypsy costume; but you would be late; it would take me three hours."

Miss Featherstone stamped her foot imperiously once more.

"I must not be late. We guests of the house are to be in the ballroom at a fixed hour. Why did I not order two costumes to choose from? Oh, if I could exchange with some one, and no one know I intended differently!"

Anice gave a little cry of relief.

"Oh, there is Miss Stone's—I saw her arranging it this afternoon. And it was really charming; only too simple for you, Miss Featherstone."

"Miss Stone—who is she? I have not heard her name, have I?"

"The governess, miss. She is very nearly your shape, now I remember, and a very genteel person—for her station, I mean."

Miss Featherstone laughed contemptuously.

"The governess! I scarcely glanced at her, but her costume ought to answer. Sweet simplicity, of course. Go and find her, Anice, and bring her here without an instant's delay."

Anice vanished in a trice, and her mistress paced restlessly to and fro during her absence, murmuring brokenly:

"It is the last concession I yield to you, Colonel Rossitur; but is a great one. My lovely costume yonder pleads against you. But this one more effort to please your fastidious tastes I am resolute to try. Some time I will have revenge for the present chagrin, let it end as it may."

For Miss Featherstone's vanity had received a sharp thrust. An hour before, while the gentlemen, who, like herself, were guests at the Haverstraw mansion, were out with their cigars, she had stolen out quietly upon an outer balcony, to cool her heated forehead. And from below, with the aroma of their cigars, two voices had come to her.

"Well, Rossitur," said one, gayly, which was easily told as Hal Haverstraw's, "your wits will be tested to-night in the masquerade. Take care that the stately lady doesn't cheat you, and that your vows are not breathed in other ears. I understand from Kate that the costume is something marvelous and surprising."

A mellow laugh, that was music always to Maude Featherstone's ears, rang out in reply, with a deeper tone.

"Pshaw! I only want a careful scrutiny to put me in possession of the identity of every one of our own party. As for Miss Featherstone, if it is she to whom you refer, don't imagine there will be any chance for mistake. Look for the richest velvet and satin, the heaviest embroidery, the purest diamonds, and within you'll find the great belle. She wouldn't demean herself to anything common, and therefore unclean."

"Take care, man. That tone was a little irreverent toward the reigning queen."

"Perhaps so," came slowly, and she fancied there was an accompanying sigh of impatience. "I confess I am a little tired of all this high-mightiness and elegance. It would be refreshing to find a little genuine originality of

XUM

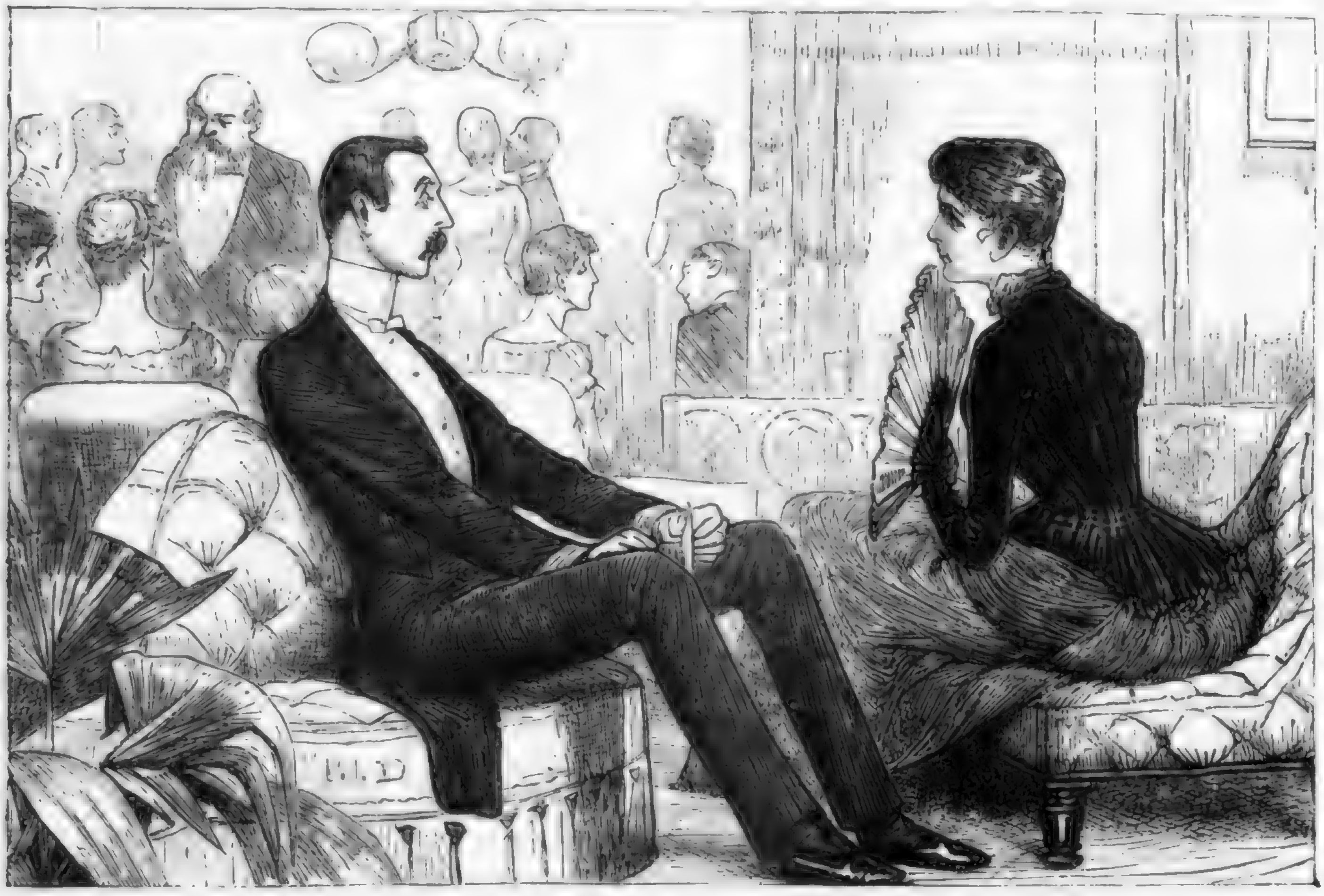
character and sweet simplicity of costume once in a while. The real woman, and not—manners of high-breeding and clothes!"

"What a cynic!" returned the other, and then came the sound of other steps, and voices of a larger group of gentlemen. And Miss Featherstone glided back to her apartments, and to her mirror, and to the decisions I have narrated.

Colonel Rossitur's favor, it will be evident, is the goal of Miss Featherstone's aspirations.

To make sure of winning his approbation she is schooling herself to this desperate sacrifice, the refusal to wear the superb costume of the Eastern Princess which Madame ——'s arts and her own have only produced, after a month's profound thought and closest study.

"*Sic transit gloria mundi!*" was the belle and beauty ready to exclaim, as she turned her back to the alcove and dared not trust her glances toward the glistening and gorgeous attire outspread there.



RUDE REPARTEE (Or, "COLLARED").

The Hon. Frank Fitzfeasant (explaining the "rights" of the Peers to fair American Guest).—"*Bai Jove! Miss Mayne, I assure you that our awistocwacy may bweak, but it will nevah bend!*"

Miss Mayne.—"*Well, Mr. Algernon, if all your Aristocrats wear Collars like yours, I don't wonder at them not being able to bend.*"

But in a few moments Anice appeared with her arms filled with a gauzy fabric studded with simple silver stars, and behind followed a slender young girl with a bewildered look in her blue eyes, and a childish quiver of grief about the rosy lips.

"I think it will answer admirably, Miss Featherstone," declared Anice, eagerly. "It is really very pretty, and the idea is charming. See, she calls it *Aurora.* And there at the train is the gray cloud, and the yellow stars of night, with the crescent fading out before the rosy glare that comes, you see, in this flounce, which is really put on like a puff of cloud; and at the waist is the pale blue of the morning sky, with a berthe of crystal beads for dew, and the wreath is morning-glories; and over all this white-starred tulle for a vail, with the rising sun cunningly contrived in this gilt helmet-top of rays. She told it all to me so prettily, I was quite charmed, and it is so fresh and novel."

Anice fairly lost her breath in talking so swiftly, but her imperious mistress caught something of her enthusiasm.

"Fresh and novel!" echoed the latter; "why, that is what most of all I desire. You have done well, Anice. Let us try it on at once."

The girl stood looking in amazement, while mistress and maid proceeded to this summary disposal of the pretty dress she had arranged with her own labor and care."

"But," stammered she, presently, "what am I to do myself? Mrs. Haverstraw desired me to be present to-night with the children in costume. She gave me these materials for that purpose?"

Miss Featherstone had just given an ejaculation of thanksgiving that the dress-waist, by hard pulling, was able to meet.

She turned around and stared, as if the effrontery of the speaker astonished her.

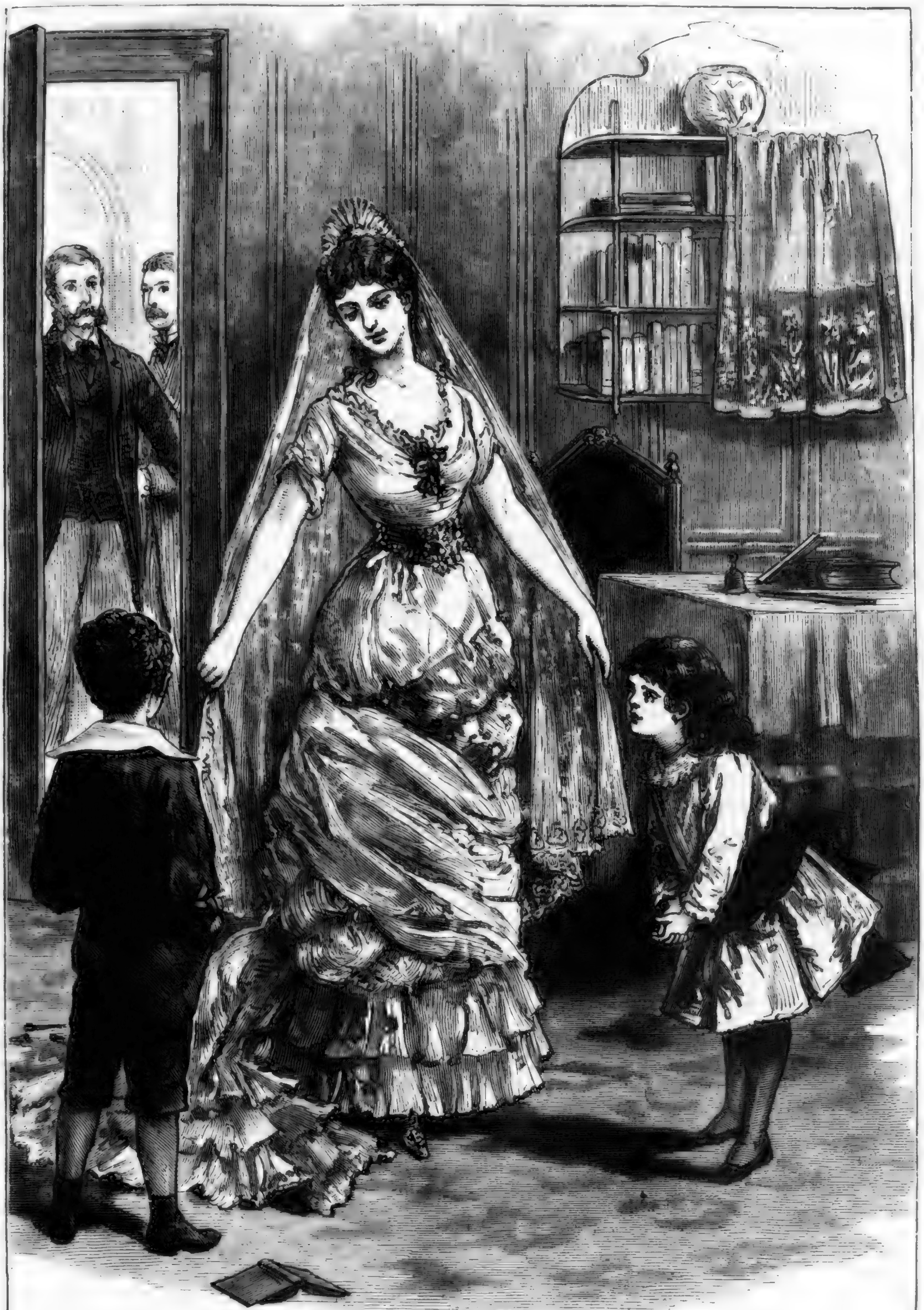
"Why, Anice, I thought you had arranged it!"

The maid frowned upon the girl.

"Of course I expected she would be satisfied if I paid her what you would generously give."

"I do not sell my dresses," said the governess, spiritedly.

"But Miss Featherstone wishes to change her costume," declared Anice, in a tone of voice that seemed to declare that no other consideration was admissible after this announcement, "and this is the only one at hand."



A MASQUERADE.—"A FAIR YOUNG GIRL STOOD ARRAYED IN AURORA'S COSTUME, AND TWO DEVOTED YOUNG ADMIRERS WERE CHORUSING: 'OH, LILLIE, I KNEW IT WASN'T YOU!'"—SEE PAGE 111.

XUM

"You shall have a month's salary, girl," haughtily asserted Miss Featherstone, turning again the mirror.

"But, madam, I would not refuse to appear to-night and displease Mrs. Haverstraw, not for a year's salary."

"Pshaw! Arrange another costume; it seems you are skillful with your needle. Anice shall help you to anything of mine you like to use after I am dressed. And there is no harm in your being late."

"Indeed there is. I am requested to take the children in to the opening," persisted the governess, her voice breaking a little.

"Does Mrs. Haverstraw know what the costume is?" asked Miss Featherstone, wheeling around upon her once more.

"No; she only knows I was to make it out of a chest full of materials. I made the children's, too. Dick is a page—Grace, a little maid-of-honor. They are gone with the maid to show themselves to their mother. They will be back and want me."

Anice stood glaring ferociously upon the speaker, holding the pretty Aurora vail ready to throw over her mistress's head.

Suddenly that mistress declared:

"She shall wear the Princess costume, Anice. I will cheat them all. And what triumph I shall have tomorrow!"

She did not say aloud what she added in her thought:

"And I will show Colonel Rossitur a pretty trait of character. I will let him think the governess admired the dress, and that I changed it to give her the sensation of grandeur for once in her life."

"You will let her wear that exquisite dress?" repeated Anice, in utter bewilderment at this unexpected phase of her lady's character.

"Yes; every article; diamonds and all. Understand, girl, that you will bear around with you a magnificent fortune; and be careful, though there are to be police about the grounds, I know. When the unmasking comes, you are to retire here, of course."

The governess was too bewildered also to speak. She stood still, glancing furtively toward the splendor streaming the alcove couch.

"Make haste, Anice; get me ready, and then attend to her," commanded Miss Featherstone. "It is really quite as becoming, is it not?"

And she turned complacently to the glass, and grew exhilarated in spirits with each progression.

"You will wear a bracelet or a necklace of pearls, at least?" queried Anice, presently.

"Not a jewel!" declared Miss Featherstone, emphatically.

"She might take the bouquet yonder," suggested the quiet watcher. "Aurora makes the flowers, you know."

"To be sure," laughed Maude Featherstone. "How like one of our old schoolgirl larks this seems. I am going to mystify everybody to-night—even Mrs. Haverstraw herself. Don't tell her of this change, child. I don't think I will stay to see her dressed, Anice; it might dampen my ardor, and possibly weaken my resolution. Give me the mask and I will hie to the rendezvous. She really will have an air like me."

"Her figure is the same, only a little more slender: and the carriage of the head might be mistaken for yours, but——"

"Oh, yes, of course. Let her bask to-night in the sun of my brilliancy. She will waken in the morning the governess again. Don't let your head be turned, child, by flatteries meant for me."

And with this last laughing adjuration Miss Featherstone fluttered away, and Anice was left to attend to the unexpected duty of robing the governess.

"You are a fortunate girl to-night," said Anice, patronizingly. "Just look at these."

"They are dazzling; but they are not so sweet and pretty as my Aurora," declared the slim young thing, with a cool self-possession that rather took Anice aback. "But since your mistress has walked away with that, I suppose nothing is left me but to invest myself in the grandeur thrust upon me. No, thank you; not that heavy coronet. This light spray of diamonds will be better."

"But the coronet is so rich."

"And so heavy. I can make this ruby comb look like a crown with the diamond spray behind. The Princess must have her crown. And that bodice has gems enough to make the dress royal without anything more. I suppose being an Eastern Princess makes it need to look so overloaded."

"Madame ——— calls it exquisite, and so does my mistress. I'm sorry if your ladyship isn't pleased with the handsomest masquerade costume ever seen in these parts," retorted Anice, indignantly.

The blue eyes flashed back to hers.

"I think I may be allowed to express an opinion, since your lady has chosen my taste before her own and Madame ———'s united. She has preferred my costume to this—much to my dismay; and there's nothing for me to do but to make the best of it. Please lock up these other jewels, and note which ones I take. Now the vail. I like that exceedingly, and the girdle of jewels. Am I to wear this lace mask? Pray hasten, for I must see the children safely in."

And in a few moments more the chamber was left to Anice, who muttered angrily as she gathered up the costly litter on table, chair and couch:

"Such airs for a governess! I never saw the like before. But she did look like a lady in the elegant dress—as much as my mistress; that's a fact. Whatever could be at the bottom of Miss Featherstone's freak? Not a jewel! She, that never goes without a little fortune on her fingers, and neck, and ears, on common occasions, and had taken such pains to get all these together for this very ball. Well, there's no accounting for fine ladies' freaks, that's the truth!"

Without, the governess was hurrying rapidly toward the nursery-parlor, and this was what her thoughts were saying:

"So I have met Maude Featherstone at length, Thank Heaven, she did not know me! After that cruel letter of hers in answer to my appeal I have no desire ever to claim her relationship. What would they say if they knew, these fine people?—if they knew that Maude and her mother turned a deaf ear to an orphan's appeal to her own uncle's family for help to save from sickness and starvation. Thank Heaven, I was helped out of the sore need! Thank Heaven I am able to care for myself now. And, most of all, do I rejoice that the children's innocent corruption of my name has made me Miss Stone to all the rest. But what strange chance has come that she and I meet here to exchange costumes, and possibly characters—who is to say?"

CHAPTER II.

THE ballroom at Mrs. Haverstraw's was in a blaze of glory, and the masqueraders were filing in for the grand preliminary procession to the inspiring strains of a brilliant march.

The Eastern Princess felt a light touch upon her arm as she stood hesitating a moment on the threshold, and, turning hastily, beheld the master of ceremonies, who escorted her to one of the foremost places, and looking around for a cavalier, beckoned to a Hamlet, whose sable velvet and jet embroidery stood out in sharp contrast to the brilliant attire of the others.

"Well?" asked the Hamlet, in an amused voice.

"Will you do escort to a Princess from the perfumed East? Oh, Prince of Denmark, take a look at her, and see if your boasted penetration serves you!"

"It does not need a second glance. Can you find so many brilliants elsewhere? Pshaw, Haverstraw, what a farce your mysteries become! I can select all the prominent members of our party already. Yet, stay; there is one, and what a charming dress! Aurora, of course. Let me do escort there."

"Not for the march. I should experience the fair princess's enmity for all time to come if such an affront were put upon her dignity. After the march please yourself—my duties end there, and my mother will excuse me from further service in this character."

Hamlet went forward slowly, and if reluctantly, it only passed for the suitable demeanor of the *rôle*.

He gave his arm to the Princess, and immediately after the tiny little page and maid-of-honor fell behind, and carried the train that glittered with gems and embroidery.

"You come from the land of the pearl and sapphire; how could you leave those sunny skies and perfumed vales for our dreary clime, oh, Princess of the Orient?" said Hamlet.

"Fate was stronger than the allurements of that happy land. Surely, oh, gloomy Dane, you should know that the time and the hour comes which says Go, and we can only obey."

Hamlet gave a little start before the first sentence was finished.

The reply was scarcely what he had expected. A vague curiosity animated him.

"You might think you were still looking on Lalla Rookh's enchanting garden, with the fireflies dancing over the roses," he continued, "when you gaze about you to-night."

"And there is a silver strain in that wonderful melody which might be the song of the bulbul itself. How charming it all is!" was the low-breathed but somehow joyously-fervent reply.

"You are enjoying it, then, fair Princess? Surely nothing of all this can be new to you?"

"You forget I am not a gloomy Dane who has learned all the secret sins and horrors of a seemingly prosperous court. I am a very young and unsophisticated princess, sent forth from the land of birds and flowers as unsophisticated as they in all these strange Frank customs—this *blasé* world of grandeur."

More and more puzzled, the Hamlet fell to examining closely what little glimpse was revealed to him of the side *contour* of her face.

He cast many sharp glances for a stray lock of hair, and began to be less secure of his own penetration.

He fell into a brown study, from which a low, musical laugh roused him.

"What amuses you, I pray?" he asked, in rather a chagrined tone.

"I was wondering if it was the soliloquy scene, and was prepared to hear 'To be or not to be,' when your lips finally unclosed. You are distraught indeed, Prince Hamlet."

"I beg your pardon. But when you accepted a Hamlet, you could not have expected a gay and rattling cavalier. I have been in a puzzle."

"So are we all, I take it. You have no idea who I am. I am in utter ignorance of your identity. Our neighbors are in the same condition, no doubt; nevertheless, we are to be merry and enjoy it."

"I thought I was sure of you; but every word you say increases my doubt, and I am naturally chagrined. I do not think now that I am walking with Miss Featherstone."

He caught a little indrawn breath, a low ejaculation beneath the lace mask.

"Well," he said, "what have you to say?"

"If I answer, it will only be another enigma. You are right, and yet you are wrong."

"You have managed wonderfully, Miss Maude. But it was more the manner and words than the voice which shook my faith. Well, I have won my wager with Haverstraw. I said I was sure I could select your costume, and I did, you see. Now, then, let us forget these odious masks. Let me renew what we were talking about last eve——"

"Oh, please," came in a quick, agitated whisper; "you must not talk confidentially. I tell you I am *not* Maude Featherstone. I tell you I am a stranger to you, and you must not say anything you would not tell to a stranger."

Hamlet very nearly forgot his good-breeding, and was on the point of giving vent to a low whistle of new astonishment. But he checked himself in time, and only said:

"You are not an Eastern Princess, but the Sphinx. I understood you to admit that you were Miss Featherstone. Now you deny it."

"I declare that I am not Maude Featherstone—though I admit I am in her costume. Now you see that you are wrong and right both."

"I knew I could tell her selection, only I wondered there were not more diamonds still."

"I left half behind. I could not bear the weight of her proposed diadem."

He laughed gayly, and seemed to be immediately at ease."

"It is an odd happening, but I accept the happy substitution, though it must have been something strange to change her mind. Was there a still more magnificent dress on the *tapis*?"

The Princess shrugged her graceful shoulders.

"Ask me not concerning a fine lady's whims. I know nothing whatever, except that my own costume, which I conjured up out of my own wits and a box of cast-off finery, which I grew to admire and love and delight in, was snatched out of my hands, and I was ordered into this. Said I not that fate ordains all things? It was according to kismet that I became an Eastern Princess, and here I am."

"I wish I could see your face," said Hamlet, eagerly.

"You would be none the wiser."

"Ah, yes; for I could read a great deal there."

"None the wiser, and none the better pleased. Prince Hamlet, the Eastern Princess will always remain a myth to you. I shall vanish like a flash of sunbeam or a bead of dew."

"Did you ever play 'Throw Light'?" he asked. "I wish you would begin now, while we dance."

For the march ended with a grand flourish, and the motley procession dissolved, as by the turn of a kaleidoscope, into the figures of a quadrille.

"I could puzzle you thoroughly if I tried," she retorted, gayly; "but I will be merciful."

"You are *sure* I do not know you?" he inquired.

"Very sure."

"Then I set aside every assurance of its being Miss Featherstone. Why do you not laugh, for I am sure you did?"

"Oh, I am looking at the other set. What lovely dresses? Who are they? With all your boasted penetration you ought to be able to tell me."

"Captain Marmaduke is that Russian General. No one else can give just that toss of the head. The lady must be Emma Thornby. Why, I must look her up. She wears Ophelia's costume. The Spanish Grandee is the Honorable Richard Dacre, or I am much at fault; and the lady—now that is charming. I admired that Aurora from the moment I set eyes upon her. There's an idea, and not a conglomeration of velvet, lace and spangles. Who can she be?"

"You like it, then? Oh, I'm glad!" exclaimed his companion, and paused abruptly.

It was his turn to laugh.

"Now, fair Princess, you have betrayed yourself. That was your costume, and it is Maude Featherstone who wears it."

"Don't be too positive. Remember you have been deceived before."

"Nothing can shake my conviction this time. Allow me, for the quadrille is nearly ended."

And he took the tablet hanging on her bracelet, and wrote down his name for so many of the dances that she exclaimed, at the first glance:

"Oh, I shall really dance only half the evening."

"You will dance the whole of it, and be beset with suitors. I have prudently secured my advantage," he returned. "Moreover, I shall know you when I see the face behind that mask."

"I—think—I shall be able to identify you, but I know I shall not be able to tell your name."

A moment more and he led her to a seat, where, as he had predicted, swarmed in a moment a bevy of cavaliers.

"They are all seeking Maude Featherstone. I will take care not to undeceive any others," thought the governess, as she was led away again on the Spanish Grandee's arms.

Hamlet was soon at Aurora's side. How readily he recognized the coquettish flutter of her silken fan.

"The dark prince comes to Aurora for a little gleam of light," he said, mischievously.

"Could not the diamonds of the Princess lend you a little of their brilliancy?" she returned.

"If I cared for diamond scintillations; but Aurora's light is purer; the original Aurora may well draw us all to her side. Your costume is charming, fair ladye."

"Who is the Princess?" she asked, carelessly.

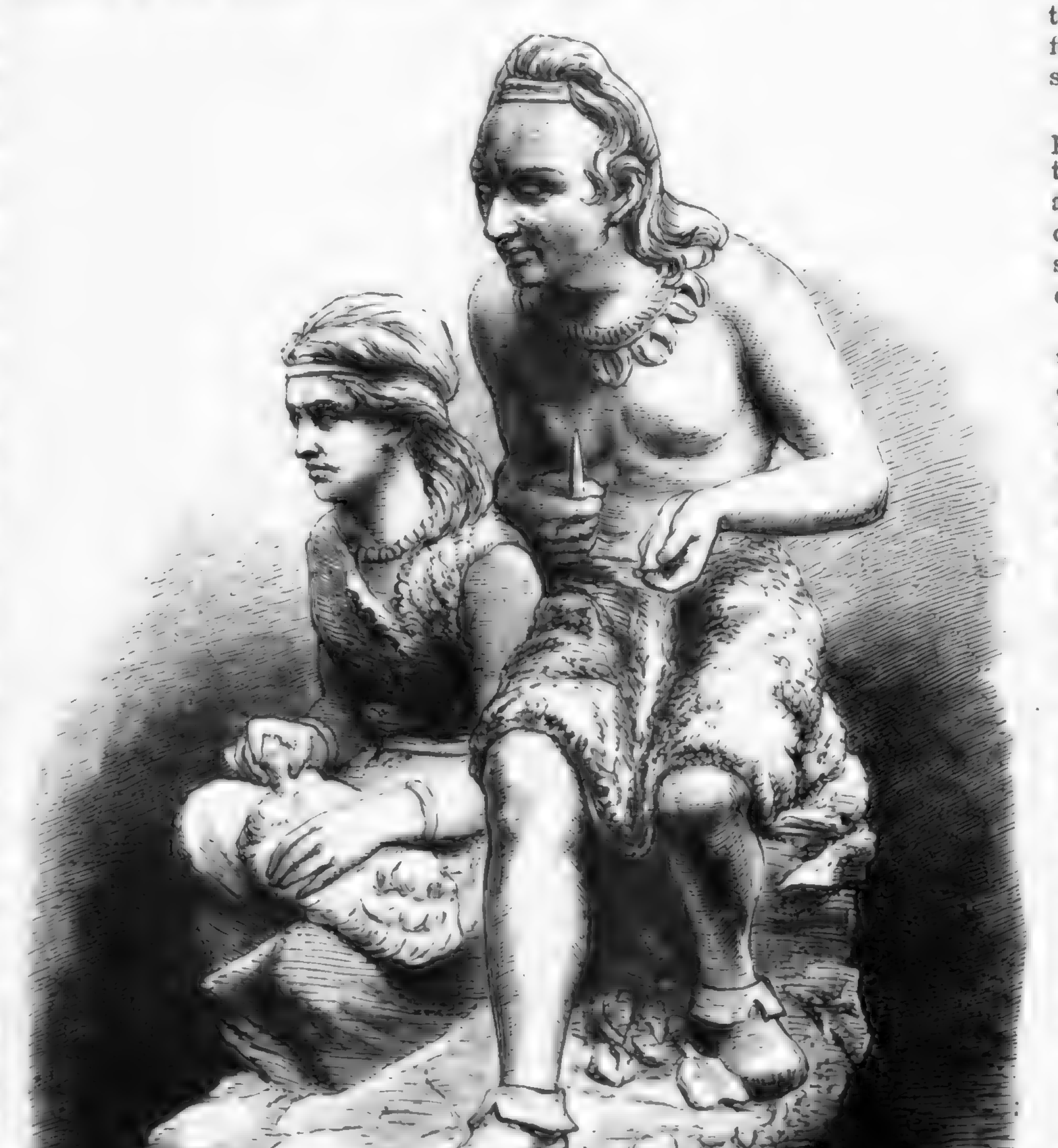
"We all fancy that no one but Miss Featherstone could devise that gorgeous costume. She is fond of jewels, you know," he answered.

"How should I know? You looked as if you were fond of them, too. You were very eager in your talk. Miss Featherstone has attractions besides the jewels, perhaps."

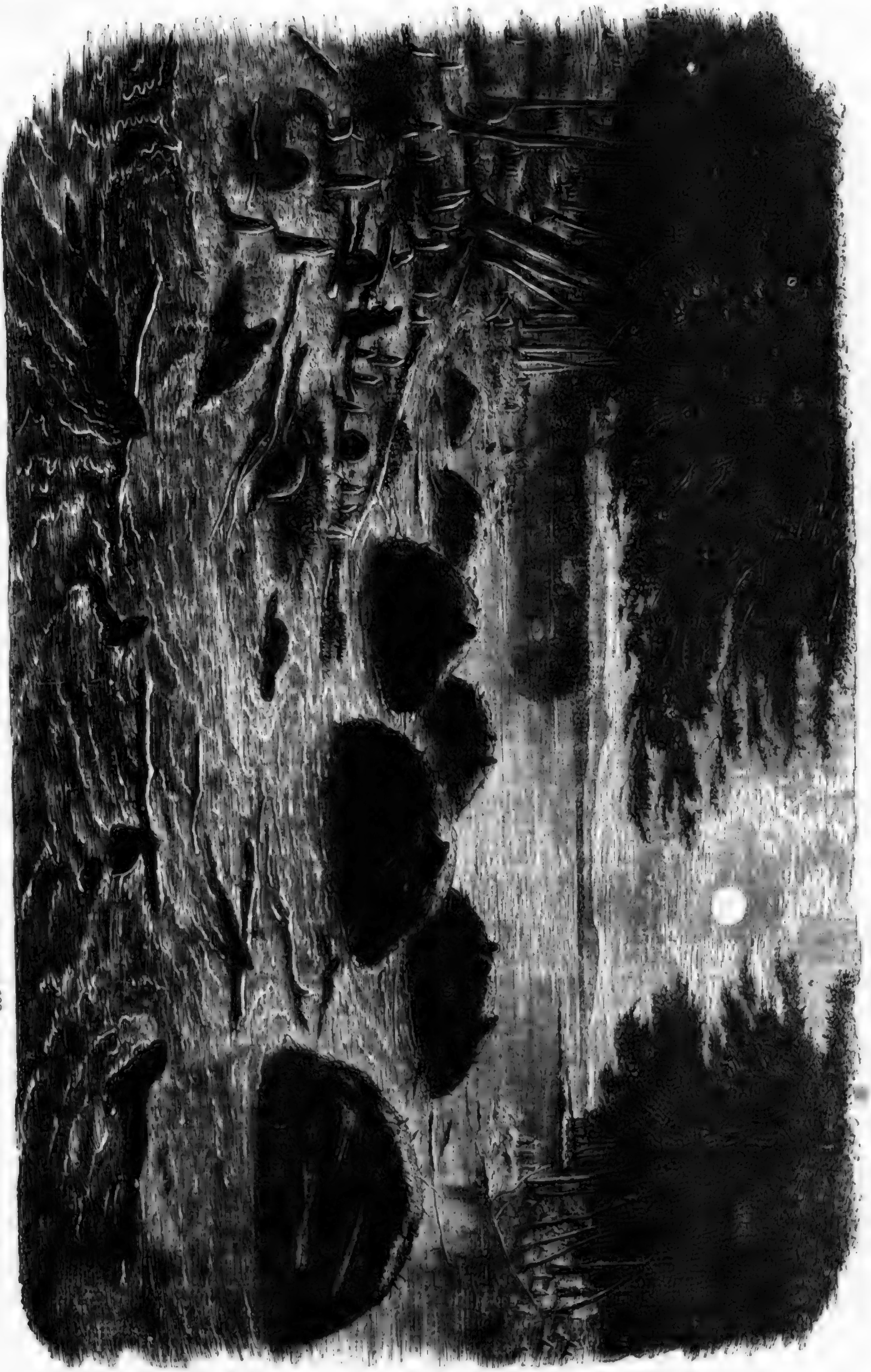
"The Princess is certainly very charming. See, I am to dance with her three, four, five times."

Did he catch a muttered exclamation beneath her mask? He went on maliciously:

"The beautiful stranger from the East will be the star of the evening, I predict. Nevertheless, fair Aurora, beam kindly upon your suitors, for the morning will dawn."



"THE WOOING OF HIAWATHA."—FROM THE STATUE BY MISS EDMONIA LEWIS.



HIBERNATION OF MAMMALS.—BEAVERS PREPARING FOR THEIR HIBERNATION.—SEE PAGE 123.

"And the star be extinguished. Yes, I fancy that is true."

She paused, for a pair of little hands were pulling at her drapery.

The little page and maid-of-honor were there.

"Lillie, come to us; you promised to tell us stories about the ladies and knights."

"Go away, you troublesome children," whispered Aurora, angrily.

Hamlet had not lost the little incident. He swooped down and lifted the dainty maid-of-honor in his arms.

"I recognize my little friend, Grace. Come to me and I will tell you stories."

"You cannot tell them like Lillie. We want our Lillie," complained the child.

"I don't believe it is Lillie!" declared the boy, stoutly. "Lillie is never cross like that. Lillie was more like the princess. Let us go back and hold her train."

"Stop a moment!" cried Hamlet, eagerly; "try and see what fine stories I can tell. Just try me once."

"Don't trouble with them," cried Aurora, pettishly.

But the Prince was away, leading a child by either hand. A wily Hamlet, truly, for he told a wonderful story that pleased the children greatly in the corner where he stowed them so comfortably. And then he asked, innocently:

"Now, while I am thinking of another, tell me who is Lillie?"

"Oh, Lillie—is our Lillie, the prettiest, the sweetest, the bestest!" began little Grace, eagerly.

"To be sure. But her name?"

"Lillie Stone. She is governess, you know," explained the boy. "She was never cross till to-night. She promised us a beautiful time. And we were to carry flowers behind her, 'cause she is 'Rora. 'Rora means the morning, don't you know?"

Hamlet stooped down to kiss the chubby cheek of the little lad.

"But that 'Rora don't act like Lillie," complained Gracie, again. P'r'aps she's changed dresses, just as nurse made us change and carry the Princess's train. Oh, there is nurse! Let us ask her, Dick."

And both children scampered off toward the French *bonne*, who appeared in the distance.

"Eureka! This is indeed a discovery," said Hamlet, thoughtfully. "I shall manage a visit to my little friends to-morrow, if I am not mistaken."

And he returned to fulfill his engagement with Aurora; but the moment the dance released him he was hovering in the train that followed the Eastern Princess. He saw her when she hurried up to the *bonne*, whispering, anxiously:

"Oh, nurse, are you watching the children? Pray, don't let them venture into the refreshment-room without you. I shall escape before unmasking time. But it troubles me that they are losing their promised enjoyment."

"Not quite so fast!" cried Hamlet, however, when the princess was slipping away from his arm as he led her out of the cozy retreat he had secured for their cake and ices, just before the hour for unmasking. "Fair Princess, if it is imperative that you fly, like Cinderella, before the fatal hour, you must at least unmask to *me*."

"If I do, will you allow me to escape peaceably," she asked, breathlessly.

"Most assuredly, and cover your retreat from annoyance."

She hesitated only a moment, then slipped away the mask. The sweet, young face was all he had pictured—the soft blue eyes, the sensitive lips, the flushed cheeks, were all beauteous with the freshness of youthful innocence.

Hamlet doffed his plumed cap as to a queen, and at the same time drew aside his own mask.

"I shall know that face when we meet again, my Princess," he said, confidently.

"But we shall never meet," she said, half defiantly half, he fancied, with a touch of regret.

"Am I able to accomplish so little? You have confounded the two characters for me. You have made the distasteful Princess-dress adorable, and you have enshrined that of the usurped Aurora. When in one direction Aurora and my Princess beckon, do you think I shall be so dull a knight as to find no clew, be the labyrinth never so intricate? Good-night—some one comes I will cover your escape."

She glided off toward the family-rooms, and he waited a few moments until the bugle-call summoned to unmasking, when he returned to the hall, and took his place beside Aurora.

"Now I am going to surprise Lord Hamlet," she said, merrily, while she pulled at the silken tassel of the mask.

"Don't be too sure, Miss Maude," he answered, nonchalantly, and secretly smiled to see the start she gave. "I found out your costume with somebody else in it and I soon discovered you—in somebody else's costume. I must have credit for my shrewdness."

"You naughty man, you have spoiled all the beauty of my freak. I was so sure you would be cheated this time. What keen eyes you have to know me, Colonel Rossitur!"

He laughed lightly, and was glad to be spared further reply by some one hurrying up to them.

"Can you tell me what has become of the Eastern Princess, Hamlet? You were with her last. It will never do to have the unmasking pass with Miss Featherstone absent."

"Pshaw, man! proceed with the *dénouement*. Miss Featherstone will be discovered."

"But I tell you the Eastern Princess is nowhere in the hall. She was seen to vanish into Miss Featherstone's apartments. One of the servants told me that."

"Let the Princess fly back to the East, Hal Haverstraw!" cried out Aurora, gayly. "At least I have cheated you."

And she raised her mask to allow him a peep.

His start of surprise was genuine enough, and raised her spirits, especially when she said, gallantly:

"No one but this Hamlet can have discovered the cheat. He has sharp eyes indeed—for you."

"What do you say to that, colonel?" asked the lady, coquettishly.

"Take the lesson," he returned, "and never try again to deceive me."

CHAPTER III.

If there was a late appearance at the breakfast-table of the hospitable mansion of the Haverstraws the morning after the masquerade party, it was certainly a merry circle which finally gathered there.

But the well-bred hostess smiled indulgently at the Babel of ejaculations, assertions, and questionings, that seasoned so piquantly the coffee and chocolate.

Above all the rest was heard the query:

"The Eastern Princess—who *was* the Eastern Princess?"

"But, Miss Featherstone, you managed delightfully.

We were all so sure about your diamond spray!" cried out one enthusiastic lady. "How you must have enjoyed it all! Why, the costume came out of your room, and went back to it. Of that we have positive evidence."

"Well, but that doesn't seem to enlighten you much," responded Miss Featherstone, languidly. "The enigma is still unread."

"Surely no one would ever think to look for *you* in that simple Aurora," added another.

"But we are not to be baffled in this way. Ho, then, valiant knights, our quest is before us! Who will be first to find this mysterious princess?" cried one of the gentlemen, effusively.

"I am sure I lend myself to the search. I was never more mystified," declared Hal Haverstraw, the son and heir of the house, and the stepson of the present Mrs. Haverstraw.

"And I!" "And I!" added other merry voices.

"Pshaw! you will search in vain," declared Maude Featherstone, gnawing impatiently at her scarlet lip. "She has vanished into the emptiness from which I invoked her."

"Have you sent her back to the soft vales of Araby the blest? I am afraid, as valiant knights, we are bound to seek her there," declared the gentleman.

"Leave the task to Hamlet. Such quest suits the Dark Prince," suddenly spake Colonel Rossitur. "I will find her, and some time present her to you. In proof thereof, there lies my gage. Now, then, the quest is mine alone. Let no one presume to interfere."

He flung a riding-glove lightly upon the table amidst the merry peals of laughter resounding about him.

Only Maude Featherstone did not smile. She cast a searching, suspicious glance up to his impenetrable features.

As she flung down her napkin and rose from her chair, she laid a light touch on the colonel's arm.

"Come into the conservatory one moment with me, Colonel Rossitur, and help me find my morning spray of heliotrope."

So courtly a gentleman could not well refuse; but she was the first to break the silence when they stood there amidst the perfume and beauty.

"I wanted to say to you what I would not condescend to explain to the others," she began, hurriedly, stripping ruthlessly the delicate petals of a rose beside her while she spoke. "This odious Princess mystery may prove very tiresome, I fear. Please let it drop, as you will know how. The truth is, the freak seized me. The girl looked so wistfully and enviously at my garments, I thought it a fine opportunity to give her a taste of unknown delights. Perhaps it was not a kindness. I did not stop to consider. But I had an humble girl, you understand, dressed up in that costume to give her pleasure, and I rather preferred the simple suit, because—I—knew *you* would be pleased with it."

How charmingly the proud head drooped! What sweet confusion seemed to hover under the vailing eyelashes as she concluded!

Obdurate Colonel Rossitur! He only bowed gravely.

"My dear Miss Featherstone, pray do not consider my enlightenment a matter of such serious importance. I understood the main features of the case last night. Your motives I had no right to question; and if they had only intent to give an humble sister a taste of brighter things, you are surely to be praised and not blamed. Ah, here is your heliotrope. Let me break the spray for you. And I must leave you now, for I have an important word to say to Haverstraw."

Another bow, and the heliotrope was in her hand, and his tall figure was vanishing through the conservatory-door.

What a scandal it would have caused, had any one been there to see! For the beautiful Maude actually tore the fragrant spray into a dozen pieces, and, flinging them upon the floor, stamped them down fiercely with that slender, aristocratic foot of hers.

Meantime the unfeeling colonel was threading his way toward the billiard-hall, where he knew he should find the gathered group of gentlemen with their cigars. He touched Hal Haverstraw's arm significantly.

The latter turned and pushed toward him a box of choice cigars. But the colonel shook his head.

"Not now, Hal. I promised that sweet little sister of yours to come into the nursery this morning and finish the story of a famous Red Knight. You know I pride myself on keeping my word, above all with the children. And I will go innocent of cigar-smoke to the pure little creature."

"And you want me?"

"To introduce me to your mother's sanctuary. Of course, I should not venture otherwise."

Hal shrugged his shoulders.

"I can't remember when I was there last, but as I have passed through some fiery ordeals in those same apartments in my own time, I ought to know the way. You're a man of odd freaks, and so I am surprised at nothing. Excuse me a moment, Forester; I'll be back shortly."

And so an unceremonious entrance into the cozy nursery-parlor revealed to them a pretty scene.

A fair young girl stood arrayed in Aurora's costume, and two devoted young admirers were chorusing:

"Oh, Lillie, I knew it wasn't you. How pretty it is! Yes, we'll learn the story about 'Rora right away."

The startled, blushing, lovely face confronted the two gentlemen in utter consternation.

"I beg your pardon. I brought my friend, Colonel Rossitur, to finish a story for my little sister," young Haverstraw hastened to explain. "Dickon, you rogue, introduce us to your—friend and playmate."

"Why, it's Lillie, Hal," the boy laughingly declared—"it's our Lillie."

"Miss Stone, you mean, Dick—that's the proper way. Mamma says we mustn't call her Lillie to other folks," corrected sweet little Grace.

"I am most happy to make Miss Stone's acquaintance. I wonder——"

And here he paused and looked at the costume in new amazement.

Lilian Stone looked both annoyed and distressed, but she kept an air of well-bred composure, nevertheless, as she spoke:

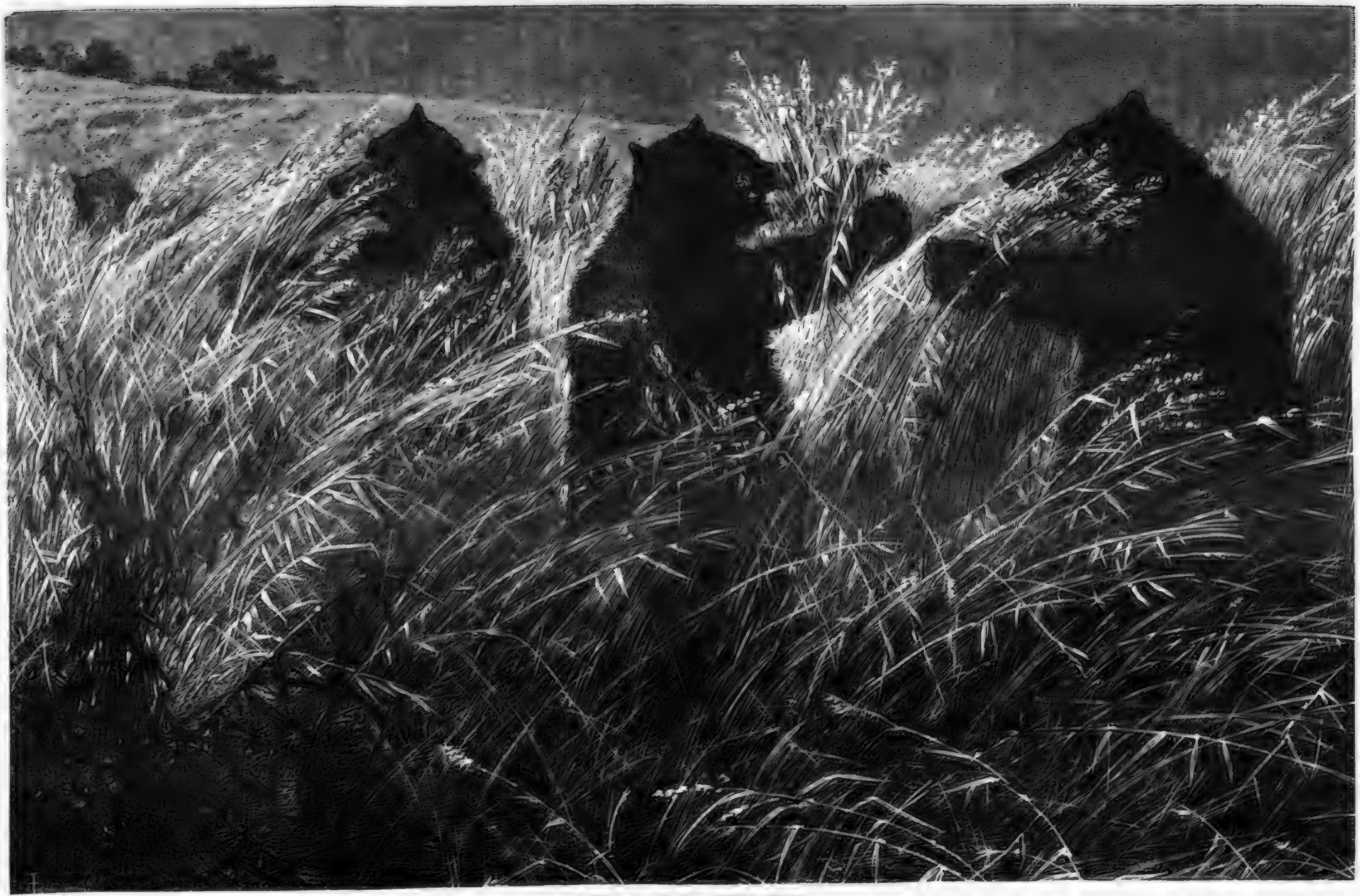
"I am the children's governess, Mr. Haverstraw. It is not strange you have never seen me. I was foolishly masquerading for these little folks' enjoyment, never dreaming of so unusual a circumstance as this interruption. I will leave them to enjoy their unaccustomed treat of visitors."

"Do not go until Grace has given me an introduction also," spoke Colonel Rossitur, gently, and with an air of utter deference.

"Why, Colonel Rossitur was Hamlet! Lillie and you said you liked him," spoke up honest little Dick.

"Because he was kind to you, darlings—yes. And is the gentleman that same Hamlet?" returned the governess, and her voice was steady, though her cheek deepened to scarlet.

XUM



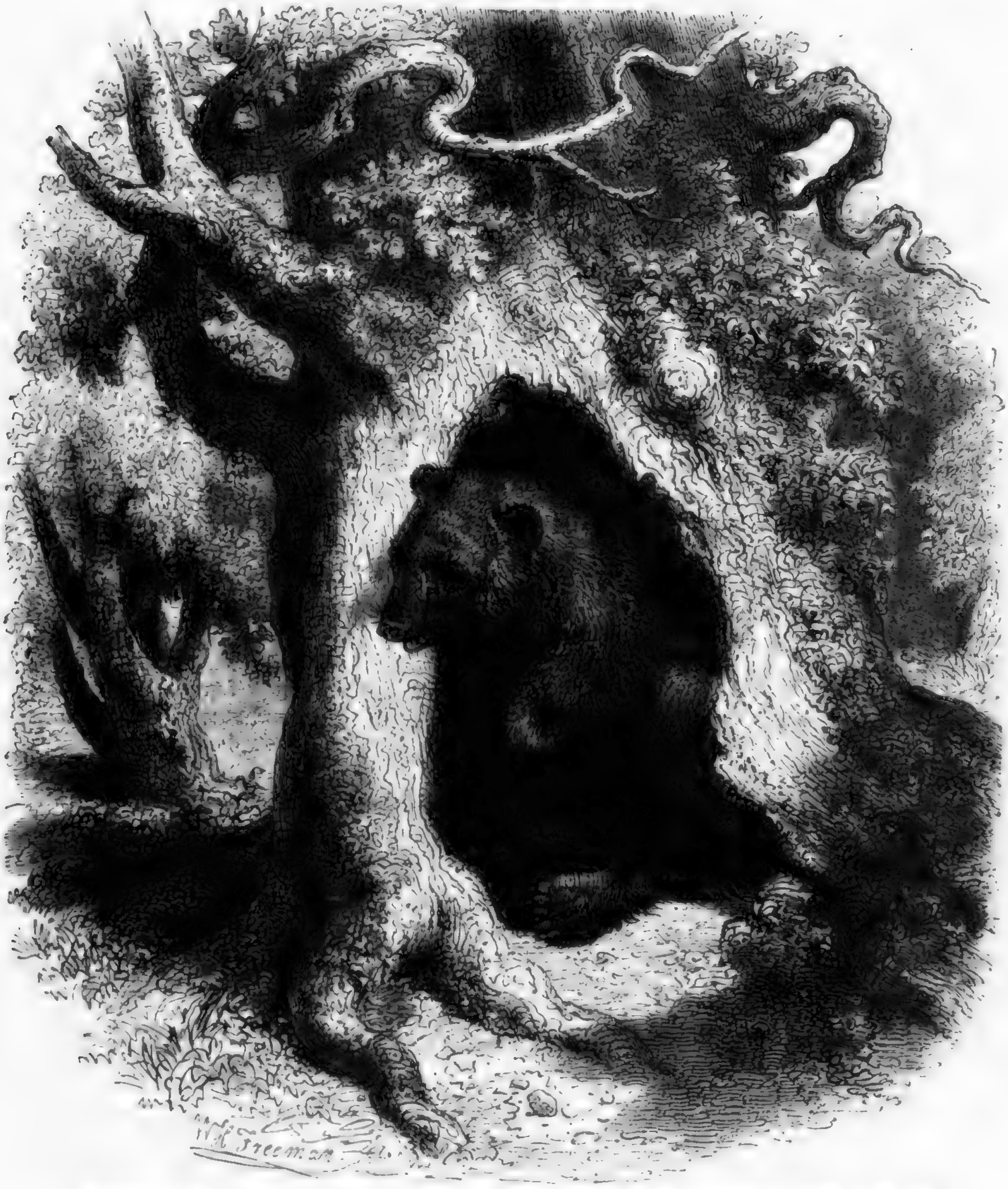
GRIZZLY BEARS IN A WHEAT-FIELD.

"True breeding there!" thought the colonel, and smiled.

Aloud he said, merrily:

"Now, then, little folks, I have come to keep my word, and tell you the story—the rest of it. How the knight succeeded in his quest, and looked again, you know, upon the face he longed to see. There, I have a knee for each of you. Don't wait for me, Haverstraw; I can find my way back to the billiard-room."

"I should think you might, sir," dryly responded Hal. "I give you credit for pursuing your quest boldly." In a lower voice he added: "Make the best of your vantage-ground. I hasten to send my mother to discover a wolf in the fold. Where have my stupid eyes been, I wonder?" And from the door he called again, "Adieu, chicks! I shall look in upon your studies frequently, if you often have such pretty object lessons."



HIBERNATION OF MAMMALS.—BRUIN COMING FROM HIS WINTER QUARTERS.—SEE PAGE 123.

The governess stood a moment uncertain how to act. With trembling hands she began gathering up from the table some books, and one of them fell to the floor.

The colonel hastened to set down the eager children, and to come to her assistance.

"Pardon me"—he spoke earnestly—"for the first time I perceive that my eagerness to see you—to redeem my promise—may be unkind. Believe me, it shall not compromise you again. Give me just a moment, and leave the room before any one comes. I wished so much—ah!"

He stopped abruptly, and stared down at the blank leaf of the Shakespeare he held, which he had been heedlessly turning, leaf by leaf, as he spoke.

"Featherstone—Oscar Featherstone; that is not a common name. Who wrote it in this book?"

"My father; the book is mine. We were looking it over, and I was telling them the story of Hamlet, when they coaxed me into this dress," she answered, slowly.

"Your father—is the name his? They called you Miss Stone."

"But my real name is Lilian Featherstone. I have no reason for hiding it, unless—Miss Maude Featherstone might be ashamed of so humble a relation."

She spoke proudly, with a tear glistening on the long, brown eyelash.

"Does Maude Featherstone know of your existence?"

"Of my existence, yes. Of my identity she has not a suspicion."

"I have been hunting the country over for the daughter of Oscar Featherstone for the last six months. Miss Maude knew it, for it was her name that first caused our acquaintance. I went to her with my inquiries. She denied all knowledge of you."

"Within six months you asked this of Maude Featherstone?" questioned the governess, in her turn.

"Not five months ago," he answered.

Her lip curled

"It is just six months ago, at my mother's dying request, I wrote an urgent appeal for help to Maude Featherstone's mother. The daughter answered the desperate appeal so heartlessly, that I kept the letter as a sample of the hardness of the wealthy belle's aristocratic nature. Let it pass. And what did you want of me, sir—you, out of another sphere, as much so as if I were Aurora indeed—what do you want now of the governess?"

He looked into the kindled face with new admiration. His eyes shone brightly with a glad hope.

"I wanted to bring to Oscar Featherstone's daughter the pretty little fortune my godfather bequeathed to my care for her. My child, you are not a governess—you are my ward. Six months from now, if I can wait so long, I will tell you what other dearer, sweeter trust I hoped to find."

The blue eyes were dilated wildly; the sweet young face paled and flushed, and paled again.

As if the light Aurora headdress pressed upon her brain, she put up her two small hands and thrust it back.

"I don't understand. I am bewildered," she stammered.

Colonel Rossitur caught the shaking hands, and held them fondly.

"Dear little Lilian, you are an heiress yourself, and I am your guardian. You surely will not be afraid of your guardian?"

If it is *you*, no. I shall never be afraid of you," faltered Lilian.

"She likes you, Colonel Rossitur. She said she liked the Hamlet," piped in little Grace.

"And Hamlet fell deep in love with the Princess. Thank Heaven he has found his best-quest in this seeming jest!" echoed the colonel, fervently, and bending down, he touched his lips lightly to the white brow.

"Colonel Rossitur!" said a stern, rebuking voice from the doorway.

The governess started guiltily, but the colonel drew her gently back to his embracing arms.

"Oh, Mrs. Haverstraw, come in, I pray you. Do you know what your delightful masquerade has revealed to me? My long-sought ward, Miss Lilian Featherstone. I am sorry the children must lose by my gain; but, of course, she is no longer their governess."

"Miss Featherstone!" stammered the hostess.

"Don't you remember I told you my name was contracted to Stone from Featherstone," spoke up the girl, with dignity, "the day I first engaged to come?"

"I had forgotten it; but I do recall it now."

"She is Maude Featherstone's father's brother's child. It is to her my godfather left the Burton fortune, which I hold in trust. We have searched far and wide for her; and at last I have found her!" joyfully declared the colonel. "I shall take her at once to my sister's care."

"Maude's cousin!" echoed Mrs. Haverstraw, still amazed and confused.

"The less said about Miss Maude's connection in the affair the better!" sternly declared the colonel. "Nevertheless, Lilian, since it was her unconscious interposition that revealed you to me, I can find heart to forgive her. This is the Eastern Princess, Mrs. Haverstraw. See how quickly I can redeem my gage; but she is lovelier in her own character. Aurora, star of the morning, you must let me take you in to my friends."

Despite of the happy Lilian's blushes, he had his way. Under the leadership of the hostess, they entered the morning-parlor, where all of the ladies and most of the gentlemen had by this time gathered.

"My dear friends and fellow-maskers, I come to redeem my gage. I take keen pleasure in presenting to you the Eastern Princess, *alias* Aurora, whose costume Miss Maude feloniously usurped last night; *alias*, still again, my ward Miss Lilian Featherstone, heiress of Burton Wood and Grange."

Had a bomb exploded in the midst of that luxurious apartment scarcely such a start of surprise and excitement had been caused.

Maude Featherstone started to her feet, flushed crimson to the very forehead.

"Are you insane, Colonel Rossitur?" she cried, fiercely.

"Indeed, no—unless joy turns the brain. I owe you an endless series of thanks, Miss Maude. Your generous whim last night revealed my long-searched-for ward. I take her to my sister's care. May and her husband will greatly rejoice at this charming addition to their household. Believe me, your part in the whole of this affair is thoroughly understood and appreciated."

What did that meaning glance—that sharp emphasis—insinuate?

Miss Maude swept back to her seat, biting her lip to hide its sudden tremor.

The sweet face under the Aurora vail won its own way. The company crowded about the newcomer with warm sincerity of congratulation. But the colonel was tender and careful of his new-found treasure.

"You must go and rest before I drive you over to my sister's home. I must be cruel to these good people and take you away before you are tired out," he said.

And with most deferential attentions he led her from the room.

"By Jove! that fellow is always ahead!" exclaimed Hal Haverstraw, lugubriously. "Mother, you are shamefully remiss in your duty to the scion of the house. Think of my never seeing that girl before this morning. And now here is the colonel sailing away with the heiress in this high-handed fashion. His ward, indeed!"

"I'll lay another wager," cried our bluff Major Percival. "The ward will be wife before a twelvemonth."

"Who do you expect will take you up?" laughed another. "Everybody with half an eye can see that."

Maude Featherstone heard, and the iron sank into her soul. But she kept up a brave show till it was time to retire to dress for the afternoon.

Safe in her chamber, she astonished Anice by rushing to the boxes which contained the unfortunate Princess-costume, and beating them furiously with her slim white hands.

The terrified maid caught the words, "Robbed, outwitted, cheated!" and hurriedly interposed:

"Oh, no, miss. They are all safe. Every diamond is here. The young woman didn't care anything for the jewels. She said so."

"Be silent, idiot!" hissed the amiable Maude. "You will pack my trunks this very afternoon. I am going home. I tell you I have lost the most precious jewel of them all."

The bewildered Anice dared not venture on any further expostulation.

Just about six months afterward she had her explanation.

It was when the papers were filled with accounts of the grand doings in high life over the marriage of Colonel Rossitur and Miss Lilian Featherstone.

The maid of Mrs. Haverstraw, who was present with her mistress, related all the particulars of the festivities of the wedding.

"They do say, Anice, as how the colonel is the fondest and proudest bridegroom as was ever seen. He has his queer names for her, and don't you think he gave orders himself that the bride's cake should have two figures made, at no end of cost! And what do you think?—they were both from our masquerade. One was the Eastern Princess, and the other was Aurora. Now, wasn't that a very queer freak?"

"Oh!" said keen-eyed Anice. "Now I understand it all—my lady's rage and the jewel lost. So the fair Aurora won away the jewel from our princess? Bless my stars! Susan, but there be strange doings among our folks above-stairs!"

HIBERNATION OF MAMMALS.

By J. Duns, D.D., F.R.S.E.

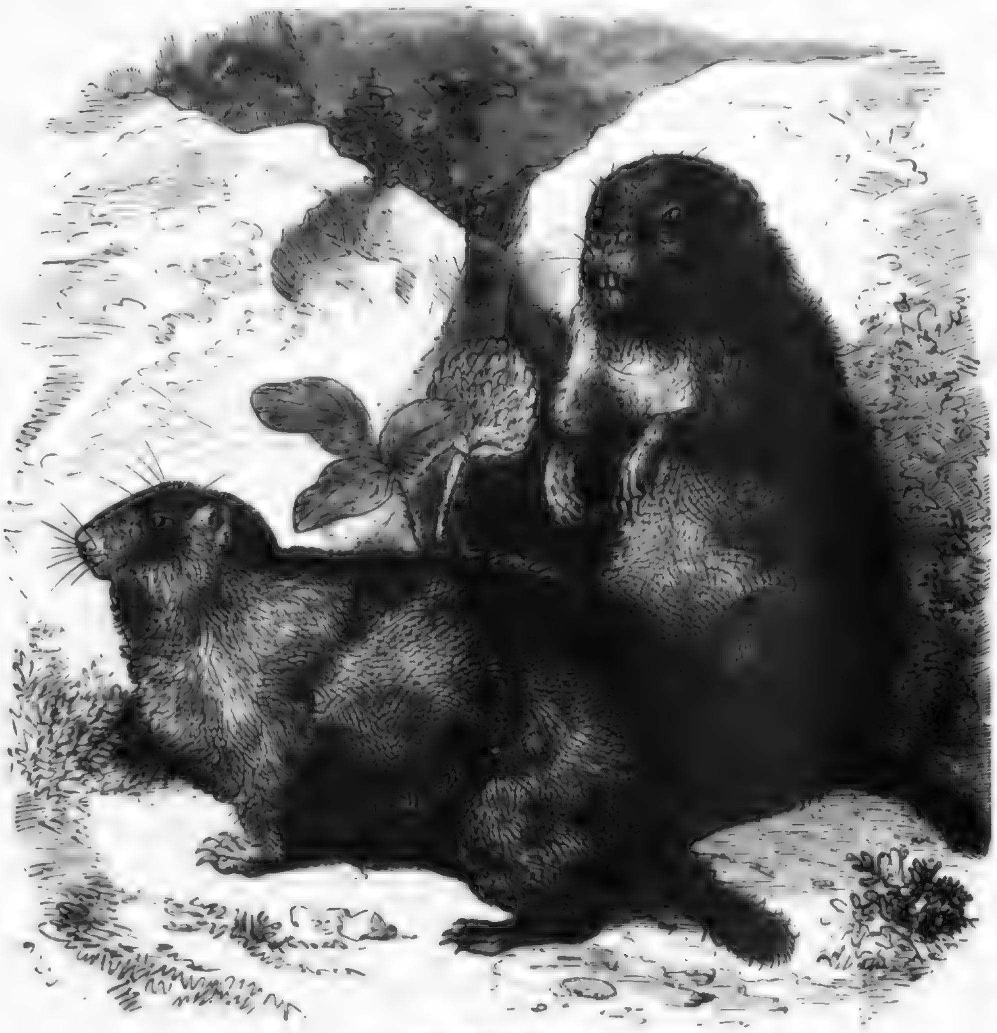
The hibernation of animals is a point in natural history which must have forced itself on the least observant of country residents. But what is "hibernation"?

The "theory of surrounding influences" was a favorite subject with the older naturalists. Their successors ascribe to it the weight of established truth as the "doctrine of environments." The former insisted on the adaptation of animals to the climatal and other conditions of their areas of distribution, as the protest of science against the assumption that external influences explain the growth of organs and determine their forms; the latter appeal to the adaptation in order to reaffirm the so-called doctrine. Both sides might find much to interest them in the subject of this paper. We wish to keep clear of speculative views, because it is really of no moment for our present purpose whether habit is the outcome of original impress, or simply the expression of a countless crowd of influences active throughout untold generations, and now the definite representation of natural law.

This reference to surrounding influences leads us to the heart of the topic now before us. As to climate, man meets its ever-varying seasonal conditions by the forth-putting of inventive and adaptive intelligence and skill to provide suitable covering. In the case of the lower animals, the provision is natural and ready. As to food, man is not wholly dependent on the supply within the area of his distribution. Among the lower animals demand and supply are both natural; there is no taking thought, as with man. But the animal may inhabit an area where the supply fails at regular intervals, and if the appetite continues active exceptional instincts and conditions of life must come into play. It must either leave the locality, or instinct must work in a way generally ascribed only to intelligent forethought, or a state must intervene in which conditions favorable to the preservation of the species without feeding must be superinduced. The first gives us the migration of mammals; the second, their habit of storing food for Winter use; and the third, their hibernation, or the habit of Winter sleep.

There is a pretty gradation of habit here which has been hitherto overlooked. We see the storing instincts undergoing modifications, and gradually sloping into the darkness of deep Winter lethargy. Let us trace the steps. There are, first, the animals which store food for the Winter, but do not hibernate. They have no long periods of sleep, and are of interest here only because they link on to forms which have. The long-tailed field-mouse (*Mus sylvaticus*) is one of the best known of this group. Each mouse lays up its own horde of corn, the seeds of flowers, acorns, etc., in some deserted mole-run, or among heaps of stones, at the base of old walls, at the roots of trees, or under the thick moss in unfrequented roads and hedgerows. It makes sure while the sun shines of an ample supply for Winter use. Autumn diligence sets it free from Winter care. But it is in the family *Sciurina*, or squirrels, that we best see the link between non-hibernating and partially hibernating mammals. Some of our well-known American forms belong to the former; the common European squirrel introduces us to the latter. The chickaree, or Hudson's Bay squirrel (*Sciurus Hudsonius*), stores up great quantities of hickory-nuts, butter-nuts, chestnuts and hazel-nuts. Audubon saw a bushel and a half of these taken from a hollow tree occupied by a single pair of these industrious creatures. The four-striped ground-squirrel (*Tamias quadrivittatus*) is noted for similar habits. It is a curious fact that these forms often, if not always, hoard more than is required for the Winter use. Instinct overshoots necessity. The laboriously-gathered supplies of the previous Autumn go to waste when Summer comes with its sufficiency or its superabundance of food. The beaver is another good example of a storing but non-hibernating animal. Bark is their chief article of food, though they also feed freely on the juicy roots of water-plants. Its mode of keeping the barks soft and succulent for Winter use is by cutting off the green branches of the willow, the poplar, the birch, etc., and carrying them to its dam, where they lie under water during the Winter. We come, secondly, to the animals whose hibernation is either partial and interrupted, or complete. Hibernation may be incomplete. (*a*) Mammals which hoard hibernate interruptedly, and come occasionally or frequently abroad during Winter. These, it will be seen, for the most part belong to the order *Rodentia*, or gnawers; as, indeed, do most of the true hibernates. The common English squirrel (*Sciurus vulgaris*) is an excellent example under this head. This pretty, nimble, gentle, playful little rodent begins in mid-Autumn to gather hazel-nuts, acorns, beach-mast, fir-cones which have come too late in the season, and the like. These it stores away in different places, near to its Winter retreat, a dome-shaped nest of intricately arranged twigs, lined chiefly with leaves and moss, but sometimes having tufts of wool and a stray feather or two, picked up at random. Throughout late Autumn and early Winter it rigidly abstains from breaking in upon its stores. When Winter fairly sets in it betakes itself to its warm nest for considerable periods of deep sleep; but whenever a peculiarly mild day comes it leaves its abode for a lively gambol among the branches, visits one of its many stores, makes a hearty meal, and retires again for days or weeks of unbroken slumber. The habits of our chipping squirrel (*Tamias Lysteri*), a related form, bear some resemblance to those of the English squirrel. It is, however, gregarious, and lives in burrows, from which numerous galleries branch off. In these, great abundance of different kinds of nuts, Indian corn, etc., is hoarded. (*b*) Mammals which do not hoard, whose hibernation is more sustained, but which occasionally come abroad. Some bears and

XUM

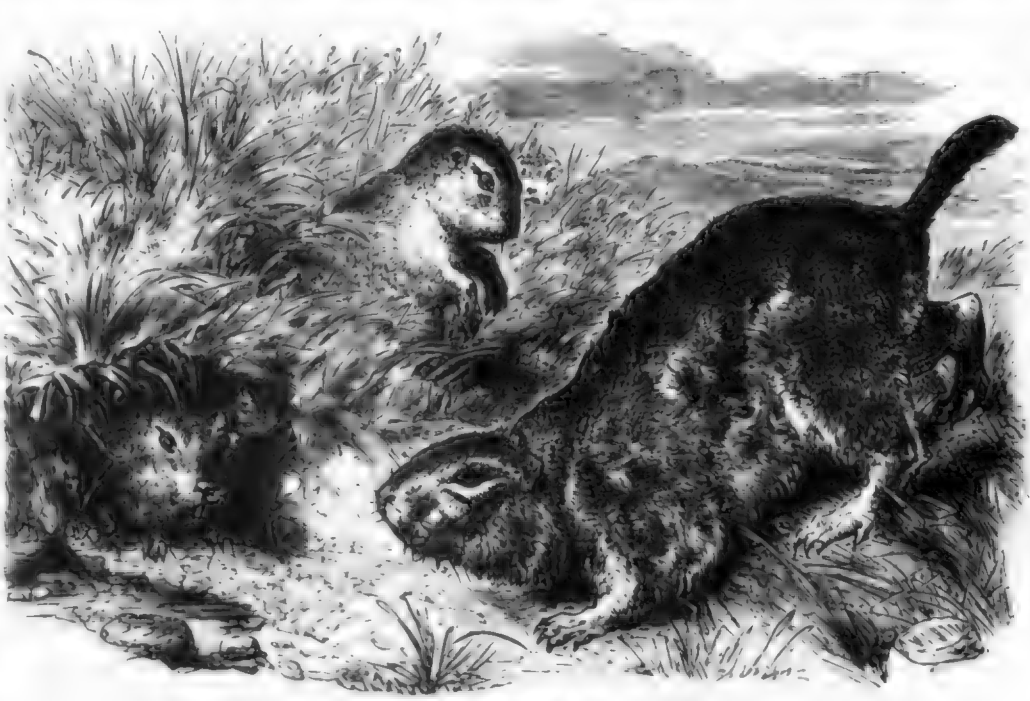


THE WOODCHUCK.

some bats are of this sort, though no sharp and definite line can be drawn between them and true hibernates, because, in the case of the bears, at least, there is a difference in the habit of the sexes as regards this. The grizzly bear (*Ursus ferox*), huge, fierce, active, occurs as far north as sixty-one degrees, and is met with also in the south of Mexico. Richardson says: "The young grizzly bears and gravid females hibernate." But even they are known to come abroad before the snow is off the ground. Thus they differ from complete hibernates. The old males come habitually abroad during Winter. The polar bear (*Ursus maritimus*) is essentially an Arctic animal, and there can be no necessity for hibernation on its part, so far as food is concerned, because food abounds through the year in its natural habitats. The pregnant female alone retires to a Winter den or burrow, in deep snow-drifts, where she remains without food from the end of November till the end of March. Meanwhile two tiny cubs are born, and with these now as large as shepherds' dogs, she comes forth in Spring. When the female betakes herself to her *hibernaculum* the males goes out to sea on the ice, feeding chiefly on seals. It is a noticeable fact that the non-pregnant females wander free throughout the Winter like the males. A good deal of uncertainty prevails as to the habits of the black or sloth bear (*U. labiatus*) of India. Mr. Sanderson says: "It does not hibernate, and though covered with so thick a coat, seems quite at home in the hottest localities." Captain Baldwin remarks: "I need scarcely mention that the different species of *Ursidæ* inhabiting cold climates hibernate. I am unable to state for certain whether *U. labiatus* is given to this practice or not, but I imagine he is an exception to the rule, and *does not* hibernate." It is likely that this difference of opinion has its origin in the partial hibernation of the animal.

I have referred to the bats (*Chiroptera*). Personal observation leads me to give the common bat, or flitter-mouse (*Vespertilio pipistrellus*), a place under the present head. I have often seen it abroad in the Winter months. It retires to its *hibernaculum* when the cold weather has fairly set in, and comes generally out in early Spring. But even when snow is on the ground it may be seen skimming fleetly around its Summer haunts, whenever an exceptionally mild day arrives. While, however, the hibernation of the pipistrelle is thus broken and irregular, there are, no doubt, other species whose lethargy is unbroken from December till the end of February, and whose proper place is with the forms whose hibernation is complete.

(*c*) Mammals which store for Winter, but do not come abroad; such as the dormouse (*Myoxus avellanarius*).

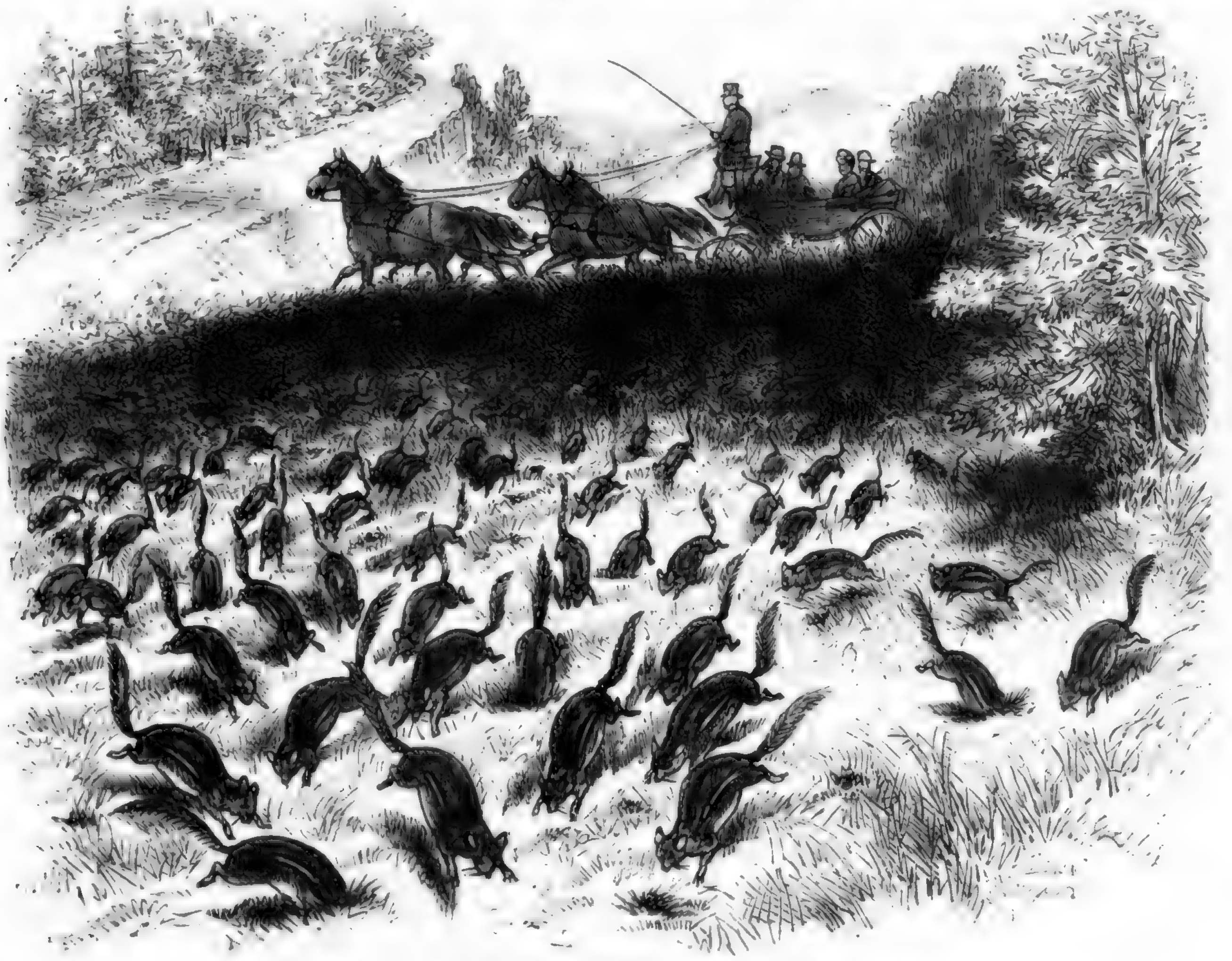


THE PRAIRIE-DOG.

"Toward the Winter it becomes exceedingly fat; and having laid up a store of food, retires to its little nest, and coiling itself up into a ball, with the tail over the head and back, becomes completely torpid. A mild day calls it into transient life: it then takes a fresh supply of food, and relapses into its former slumber; and finally awaking in Spring, at which time it has lost much of its fat, it enters on its usual habits" (Bell). To this group also belong the hamster (*Cricetus vulgaris*), and some American squirrels, as Parry's marmot-squirrel (*Spermophilus Parryi*), and Douglass's squirrel (*Sciurus Douglassii*).

In other cases there is complete hibernation. The American black bear (*U. americanus*) and the common brown bear (*U. arctos*) are both hibernates. The former inhabits the wooded districts of America from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Carolina to the shores of the Arctic Sea. Its *hibernaculum* is a hollow, scratched out under a fallen tree. To this it retires at the beginning of Winter. When the snow falls around it the warmth of its breath makes a small opening in its den, and by this it keeps a connection with the outer air. "The Indians," Sir John Richardson tells us, "remark that a bear never retires to its den for the Winter until it has acquired a thick coat of fat; and it is remarkable that when it comes abroad in the Spring it is equally fat, though in a few days thereafter it becomes very lean." The habits of the brown bear correspond. The American skunk (*Mephitis chinga*) may also be named as another of the *Carnivora* whose hibernation is complete.

I hesitated before giving the hedgehog (*Erinaceus europæus*) a place under this head, because, though it is generally named as one of the best illustrations of hibernation, I can vouch that it comes abroad at night, even when snow is on the ground. This comparatively rare habit, however, seems confined to individuals, and is not characteristic of all the species. On the approach of Winter, the hedgehog rolls itself up into a ball, and goes to sleep amongst the soft moss and the withered leaves it has gathered into its hole at the roots of trees. A favorite retreat of several confined in a walled garden was a thick bed of ivy at the base of an old yew-tree. We must, however, refer to the rodentia for the best illustrations of the true hibernating habit. Taking the family *Sciurina*, and the genera *Arctomys*, *Myoxus*, and *Spermophilus*, it may be said that all species under the first are hibernates proper, and all under the other two are incomplete hibernates. The non-storing and true hibernating species are known severally as prairie-dogs, whistlers, burrowing-squirrels, mountain-badgers, and woodchucks, or ground-hogs. The term marmot includes all these. The woodchuck, or Maryland marmot (*Arctomys monax*) may be taken as a typical hibernating mammal. It betakes itself to its burrow when the first frosts of Autumn appear, and remains in it until the grass has sprung up, and genially warm weather has set in. "Its burrows," Audubon remarks, "are sometimes extended to the length of twenty or thirty feet from the opening; for the first three or four feet inclining obliquely downward, and the gallery being continued further on, about on a level, or with a slight inclination upward to its termination, where there is a large round chamber, to which the occupants retire for rest and security."



A COLONY OF BURROWING STRIPED SQUIRRELS.

The facts stated above suggests questions peculiarly interesting and curious, yet surrounded with difficulties. Is hibernation a substitute for migration? Is the hibernating habit limited to animals whose area of distribution is either Arctic, sub-Arctic, or low-temperate? Is there any special significance, and, if so, what is its import, in the facts recorded under sections *a*, *b* and *c*? Do the structural features of hibernating differ anywise from those of non-hibernating but closely-related mammals? Each of these questions admits of very wide and varied discussion and illustration. We may, however, before concluding, indicate briefly the bearing of recent information on them. It has been too hastily assumed that hibernation is nothing more than Nature's substitute for migration. Birds, it is said, migrate; mammals hibernate. But mammals migrate as well as birds, and in as true a sense. It is forgotten that in some mammals the capacity of flight and the power of wing are as much developed as in birds. Yet bats do not migrate. Again, temperature is, no doubt, a more influential factor in hibernation than in migration. Yet even here there are facts which forbid us to push this too far, as if it were the sole and absolute predisposing cause. For example, even among our own bats there is one—the noctule (*Vespertilio noctula*)—which retires to its Winter sleep about the end of July or the beginning of August; that is, before the commencement of the cold weather. And Humboldt has pointed out that the hedgehog-like tanrec (*Centetes*) falls into a three-months' sleep even within the tropics. Thus *C. ecaudatus*, introduced from Madagascar into the Isle of France, fell into the lethargic condition at Port Louis, where the mean temperature is seven degrees Fahrenheit above the hottest month in Paris. Does this point to the absence of food as the predisposing cause? We know it is so in the case of some amphibians, because there are tortoises which can remain without injury for some months inclosed, at the dry season, in parched mud. As regards the gradation in the hibernating habit, fully noticed above, it would lead us outside of the purpose of this paper to do more than say that speculative naturalists might find it to be richly suggestive, both from the standing-point of current views of heredity and of the doctrine of environments.

A good deal of attention has been given by Continental and British observers to the structural and physiological relations of this habit. The alleged analogy between hibernation and common sleep, the bearing of atmospheric temperature on the temperature of the body in its lethargic state, the changes in the action of the respiratory and digestive organs, and the curious association of a quickened circulation with a retarded respiration, have all received much thoughtful consideration. The results of experiment and research may be briefly stated: 1. Though there are many points of resemblance between ordinary and hibernating sleep, yet the latter differs by inducing a more impaired state of respiration, by the augmented power of bearing the withdrawal of atmospheric air, and by the increased giving-off of heat. "The power of supporting the abstraction of oxygen is peculiar to the hibernating state." A bat, the temperature of whose body was thirty-six degrees Fahrenheit, was immersed in water at forty-one degrees, and continued under it for sixteen minutes without injury. A lethargic hedgehog, whose temperature was forty degrees, was immersed in water at forty-two degrees, and continued under it for twenty-two and a half minutes uninjured. If the hedgehog were treated thus when in an active state it would be drowned in about three minutes. 2. The temperature of the hibernating animal follows the changes in the temperature of the atmosphere. 3. The irritability of the heart is augmented. This seems to explain the continued sensibility characteristic of the hibernating state. 4. Hibernation differs from torpidity. The latter is marked by stiffened muscles, greatly retarded circulation, and by insensibility. But even severe cold, and, indeed, any cause of pain, will rouse the hibernating animal. It is not so in torpidity.

Why, then, do some species of mammals hibernate, while some closely related species, within the same geographical area, under identical physical conditions, and substantially living on the same kind of food, do not hibernate? It must be owned, even in view of the facts and inferences which crowd this paper, that a perfectly satisfactory answer to this question cannot yet be given. The subject has long had the attention of naturalists. Many facts have accumulated, but not so many as to warrant a complete integration. Much remains to be done—much land to be possessed; and what is now wanted is a thoroughly scientific examination, by a competent anatomist, of the structural differences during the Winter, if any, among the forms named under *a*, *b* and *c*. Hitherto, observers have dwelt too much on what (*a priori*) they think ought to be. They have not stated clearly and definitely what the facts of the case actually are. Original observers will find the field one of rich promise. The history of few British hibernating animals is exactly known; that of the species living in other countries is still more obscure.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

A LETTER addressed by Professor Baird, United States Commissioner of Fisheries, to the keepers of life-saving stations and lighthouses, asking them to announce the occurrence along the shore of any extraordinary specimens of marine animals, naming several in particular, has resulted in the accession by the National Museum during the past year of many valuable specimens of whales, sharks and rare fishes. Hitherto zoologists have had to content themselves with examination of specimens in this class of animals, the stranding of which has been reported by the newspapers or accidentally otherwise. In the majority of such cases the rapid progress of decomposition has made it impossible to preserve more than the skeleton, and so it has come about that the external appearance of many large species is quite unknown. By the present arrangement of telegraphing to Professor Baird early information, an expert can be sent from the museum who will skin, or sketch, or make a plaster-cast of, the castaway, and so preserve its external image as well as its bones. In return for this service the life-saving stations and the lighthouses are furnished with books by the Smithsonian.

AT the last meeting of the National Academy of Sciences, Professor Brower, of Yale College, read a paper, in which he stated that in the dry regions of the West, especially when several dry seasons followed a succession of moister ones, during which the lands were overstocked, the nutritious grasses were eaten to death by the cattle, and thereupon supplanted by noxious types. Several were mentioned as producing a rapid obliteration of the native pastures, and their seeds as injurious by piercing the skin and producing sores.

THE elasticity in the carbon filaments of certain forms of incandescent lamps is very remarkable. So sensitive, for instance, is an Edison lamp of a hundred ohms resistance, that it is difficult to hold it in the hand so steadily that the upper part of the loop is not blurred by rapid incessant vibrations; while a moderate blow upon the carbon will cause the whole loop to spring outward to the glass bulb, and continue vibrating for a long time.

A STEADY object of search among paleontologists is the genealogy of existing types, and of highest interest the mammalian type, to which man belongs. Professor E. D. Cope, of Philadelphia, whose attainments are of the highest, believes that he finds the ancestors of the mammalian in the pelycosauria—an extinct type of reptiles, which, more than any others known, combine the characters of both batrachia and mammalia.

THE death of the eminent botanist, George Bentham, occurred in London on September 10th, 1884, at the age of 84. Beginning the publication of botanical investigations as long ago as 1826, he ceased only last year, on the completion of the "Genera Plantarum," which was the most notable work of his career. He was a nephew of the celebrated Jeremy Bentham.

IT is noteworthy that a large herd of buffaloes were seen during the past Summer on the head of the Little Missouri, and in neighboring parts of the Northwest Territory, from which they have long been absent.

THE Smithsonian Institution is about to publish, under the title of "Prehistoric Fishing in Europe and North America," a most interesting and valuable work from the pen of Dr. Charles Rau.

An article by the editor of *Science* points out with much sagacity the progress during the past year of several noteworthy scientific undertakings which are strictly co-operative. Instances of prominence are the new standard time, the electrical and meridian conferences, and the combined meetings of the American and British associations for the advancement of science. Experience of the benefits to be had through the efforts of competent men, united in conferences, committees and congresses, to settle some scientific problem, is rapidly changing what was formerly a sporadic effort into a confirmed habit of the civilized world. The same proclivity has another manifestation in the still more novel custom of co-operative observation, where a central bureau, or authority, receives and collates the data obtained by scattered observers. The earliest instance of this was the method of centralized collation of meteorological data, conducted for many years in this country by the Smithsonian Institution. Then came Mr. Francis Dalton's remarkable studies; the methods of the English society for psychical research; the work of the English committee for the collective investigation of disease, and of the British and American ornithological unions in tracing the migrations of birds; and the band of astronomers centring at Harvard. It is thought that this tendency will increase, and that many more systems of co-operative research will be begun during the next few years. There is a large series of inquiries, in fact, which can be sufficiently answered in no other way.

Milk, if left standing a short time, becomes a sort of acidulated jelly called curd, the acidity and peculiar savor of which are caused by a microbe, the lactic bacillus, whose little rods are swimming by millions in the turning liquid. In making cheese only the caseine coagulates; the lactic bacillus avoids this, and changes the sugar of the milk into lactic acid. Without the bacillus the milk would not sour; but enough of curdled milk as can be taken up on the point of a needle is ample to turn sour in a few hours a large quantity of fresh milk. By introducing other microbes milk will undergo several dissimilar transformations, according to the germs sown in it. One rare sort renders the milk blue, when it can be seen under the microscope swarming with vibrios; yet it is neither sour nor unwholesome. A certain infusoria (*Micrococcus*) has been discovered by a German confectioner, which causes the milk to become much like gum-tragacanth, and from which is made a well-flavored and easily digested milk jelly, which will remain in good condition for ten days. Alcoholic fermentation is produced in milk when sown with koumiss, or with the fungus of Kéfir, a favorite Russian drink.

The powerful agency of wind in distributing the seeds not only of many kinds of herbage, but of forest trees, is scarcely appreciated by most of us. The winged seeds of the maple, the tassels of the chestnut, and similarly light and buoyant seeds, are often lifted by high gales and sent the breadth of a county. The writer has seen the snowy down of the cotton-wood blown over the tops of mountains rising four or five thousand feet above the most daring trees which could have produced them. Even heavy seeds are blown to considerable distances sometimes. "In the fall of 1883," says a correspondent in the last issue of the *Forestry Bulletin*, "a strong gale of wind carried quantities of basswood seeds from a grove of that species of trees across a lake a mile and a half wide, and in such profusion that the ground on the opposite shore, where they fell, was quite thickly strewn with them."

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

Carlyle says: "Laughter means sympathy." This will bring comfort to the man who has inadvertently trodden on orange peel.

As the milkman handed a quart of milk to a bright little girl he solaced himself with the remark, "To the pure, all things are pure."

An indiscreet man confided a secret to another, and begged him not to repeat it. "It's all right," was the reply; "you need not be alarmed; I will be as close as you were!"

"Really," said a lady to a noted humorist, in the west of Scotland, "there's no end to your wit." "Heaven forbid, madam," he replied, "that I should ever be at my wit's end!"

A man took a seat in the barber's chair. He asked the barber if he had the same razor he had used two days before. Being answered in the affirmative, the patient man said, "Then give me chloroform."

"Would you like this bound in Turkey?" asked the gentlemanly book-agent of his rural customer for "Scratcher's Universal History of the World." "Oh, no," was the reply; "no use sending on it clear out there; bind it in New York."

"You should not have staid away so long," she said, in icy tones, as her theatre escort slid into his seat ten minutes after the ring-up of the second act. "Oh—er—excuse me—I met my old friend Tom outside, and——" "Was Jerry there, too?" was her artless interruption, as she turned her attention to the stage.

It was at the house of the bride's parents, after the wedding. On the table were exposed the costly presents. Two gentlemen were examining them. Said one of them, suddenly: "These, you say, are the bride's presents, but what does the groom get?" "Oh," replied the other, "he gets the woman." *First Gentleman:* "Is that all? Poor fellow!"

"There is nothing impossible to the determined spirit," says a philosopher. Evidently that philosopher never tried to reach up behind his shoulder to get hold of the end of a broken suspender.

An Irish jockey, when selling a nag to a gentleman, frequently observed, with emphatic earnestness, that he was an *honest* horse. After the purchase had been effected the gentleman asked him what he meant by an honest horse. "Why, sir," replied the seller, "whenever I rode him he always threatened to throw me off, and he certainly never deceived me."

"These cakes remind me of mother's," said Mr. Younghusband to his wife. "Well," she responded, "I never expected to hear you say that any of my cooking resembled your mother's. She was a wonderful cook, I have no doubt, for you have said so a million times." "Yes, she certainly was. In fact, there was only one thing that she ever failed in." "What was that?" "Cakes."

"My dear, I wish you would tell the servant to stop moving that furniture round in the parlor. I'm sure she has broken some of the vases and Sèvres ware." "I hear no noise, Christopher." "There! She has dropped the clock. I heard the shade smash." "Why, Christopher, how silly you are; that's not the servant moving the furniture; that's Birdie practicing a Wagnerian sonata."

Particular Directions.—A lady occupying a room, letter B, at an hotel, wrote on the slate as follows: "Wake letter B at seven; and if letter B says 'Let her be,' don't let her be, nor let letter B be, because if you let letter B be, letter B will be unable to let her house to Mr. B., who is to call at half-past ten." The porter, a better bootblack than orthographist, after studying the above all night, did not know whether to wake letter B or to "let her be."

A PRACTICAL APPLICATION.

"Come, wife," said Will, "I pray you devote
Just half a minute to mend this coat,
Which a nail has chanced to rend."
"'Tis ten o'clock," said the drowsy mate.
"I know," said Will, "it is rather late,
But '*it's never too late to mend!*'"

A gentleman went into a fancy-shop one day to buy something. It was early, and the shopkeeper's little boy and he were alone in the house. The shopkeeper had to go up-stairs to get his cash-box in order to procure some change, but before doing so he went into the little room next to the shop, and whispered to the boy: "Watch the gentleman that he don't steal anything," and, bringing him out, sat him on the counter. As soon as the shopkeeper returned the child sang out: "Pa, he didn't steal anything; I watched him."

Sometimes girls know how to keep themselves from being bored even by a lover. Sis and Tom were sitting in the drawing-room, and she was getting sleepy. "What time is it?" she asked. He looked at his watch, and replied that it lacked five minutes of eleven; and just then being struck with an idea, he asked: "Why is my watch like you, my pet?" "I don't know." "Because it is very pretty," he replied. "And why is my watch like you?" she asked. "I don't know, I'm sure. Why *is* your watch like me, my dear?" "Because it won't go," she replied, with a yawn. Then the young man went home.

If and Provided.—The Lotos Club of New York yearned for many months in vain for "buckwheat cakes." The very skillful French cook of the club failed utterly, after repeated efforts, to secure the desired result. At last one of the members wrote to a sister, in another city, and asked her to send a recipe. Her reply was laid before the board of directors. It consisted of a very minute description of the necessary process, and concluded as follows: "If your cook will comply with these instructions very carefully in every respect, he will make good buckwheat-cakes, provided he has a special genius for making them."

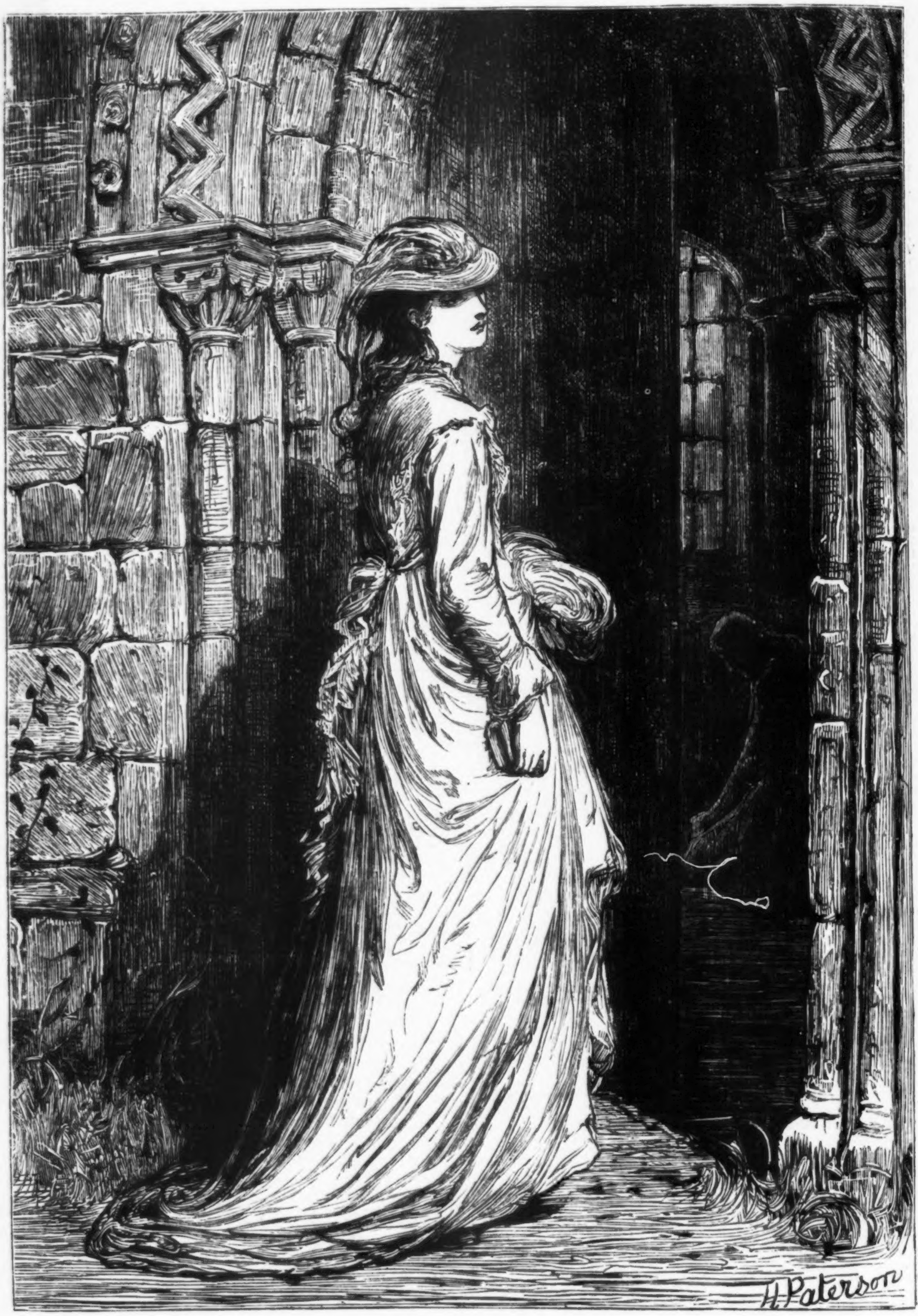
The *Rural New-Yorker*, whose advertisement appears on another page, is fully illustrated, employs the best rural writers, and is everywhere recognized as authority on all subjects appertaining to the farm, garden, and household. It is owned and edited by live, practical, working farmers, who own and use 380 acres experimentally. On this all new seeds, fruits, plants, are carefully tested, and the results truthfully reported in the *Rural*. From these tests really new and valuable things are selected, and from six to eight kinds are sent free to its subscribers annually. In this way it has done much to benefit all lovers of fruits, flowers and the house.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Send your address on a postal card for 100-page Book on the Liver. Dr. Sanford, 24 Duane Street, New York City

XUM



AT THE CHURCH-PORCH.